Jan. 11, 1969

THE NEW YORKER

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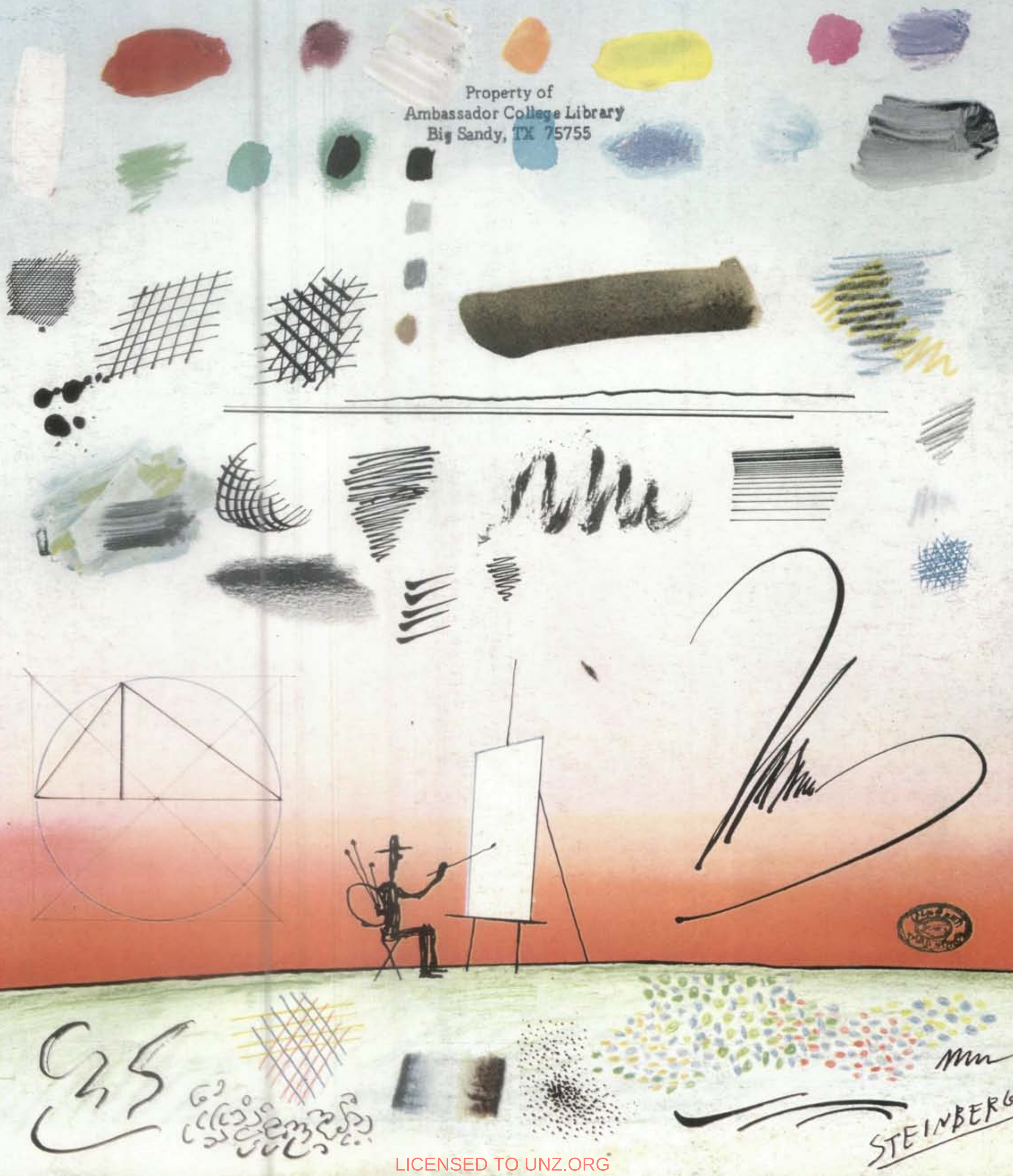

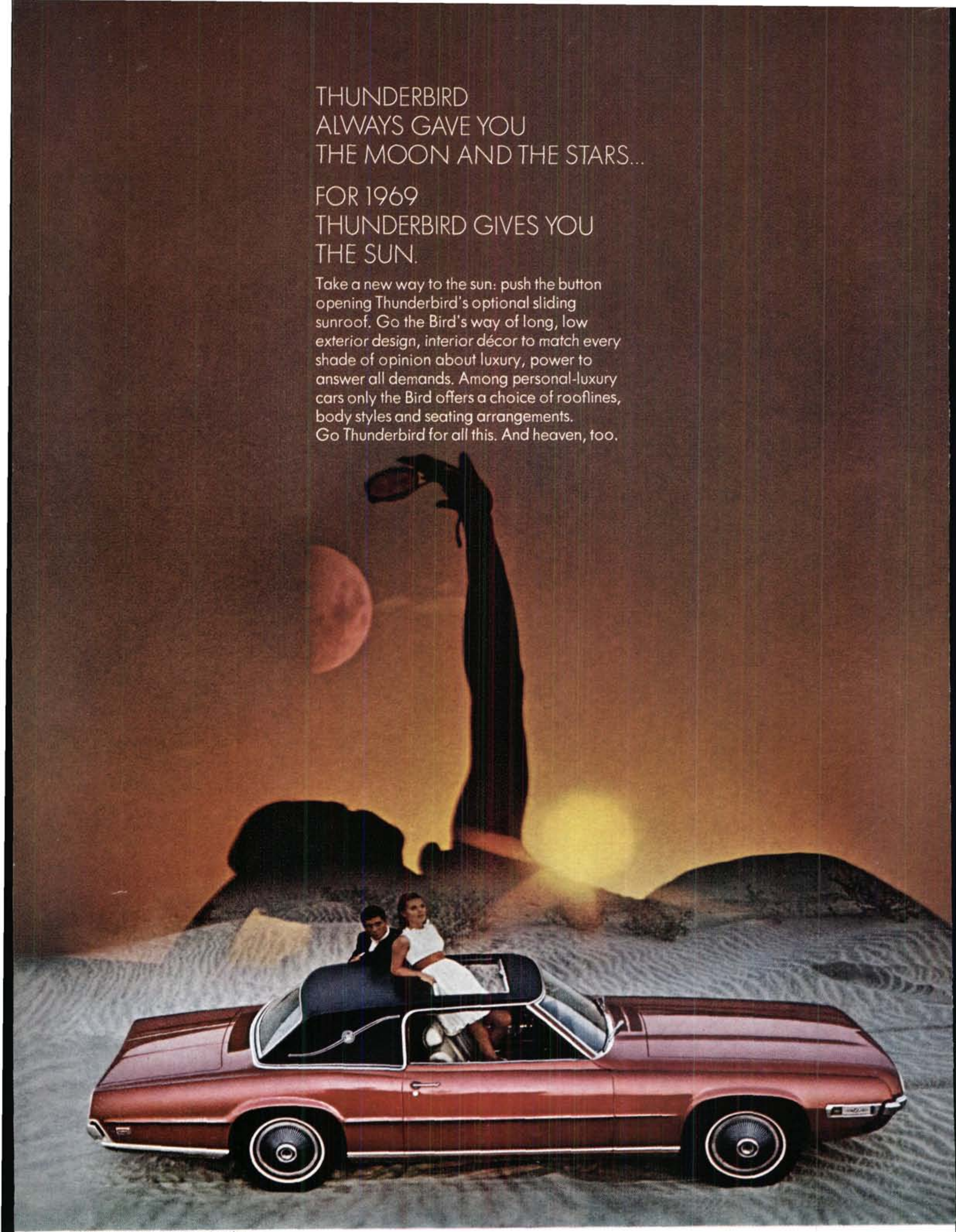

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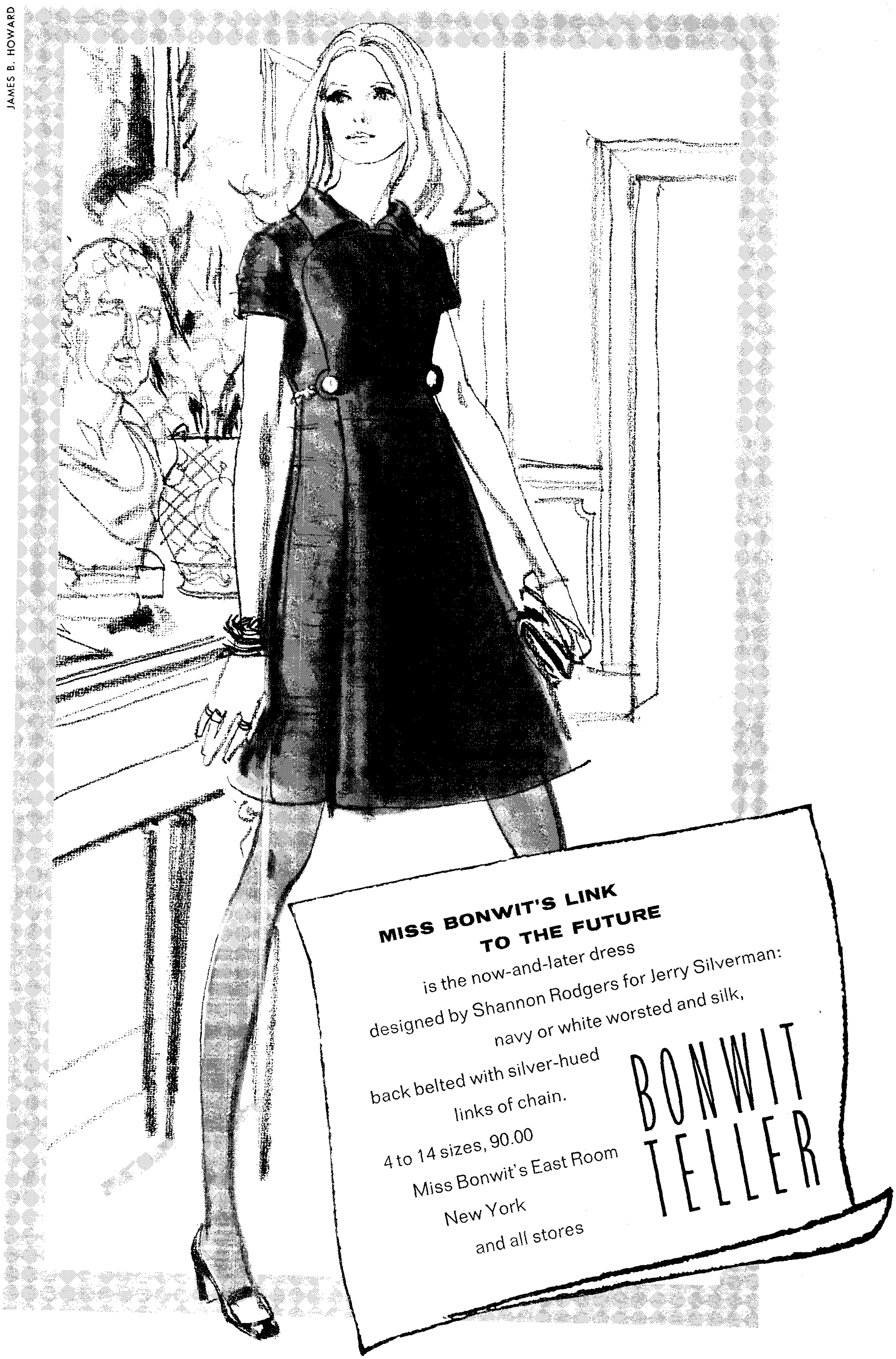

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BONWIT TELLER

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

APA Repertory Company—Molière's **THE MISANTHROPE** (Richard Wilbur's adaptation): Thursday and Friday, Jan. 9-10, at 8:30, and Saturday, Jan. 11, at 2:30 and 8:30. . . ¶ Sean O'Casey's **COCK-A-DOODLE DANDY:** Previews Monday and Tuesday, Jan. 13-14, at 8:30; Wednesday, Jan. 15, at 2 and 8:30; Friday, Jan. 17, at 8:30; and Saturday, Jan. 18, at 2:30 and 8:30. Opening on Monday, Jan. 20. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3877.)

Big Time Buck White—The second half of this play, which originated in Watts and ran for three years in Los Angeles, simulates a meeting of a black-militant organization; the first half is given over to the extremely comic antics of the leader's low-life followers. Dick Williams gives a remarkable performance as Buck White, and everyone else is very good, too. (Village South Theatre, 15 Vandam St. 989-7736. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Boys in the Band—A comedy, which curdles into misery and venom, about a birthday party at which the host and at least seven of his eight guests are homosexuals. The play, honest and often effective, is the first by Mart Crowley. The performances by all concerned, under Robert Moore's direction, are flawless. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Forty Carats—Adapted by Jay Allen from a French farce, and given a brassy local polish by the director, Abe Burrows, this mindless trifle provides an occasion for Julie Harris, Marco St. John, Murray Hamilton, and a number of other superlative actors to show off their skills. (Morosco, 45th St., W. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

"God Is a (Guess What?)"—God is a black God (that's what) in this wild, eruptive, serious comedy by Ray McIver, which gets the Negro Ensemble Company off to a bracing start on its second season. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Thursday, Friday, and Sunday at 8:30, and Saturday at 7 and 10:30. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Jan. 12.)

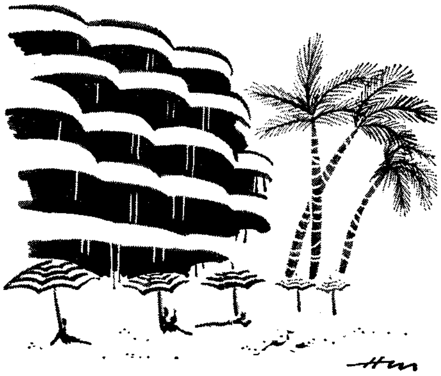
The Great White Hope—James Earl Jones gives a superb performance in this long, noisy, pageant-like play, loosely based on the life of the Negro prizefighter Jack Johnson. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Hadrian VII—A London import, by Peter Luke, taken from the novel of the same name by Frederick William Rolfe. Alec McCowen plays the title role, and Peter Dews is the director. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. 246-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées this week on Thursday at 2:30 and Saturday at 2:40; subsequently on Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Jimmy Shine—A ramshackle comedy by Murray Schisgal about a wistful little loser who keeps on losing. Dustin Hoffman is the whole show. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Little Murders—A revival of the Jules Feiffer play. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 473-6778. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Man in the Glass Booth—Robert Shaw has taken the Eichmann case out of history and into melodrama, and it makes for an exciting if preposterous couple of hours. Donald Pleasence acts his tireless head off in the only part that matters. (Royale, 45th St., W. 245-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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Minnesota Theatre Company—Final performances of Brecht's **THE RESISTIBLE RISE OF ARTURO UI**, directed by Edward Payson Call. (Billy Rose, 41st St., W. 947-5510. Thursday and Friday, Jan. 9-10, at 8:30, and Saturday, Jan. 11, at 2:30 and 8:30.)

Morning, Noon, and Night—Three plays so slight that even to be irritated by them seems an exaggerated response. The authors are Israel Horovitz, Terrence McNally, and Leonard Melfi. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. 279-3970. Nightly at 8:40. Matinée Saturday at 2:40. Closes Saturday, Jan. 11.)

Repertory Theatre of Lincoln Center—William Gibson's **A CRY OF PLAYERS**, with Anne Bancroft and Frank Langella: Thursday through Saturday, Jan. 9-11, at 8; Sunday, Jan. 12, at 7:30; Tuesday and Wednesday, Jan. 14-15, at 8; and Saturday, Jan. 18, at 2. . . . Shakespeare's **KING LEAR**, with Lee J. Cobb: Saturday and Sunday, Jan. 11-12, at 2, and Thursday through Saturday, Jan. 16-18, at 8. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616.) . . . ¶ At the Forum (362-7618) in the same building—Charles Dizenzo's **AN EVENING FOR MERLIN FINCH:** Thursday through Saturday, Jan. 9-11, at 8; Sunday, Jan. 12, at 7:30; Tuesday and Wednesday, Jan. 14-15, at 8; and Saturday, Jan. 18, at 2. . . John White's **BANANAS:** Saturday and Sunday, Jan. 11-12, at 2, and Thursday through Saturday, Jan. 16-18, at 8.

Riot—A workshop production from Boston about the current Negro revolution, in which scenes of violence are simulated by the energetic players, who, to the accompaniment of screeching noise and flashing lights, swing chairs in the air, kick beer cans around, and even charge with bayonets, thereby putting the customers in considerable jeopardy. The theatrical effect is almost nil, however. (Broadway United Church of Christ, Broadway at 56th St. 245-5587. Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 8 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 4.)

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Sweet Eros and **Witness**—A pair of satiric and sporadically effective one-acters by Terrence McNally. The first amounts to the monologue of a self-designated poet delivered to a young woman he has kidnapped, stripped, and tied up. In the second, another young nut, this one with assassination in mind, plays host to a small assortment of people, among them a loquacious window-washer. The company does well. Robert Drivas and Joe Ponazecki are very good as the two young men. (Gramercy Arts, 138 E. 27th St. OR 9-7665. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:15; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Tea Party and **The Basement**—The components of these fascinating one-act entries by Harold Pinter are, as should be expected, threat, suspicion, mischief, and wildly original comedy. Good performances by John Tillinger, David Ford, Valerie French, and June Emery. (Eastside Playhouse, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2288. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 2:30.)

To Be Young, Gifted and Black—A selection from the letters and diaries and a sprinkling of scenes from the plays of the late Lorraine Hansberry, as recited and performed by a cast of eight. Somehow, the show is not as affecting as it might be, but it has stirring and poignant moments all the same. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. YU 9-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Trainer, Dean, Liepolt, and Company—Plays by David Trainer, Phillip Dean, and Werner Liepolt. Season subscribers only. (American Place, 423 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Mondays at 7 and Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Thursday, Jan. 9, at 2. Closes Saturday, Jan. 18.)

Long Runs—**PLAZA SUITE:** Three skits by Neil Simon. Maureen Stapleton and E. G. Marshall are the stars. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **THE PRICE:** Albert Salmi, Shepperd Strudwick, Kate Reid, and David Burns carry on a long conversation in the gloomy attic of an old New York town house. The playwright is Arthur Miller. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **SCUBA DUBA:** Bruce Jay Friedman's first play is about an American in the South of France whose wife has run off with, he thinks, a Negro skin diver. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. PL 2-0440. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **YOU KNOW I CAN'T HEAR YOU WHEN THE WATER'S RUNNING:** Closed for five weeks; scheduled to reopen on Tuesday, Feb. 11, at a theatre to be announced.

MUSICALS

The Believers—The history of the Negro in the United States in singing, dancing, and acting, as set forth by a choral group that calls itself Voices, Inc. The singing is beautiful, and the acting and dancing are more than adequate. The result is a spirited and deeply moving evening in the theatre. (Martinique, Broadway at 32nd St. 736-3056. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

Dames at Sea—An entertaining takeoff on mu-

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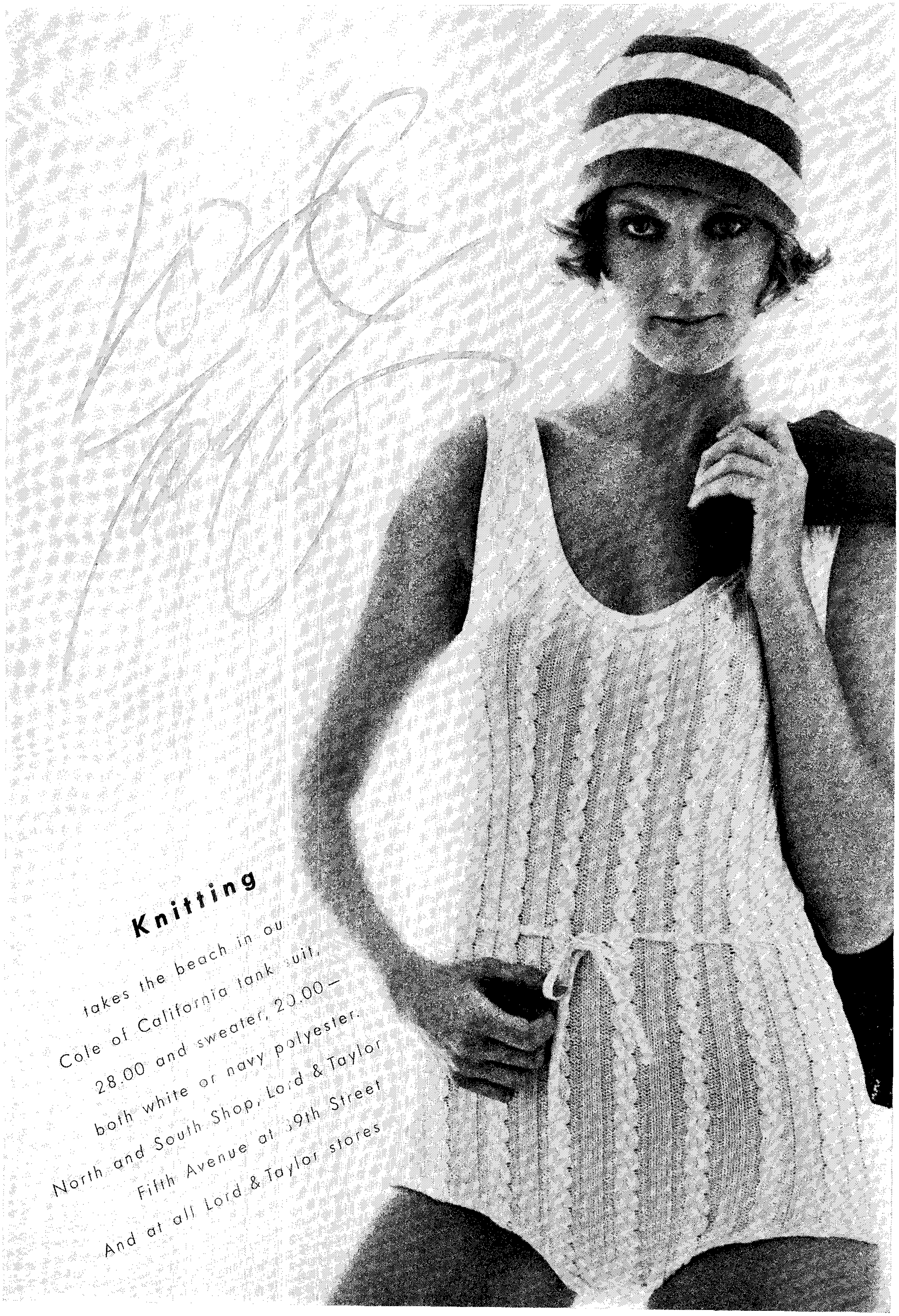

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Phil Mazzurco

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

sical movies of the thirties, with a suitable score by Jim Wise, suitable book and lyrics by George Haimsohn and Robin Miller, and a delightful performance by Bernadette Peters, as a dancer named Ruby who loves a boy named Dick and is befriended by a chorine named Joan. Neal Kenyon, who was both director and choreographer, has hit just the right note of foolishness in his bits of stage business and in his elaborate production numbers. (Bouwerie Lane Theatre, 330 Bowery, at 2nd St. 674-6060. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

HAIR—Lots of clatter in lots of clutter, and the sooner your mind gives way the happier you will be. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. 582-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

PROMISES, PROMISES—Jerry Orbach and Jill O'Hara may spend the next twenty years in this jaunty adaptation of the movie "The Apartment." Book by Neil Simon, music by Burt Bacharach, and lyrics by Hal David. (Shubert, 44th St., W. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

ZORBA—An old-fashioned, all-purpose musical, which pretends to be Greek but whose true country is Broadway. With Herschel Bernardi and Maria Karnilova. Book by Joseph Stein, music by John Kander, and lyrics by Fred Ebb. (Imperial, 45th St., W. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

LONG RUNS—JACQUES BREL IS ALIVE AND WELL AND LIVING IN PARIS: A musical put together from the works of M. Brel by Eric Blau and Mort Shuman, who also did the English lyrics. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-5020. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays at 7:45; Saturdays at 7; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.) . . . **CABARET:** Germany just before the Nazis took control. Lotte Lenya and George Voskovec are among those in the cast. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.). . . **CURLEY MCDIMPLE:** A lampoon of musical movies of the nineteen-thirties. (Bert Wheeler, 250 W. 43rd St. 524-2323. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 3.). . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** Halted, *he peered down the dark, winding stairs and* called up coarsely:—Come up, Kinch. Come up, you fearful Jesuit. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 9:45. Matinées Sundays at 3.). . . **FIDDLER ON THE ROOF:** Jerry Jarrett (filling in for Harry Goz, who will return on Monday, Jan. 20) in a saga derived from some Sholom Aleichem tales. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.). . . **GEORGE M!:** A sketchy account of a great performer who appears to have been singularly *unlikable in private life. With Joel Grey as* Cohan. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays and Saturday, Jan. 18, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.). . . **GOLDEN RAINBOW:** Steve Lawrence and Eydie Gorme in a musical about hard times in Las Vegas. (George Abbott, 54th St., E. JU 6-3787. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.). . . **HELLO, DOLLY!:** Now with an all-Negro cast headed by Pearl Bailey and Cab Calloway. (St. James, 44th St., W. 695-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.). . . **MAME:** A musical interpretation of the Patrick Dennis novel about an antic aunt and an orphaned nephew committed to her care. Jane Morgan is the lady in question. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.). . . **MAN OF LA MANCHA:** Dale Wasserman's adaptation of "Don Quixote," with music by Mitch Leigh. Robert Wright plays the title role; David Holliday substitutes for him at the matinée performances. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. 246-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.). . . **YOU'RE A GOOD MAN, CHARLIE BROWN:** "Peanuts" turned into a musical. (Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. 254-7400. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays at 9; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.). . . **YOUR OWN THING:** As this rock musical goes its merry way, its path often crosses that of Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night." (Orpheum, Second Ave. at 8th St. 982-6410. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

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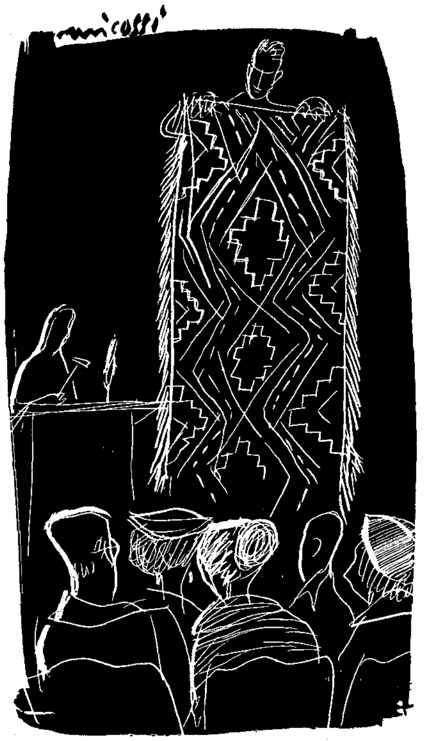
BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

NEW YORK CITY BALLET—Tentative schedule—Thursday, Jan. 9, at 8:15: "Jeux," "Tschaikovsky Suite" (première), and "La Valse.". . . ¶ Friday, Jan. 10, at 8:15: "Pas de Deux and Divertissement," "Tarantella," "Ballet Imperial," and "Slaughter on Tenth Avenue.". . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 11, at 2:15: "Pas de Deux and Divertissement," "Monumentum pro Gesualdo," "Movements for Piano and Orchestra," "Jeux," and "Slaughter on Tenth Avenue.". . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 11, at 8:15: "Stravinsky Symphony," "Haydn Concerto," "Monumentum pro Gesualdo," "Movements for Piano and Orchestra," and "Stars and Stripes.". . . ¶ Sunday, Jan. 12, at 1:15: "Jewels.". . . ¶ Sunday, Jan. 12, at 7:15: "Scotch Symphony," "Variations," "The Cage," and "Brahms-Schoenberg Quartet.". . . ¶ Tuesday, Jan. 14, at 8:15: "Tschaikovsky Suite," "Prodigal Son," and "Slaughter on Tenth Avenue.". . . ¶ Wednesday, Jan. 15, at 8:15: "Divertimento No. 15," "Agon," and "Tschaikovsky Suite.". . . ¶ Thursday and Friday, Jan. 16-17, at 8:15: "Jewels.". . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 18, at 2:15: "Firebird," "Agon," "Tarantella," and "Symphony in C.". . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 18, at 8:15: "Trois Valses Romantiques," "Apollo," and "Ballet Imperial." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, Feb. 16.)

MERCE CUNNINGHAM AND DANCE COMPANY—Monday, Jan. 13, at 7:30, and Wednesday and Thursday, Jan. 15-16, at 8:30: "RainForest," "Place," and "How to Pass, Kick, Fall, and Run.". . . ¶ Tuesday, Jan. 14, and Friday and Saturday, Jan. 17-18, all at 8:30: "Suite for Five," "Winterbranch," and "Walkaround Time." (Billy Rose, 208 W. 41st St. 947-5510.)



HARKNESS BALLET—Opening performances of a three-week season that will run through Sunday, Feb. 2—Tuesday, Jan. 14, at 7:30: "Madrigalesco" (New York première), "Monument for a Dead Boy," "Canto Indio," and "Souvenirs.". . . ¶ Wednesday, Jan. 15, at 8:30: "Night Song," "Moments" (New York première), "Variations for Four Plus Four," and "Souvenirs.". . . ¶ Thursday, Jan. 16, at 8:30: "Madrigalesco," "Moments," "After Eden," and "Firebird.". . . ¶ Friday, Jan. 17, at 8:30: "Night Song," "Grand Pas Espagnol" (New York première), "Monument for a Dead Boy," and "Time Out of Mind.". . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 18, at 2:30: "Madrigalesco," "Moments," "Youth," and "Firebird." . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 18, at 8:30: "Grand Pas Espagnol," "Moments," "Canto Indio," and "Monument for a Dead Boy." (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636.)

LEON JAMES AND ALBERT MINNS—Jazz dancers. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Saturday, Jan. 18, at 2:30.)

MISCELLANY

ICE SHOW—"Ice Capades," with a company headed by Phil Romayne, Cathy Steele, and Freddie Trenkler. (Madison Square Garden Center, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Mondays through Thursdays at 7:30; Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 11, 3, and 8:30; and Sundays at 1:30 and 5:30. Extra matinée Wednesday, Jan. 15, at 2. Closes Sunday, Jan. 19.)

ANTA PROGRAM—Two new plays ("The Projection Room," by Robert Somerfeld, and "Neighbors," by James Saunders) presented by the American National Theatre and Academy as the third in this season's Matinée Series. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Monday, Jan. 13, at 7:30, and Tuesday, Jan. 14, at 2.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing of places around town where you might pass a pleasant hour or two.)

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

BITTER END, 147 Bleecker St. (475-7804)—Coffee and cider are representative of the drinks, and the quarters are cramped, but the entertainment sometimes overshadows the wooden benches. The current mood is pop, with two groups—McKendree Spring and the Dickens—on the bill. On Wednesday, Jan. 15, singer Warren Marley will take over. Shows begin at nine-thirty. Tuesdays are allotted to visiting performers.

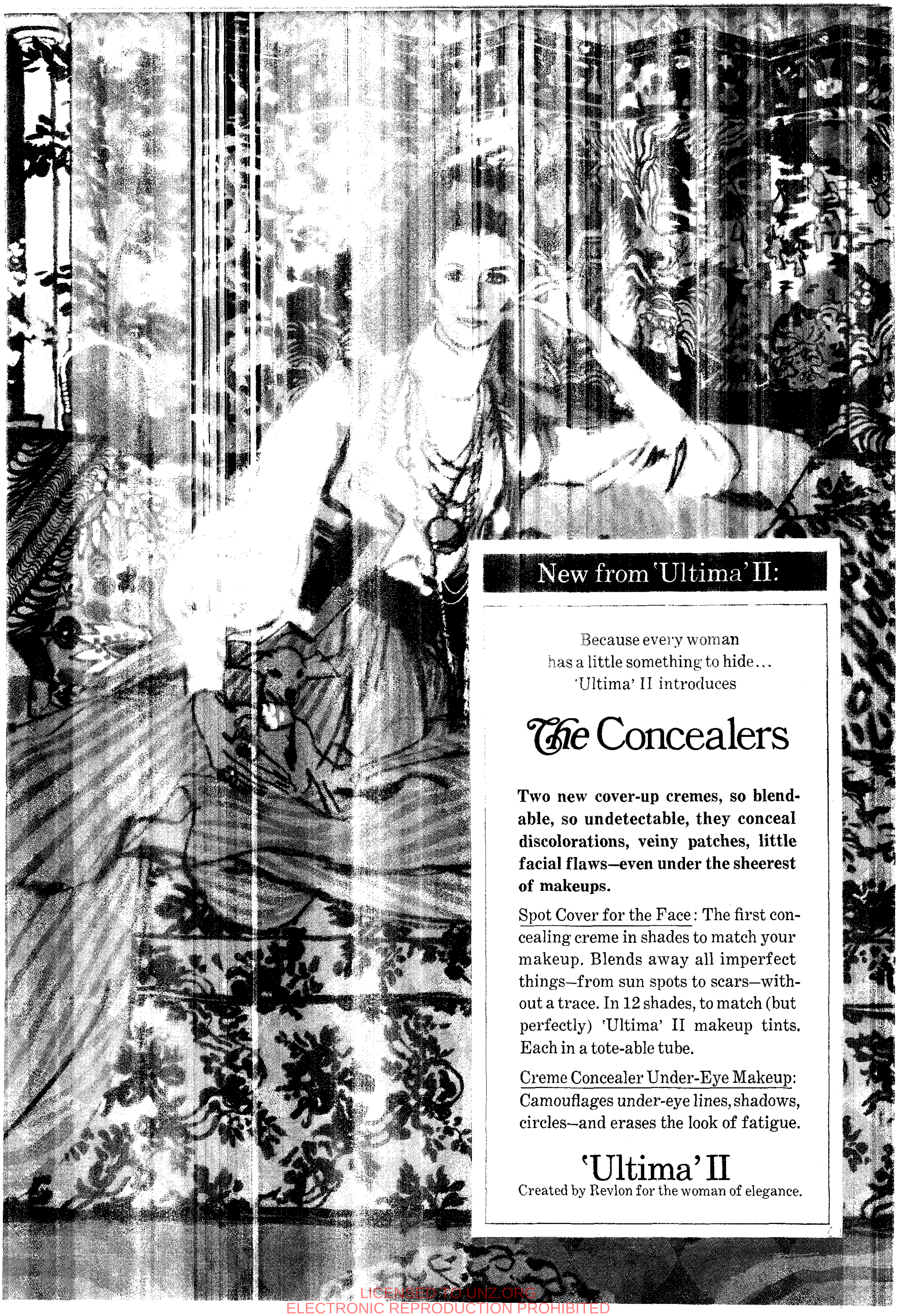
CAFÉ AU GO GO, 152 Bleecker St. (777-4530)—Dim, congenial, *echt*. Through Sunday, Jan. 12, Ian and Sylvia will be singing basic folk music, while their auditors sit eating ice cream out of Brobdingnagian dishes. Performances at eight and eleven-thirty. Closed Mondays.

CASEY'S, 142 W. 10th St. (989-8925)—Some fairly provocative jazz from eleven to one—on piano and bass, with horns sitting in occasionally—as well as dining and drinking in a serene, red-brick setting. No live music Sundays.

HALF NOTE, 289 Hudson St., at Spring St. (AL 5-9752)—No strain. It's an easeful spot. The reliable Zoot Sims-Al Cohn quintet is on the bandstand (which is in the middle of the bar, which is in the middle of the room, which is large enough for tables and a dance floor). Some light Italian dishes are served. Closed Mondays.

JIMMY RYAN'S, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—An honest kind of place for traditional listening, where the patrons seem as much at home as the musicians—Freddy Moore, Max Kaminsky, Tony Parenti, Bob Pratt, and Marshall Brown. They play a confident, hale Dixieland from nine-thirty to three every night but Sunday.

RED GARTER, 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (982-4270)—Eighteen-nineties rinky-dink, complete with fire engine, but the banjo band is above average, and has even been known to come up with its own alluvial arrangements of some Top-



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Forty tunes, for what they're worth. Old movies are shown from time to time. Closed Mondays.

Red Onion, 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682)—Another ode to the banjo—a small, neighborly place where people can buy straw hats and frilly garters and commune with their ancestors. The three-man band twangs from nine to three or four. The peanuts are free.

Slugs', 242 E. 3rd St. (677-9727)—It's a trip getting to this spectral part of town, and wheels may be needed to get back, but the clientele knows pretty much where it's at. The Roy Haynes quintet is playing nightly. On Tuesday, Jan. 14, Art Blakey and the Jazz Messengers will move in. On Saturday, Jan. 11, from five to nine, Dewey Redman's trio will perform before the regular session, and on Sunday, Jan. 12, the Frank Foster Concert Ensemble will do the same. Mondays, from nine-thirty to four, are turned over to various jazz groups.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120)—In the rustic upstairs you can drink or dine while listening to the Gary Burton quartet. On Mondays, the regulars are off, and new talent is auditioned. . . . ¶ Downstairs: Fridays and Saturdays, Jan. 10-11 and 17-18, Nina Simone will sing it like it is, leading her own quintet and alternating with Montego Joe's septet and a vocal twosome called the Swordsmen. Mondays, from eight-thirty, are conglomerate evenings devoted to a variety of soul and rock musicians.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355)—A subsurface box in which music stays near the van. Music from nine-thirty by the Herbie Hancock sextet and blues singer Novella Nelson. Thursday through Saturday, Jan. 16-18, the Pharoah Sanders quintet will be on the stand, along with Miss Nelson. Mondays are reserved for the loud sounds of the Thad Jones-Mel Lewis band. Closed Sunday, Jan. 12, and Tuesday and Wednesday, Jan. 14-15.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—On a quiet corner in an empty area, where you wouldn't expect to find much of anything. The jazz, swingingly subdued, is on piano and bass; Nat Jones and Herman Wright play Monday through Wednesday, and Lance Hayward and Bill Lee play Thursday through Sunday, from eight-thirty to two. Sawdust is on the floor, and collard greens and black-eyed peas are on the menu.

Your Father's Mustache, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (OR 5-4630)—Gosh, gang, here's *another* one of those places where you can put on boaters and listen to a banjo band and drink beer from mugs. On Sundays, from four-thirty to nine, a Dixieland band plays before the evening fun begins.

DISCOTHÈQUES AND SUCH

(No dining, unless indicated.)

Arthur, 154 E. 54th St. (688-4420)—A faintly Britannic, Plasticine scene for people who like to be thought of as swingers. Tiny tables, a minimal light show, and rampant recorded rock that shifts to the rampant live sound of the Candymen. Dining is possible. Closed Mondays.

Aux Puces, 70 E. 55th St. (688-2920)—A small restaurant-discothèque whose advantages manage to outweigh its pretensions. Waiters glide about discreetly, and the trappings—lacquered cabinets, Teutonic chandeliers, gilded griffins, and the like—are for sale. The clientele looks imperturbable, and the dinners are distinctive, if slight. Dancing to records from ten to three or four. Closed Sundays.

Directoire, 160 E. 48th St. (758-9570)—Pinstriped wallpaper, red velvet draperies, and moody, muted murals are reminiscent of the years 1795-99, when France wasn't quite making it. The cuisine—dinner and supper—is good, and a generally svelte-looking crowd dances to records on a small dance floor from ten to three or four. Closed Sundays.

Electric Circus, upstairs at 23 St. Marks Pl. (777-7080)—Wow. Lights flash, flicker, and run, and clownish acrobats do unnerving, skillful feats while the customers groove on the elaborately gyro-undulating scene. Mandrake Memorial alternates with records over a potent system. On Tuesday, Jan. 14, the Holy Modal Rounders will arrive. Alcohol is out. Closed Mondays.

L'Interdit, in the Gotham Hotel, 2 W. 55th St. (CI 7-2200)—A fairly low-keyed, dressy establishment with Ivy overtones, where the lights are dim and the music is less than urgent. Table reservations are recommended on weekends. Without them, you can stand at the minuscule bar. The supper menu is sturdy enough. Closed Sundays.

Salvation Too, 30 Central Park S. (PL 2-4365)—The alter ego of the Penthouse Club, which at ten ceases to be a restaurant and becomes a discothèque, complete with a Day-Glo floor, strobe lights, and recorded music that owes much of its vitality to Stax-Volt. Snacks are served. The view is magnificent. Things run till three or four each night.

Shepheard's, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0900)—Ceiling fans turn, and a sphinx guards the door. Is it the Nile? Musically speaking, it's the Mersey, Lake Michigan, or sometimes (good grief!) the Danube. Between record sets, Tamba Four rocks a bit. A substantial dinner menu. Closed Sundays.

Wednesday's, 210 E. 86th St. (535-8500)—An indoor street of sorts, with many aspects of an outdoor one—trees, lampposts, a bar, café tables, and shops. Dancing on the pavement to records, from seven to three or four. It sounds contrived, but it works.

Wheels, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (879-3777)—Trafalgar Square has been crossed with a barn dance, updated, and Modified—see how it runs. The place moves, and so do the folk, whose dress is casual and whose look is knowledgeable. The Pumpkins alternate with records, which are mostly contemporary juke. On Tuesday, Jan. 14, Los Banditos will dislodge the Pumpkins. Closed Mondays.

Yellowfinger's, 200 E. 60th St. (752-0980)—Paisley walls in a burnished underground cave, with music that comes on big and stays there disc after disc. Action nightly from nine-thirty to three-thirty, with reservations a good idea on weekends, when standees wait patiently at the door. Crêpes and other light fare are available at street level. All the comely people—where do they all come from?

OTHER DANCING

(Dining, too, unless noted.)

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000): Kingdom Come, and all in modern dress, is what happens every single night in the royal Café Pierre. The jaunty music is supplied by Phil Wayne's band Mondays and Tuesdays, by Stanley Worth's band Wednesdays through Sundays; Ellen Harwicke, whose specialty is song with piano, fills in the chinks between the Worth sets. . . . **El Morocco,** 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-2960): Beneath the current frippery, beneath the zebra-striped sea, one may discern the outlines of earlier civilizations—Nineveh, Tyre, Little Old New York. The music plays on, of course, for auld lang syne—some of it people music, some of it pre-packed. Closed Sundays. . . . **Delmonico's,** Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500): The ways and miens of the restaurant are decorous, even when Ernie Warren's small band gets the dancers out on the floor. Eight to one in midweek, eight to two Saturdays, not at all Sundays and Mondays. . . . **The Riverboat,** Fifth Ave. at 34th St., in the Empire State Building. (759-2444): Bobby Hackett's horn (high-calorie sweet and high-calorie low-down) leads his troops into action at eight-thirty; Urbie Green's band checks in at six-thirty. Dining of sorts, and plenty of dance floor. No music Sunday nights. . . . **Roseland Dance City,** 239 W. 52nd St. (247-0200): The surroundings, ample enough, are in general Spartan, but the social life is Early American—made up wholly of historical society, whose interest is preservation of such art forms as foxtrot and two-step. Argueso's Latin crew is spelled by a pair of North American units; all are on view every night but Monday. Seven-thirty until one, mostly; Sundays, though, begin at 3:30 P.M.; Wednesdays run from six-thirty until twelve. The dietary arrangements are almost invisible.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

Downstairs at the Upstairs, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244)—Timetables here are subject to change without notice. The newest bulletin has it that the team of Stiller & Meara (forthright skits about animal husbandry and animal wifery) will be declaiming Thursday through Saturday, Jan. 9-11, and that Joan Rivers, a most uncommon scold, will arrive on Tuesday, Jan. 14. Ten o'clock, and a bit earlier Friday and Saturday, is the beginning hour.

El Avram, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (243-9661)—The seacoast of the eastern Mediterranean is turned into the seacoast of Bohemia when the cast starts barking and bantering. That cast: Avram Grobard and Yoel Sharr, jokers; Yakov Uriel, trumpeter; George Mgrdichian, oudist; and a girl dancer with an undulant midriff. One may dine as the Israelis do. Dancing. Closed Mondays.

Upstairs at the Downstairs, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244)—"Instant Replay" is the small boy-and-girl revue that goes its way twice a night, except on Sunday. Some of it does nicely; sometimes the involved Jacks and Jills just come tumbling down the hill.

BIG DEALS

(Dinner, dancing, and a show.)

Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—In the Royal Box, at dinner and supper, there is humor by Godfrey Cambridge, an amiable wit indeed when he doesn't let the winter weather freeze his taste buds, and uproar-in-the-name-of-music by Anthony and the Imperials. On Tuesday, Jan. 14, a change of scene: the introspective Shelley Berman, one of whose premises is that paranoia can be fun, and the girl glee club called the Three Degrees. Lee Evans' commendable dance band stays on. Closed Sundays and Monday, Jan. 13.

Château Madrid, Lexington Ave. at 48th St. (752-8080)—It's the lighter side of life that

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

José Greco's ballet troupe portrays, but aren't we entitled once in a while? The troupe, making its only stand of the season in New York, is swift, swashbuckling, and swarming (twenty-two strong), and its practically peerless leader gets special help from such as Luis Rivera, Maria Sota, and the pair yclept Carmen and Justo Quintero. The stint is dinner and supper during the week, and thrice on Saturdays.... ¶ In the much smaller Flamenco Room, life goes on, too, on a no-nights-off basis, enhanced with guitar from five o'clock on, and voice after nine-thirty. Neither of them stops until way past bedtime.

Copacabana, 10 E. 60th St. (758-0900)—Life that is of Middle-Earth earthy, and all that goes with it. The chief trouper is Bobby Darin, who, having decided to devote his career to pop singing, does it in the very best fashion. Thursday, Jan. 16, brings on, in his stead, Jack E. Leonard, no mere slip of a churl, whose wrath at his fellow-man does, though, wear a very soft edge. No nights off. . . . ¶ The street-level bar pulsates, after ten o'clock, to the slinky sight-and-sound you'd find in one of the more acceptable Vegas lounges. Twice a night, every night.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—Somebody or other is almost always imbued with song during the dinner and supper hours in the Persian Room; now it's young Lesley Gore. The orchestras of Burt Farber and of Mark Monte, which fill in the rest of the evening, are in very good fettle. Everything quiet on Sundays.... **Plaza 9—and all that jazz** is sort of a Super Bowl, now that the Newport Jazz All-Stars—Red Norvo, George Wein, Ruby Braff, Jake Hanna, and Barney Kessel—are making fragrant, new-mown hay. On Tuesday, Jan. 14, they will be succeeded by Louis Jordan's group. Dancing. Dinner is full-blown, supper is fragmentary, Mondays are dark. Rifle practice always begins at eight.... ¶ The Edwardian Room offers, from seven to nine, dinner music—Sandu Marcu's fiddle and a piano—every evening but Sunday.... ¶ The Palm Court, a spaceship of unabashed grandeur, begins with the Marcu teatime duets from four-thirty to six-thirty every day, and then, at eight, becomes a Viennese patisserie of likewise unabashed g. every night but Sunday, to the tune of (almost always) Gunnar Hansen, whose violin speaks with authority (and affection) of Continental lush life.

Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—The grand après-ski lodge at the top of the Manhattan Range. Joe Cabot's quartet begins its dance tunes at seven; during dinner and supper, Margaret Whiting, who hasn't been around in ever so long, turns vocal in predictable fashion and with predictable songs. Closed Sundays.

St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The Maisonette, that fine old academy of music, is making itself into a forum for the new generation—specifically, at the moment, for Doris Hines, who is singing during dinner and supper. Before and in between, George Cort's orchestra and Quintero's Latinos declaim from the bandstand. Closed Sundays.... ¶ Tranquillity and rectitude are the two graces of La Boite, across the way from the Maisonette. Ernest Schoen's Mitteleuropa fiddle and Jules Kuti's piano are paired off in calm interludes of music. Closed Sundays.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—The he-and-she jokes are forever with us, and Phil Ford and Mimi Hines, who have the floor of the Empire Room during dinner (right through the week) and supper, too (Fridays and Saturdays), have a wide acquaintanceship among them. Dancing, and no waiting (two bands). Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In Peacock Alley, a rather industrious (almost industrial) trio issues dance tunes from eight until one or so, and dinner and supper are on the hob (but not the house). This happens Tuesday through Saturday each week; a piano works out in the bar from four through eight every night but Saturday and Sunday.

SMALL AND BOUNCY

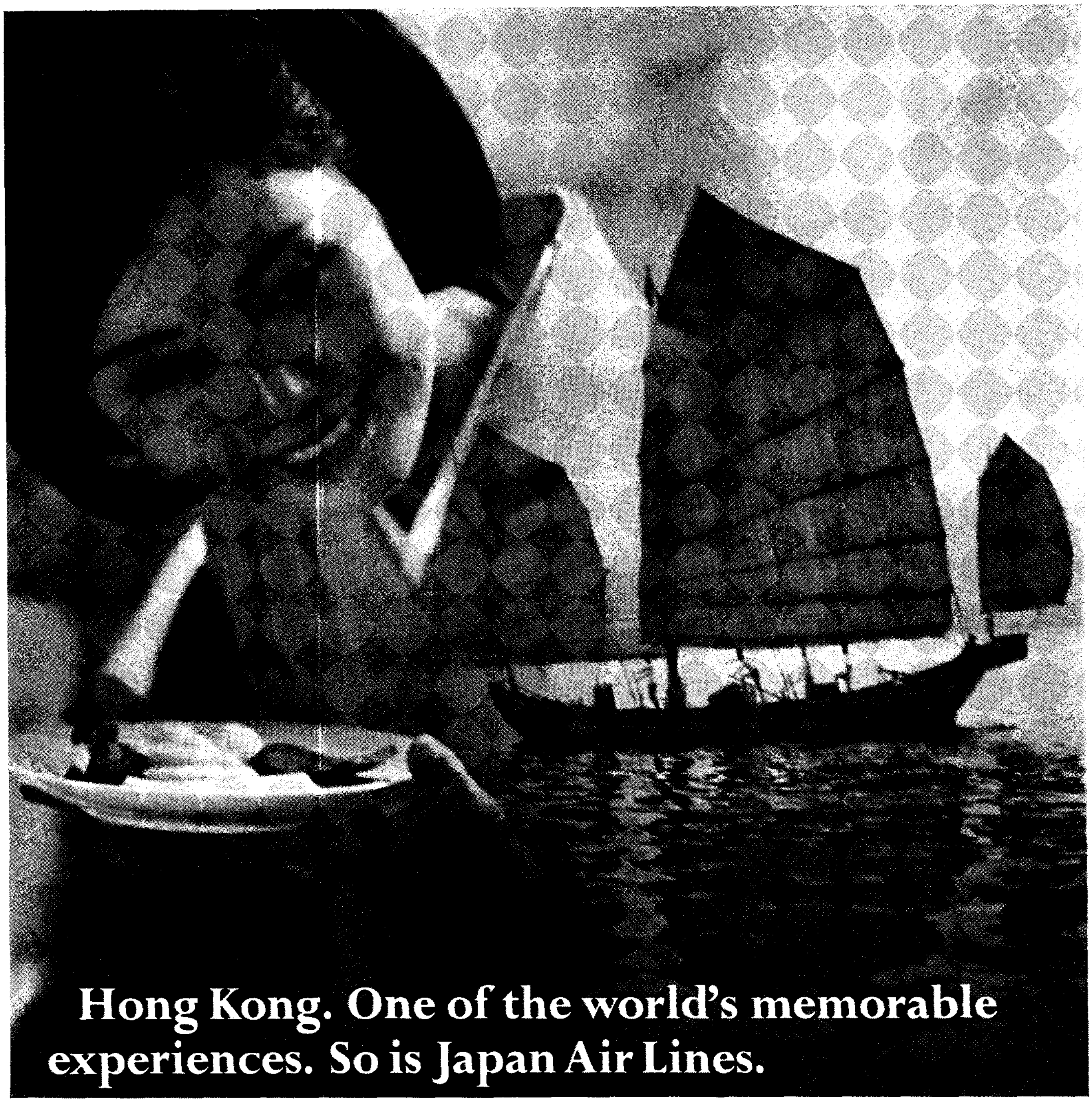
(Dining but no dancing, except as indicated.)

Goldie's New York, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): The uptown branch of Louis Golson Hawkins' general store in Fort Deposit, Alabama. Southern comfort and Northern gossip are dispensed, along with piano that goes four-hand and furious around about midnight. Mr. H.'s aide in comforting and pianoing is, naturally, Wayne Sanders. Seven until four, if the shoppers are willing. Closed Sundays. . . . **Café Carlyle,** Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): The best of all possible worlds for the likes (and dislikes) of Mabel Mercer, dowager empress of the lyrics that deal sorrowfully or sternly with the ways of the *worldly* world. Buddy Barnes is her excelling accompanist. Closed Sundays.... **Jamaica Arms,** 1315 Second Ave., at 69th St. (YU 8-5850): Treasure Island as it is today, without pirates but still with a bottle of rum and some yo-ho-ho, this last accomplished by one or another perambulatory West Indian singer. Listening begins between eight and nine during the week, and ends between one and two. Closed Sundays; no music Mondays.... **Drake Room,** 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): Ship of state, and a shipshape one—a rarity in these times. Dick Hankinson addresses his piano off and on from six until one; Sundays, someone fills in for him.... **Chucks' Composite,** 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): The fish-and-game laws are rigidly enforced, because many of the denizens are barely old enough to be out without their mothers. Dan Ruskin's eminently suitable piano is distributed until late at night. No music Sundays. . . . **Grenadier,** 863 First Ave., at 48th St. (753-2960): The Embankment a block away should be on the Thames, not the East River. Which would make an expatriate of Lynn Richards, who sings, loud and clear, at her piano in the bar from nine until two, except on Sundays and Mondays.... **La Chansonnette,** 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): Lautrec may have designed Rita Dimitri, the franglaised soubrette à la grecque who sings at nine-thirty during the week and nine-thirty and midnight Fridays and Saturdays. There is dance music, too, quite subdued, from eight o'clock on in her salon. Closed Sundays and Mondays.... **Chardas,** 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): Act I, Scene I of a Hungarian operetta in rehearsal. Tibor Rakossy is host, tenor, and local nobleman; Béla Babai's band is thoroughly Hungarian. Dancing. Closed Mondays.... **Asti,** 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): Asti, yes, implies the sort of menu and wine card, but La Scala at audition time is the attitude of the irrepressible waiters. Closed Mondays.... **Pier 52,** 144 W. 52nd St. (245-6652): The officers' quarters of this extremely well-done seashell (crab cakes Maryland and such) is outfitted with a bar and the piano of George Taylor, a night owl whose songs are Broadway and boulevardier. Nine until two, except Sundays, is his watch.... **The Apartment,** 1068 Second Ave., at 56th St. (PL 3-7923): Most everything on Second Avenue is, as it should be, off limits; exception can be made for Charles De Forest, who, though he must spend his nights in a piano bar, sings non-piano-bar songs all night long. He lays off Sundays.

SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining, but no dancing.)

Château Henri IV, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): The majesty of the Loire, so to speak. Within, the violin of Norbert Faconi awaits the weary traveller until late at night. He and his faithful pianist, Herman Arminski, begin their week's work on Tuesday and end it on Saturday. All is quiet Sundays, and on Mondays the piano of Victor del Monte goes it alone. . . . **Roma di Notte,** 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): Rome by night indeed, though not in a Gray Line bus. The musicians, both vocal and instrumental, lap up the evening with soft Lydian airs. They are usually present from seven-thirty until two. Closed every Sunday.... **Sign of the Dove,** 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): The bar, where a piano gets to perform from six to midnight, except Sundays, is quite New York, but the great outback has become a villa in the Alban Hills.... **Sherry-Netherland,** Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): *Supra dig.* is how the bar-restaurant operates. Piano every night, five-thirty to eight and nine to twelve-thirty.... **Café Renaissance,** 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): Decorators' delight. The accent is Andalusian, especially when Rogelio Reguera picks up his guitar, which happens between seven-thirty and eight. He does not cease until somewhat past mid-



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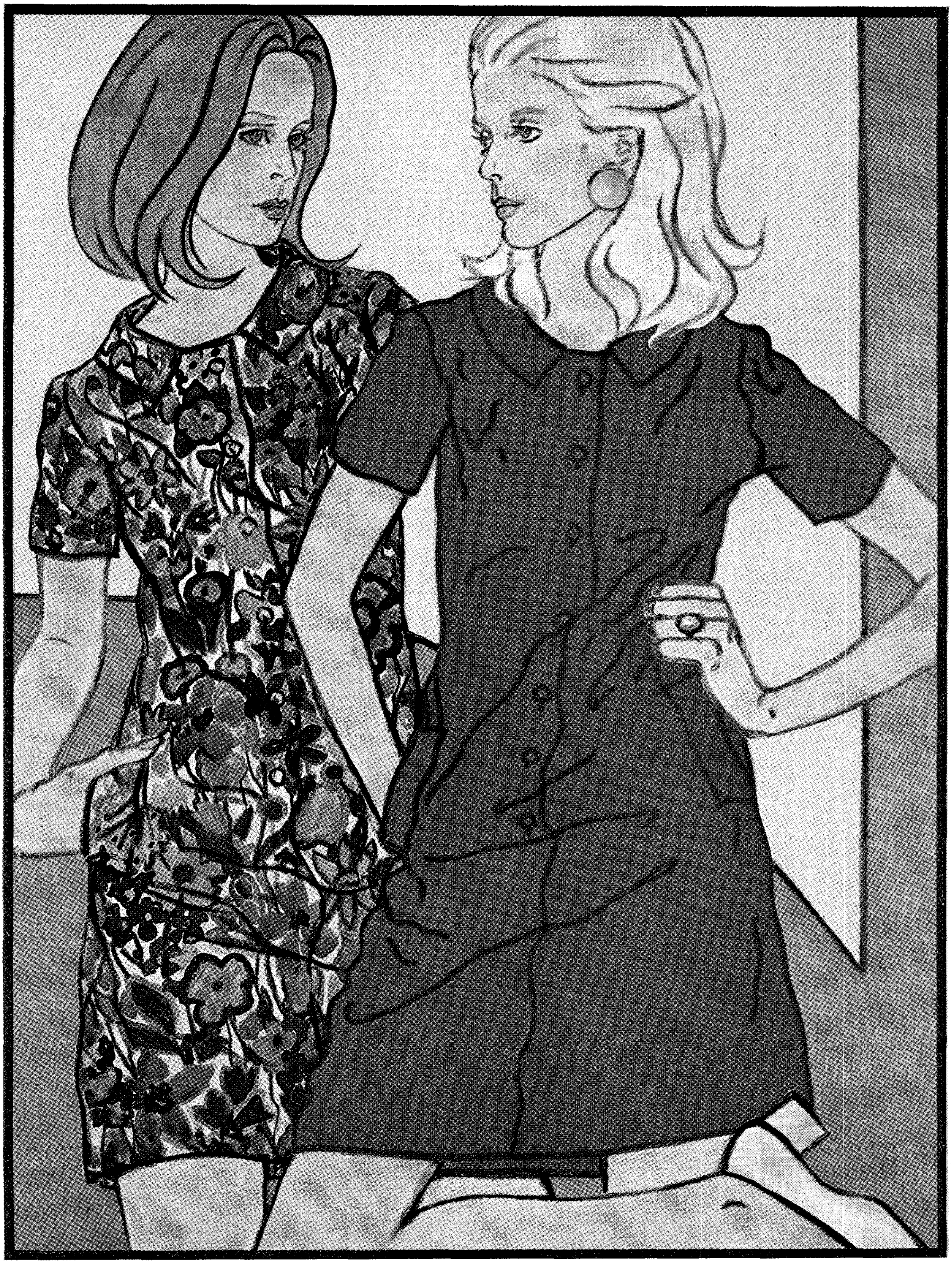

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

night. No music Sundays. . . . **MONSIGNORE,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): If you get a table on the piazza, you will see Herman Honigsberg and his rout of musicians out for an evening's stroll, and they may stop by for a custom-made serenade. Closed Sundays. . . . **SALUM SANCTORUM,** 1112 Third Ave., at 65th St (UN 1-9492): Is this upstairs suite Ottoman Empire, a hanging garden of Babylon, or just plain Camp (both High and Kill Kare)? The piano music in one room is American for sure, though. Closed Sundays. . . . **REMBRANDT ROOM,** in the Stanhope Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): Queen Victoria would have approved. George Feyer, whose manner is pillar of the Austro-Hungarian Empire, is at the piano from eight-thirty until half past one. Closed Sundays. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE,** 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): The Casino-on-the-Park, neat and as expansive as the playing fields of Eton, affords well-put-together piano by Bob Kail from six-thirty until one, except Sundays and Mondays. . . . **POLO BAR,** in the Westbury Hotel, Madison Ave. at 69th St. (LE 5-2000): Far from the madding crowd, and therefore lost (but not least) in calm and contentment, Joe Miles conducts the piano from nine-thirty until one. He has Sundays and Mondays to himself. . . . **FOUR SEASONS,** 99 E. 52nd St. (PL 1-4300): After the captains and the kings of commerce have departed, the temple becomes an at-ease conservatory in which Joel Shulman, piano and electronic harpsichord at his fingers' tips, turns out a pleasing modernist nocturne that runs from ten to one every night but Saturday and Sunday. . . . **UMBERTO,** 13 E. 53rd St. (688-3344): Time is measured here in Roman numerals, and the architecture is Roman candles. In the midst of it all, Franco Pagani serves as ambient and articulate minstrel, from seven until midnight. Closed Sundays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

STEPHEN ANTONAKOS—One twenty-foot neon barrier; through Jan. 23. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

JOHN BATTENBERG—Fibre-glass and bronze sculptures of war subjects; through Jan. 25. (Krasner, 1061 Madison Ave., at 81st St. Closed Mondays.)

BILL BOLLINGER—Seven sculptures in various everyday materials; through Jan. 30. (Eykert, 24 E. 81st St. Closed Mondays.)

JOHN CARROLL (1892-1959)—Paintings by an artist well known in the first half of the twentieth century; through Jan. 25. (Rehn, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St.)

MOSHE ELAZAR CASTEL—Relief paintings representing, by means of lettering and depictions of stone walls, an Israeli artist's impressions of the Middle East; through Feb. 1. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

RICHARD DIEBENKORN—Recent drawings by the West Coast figure painter; through Jan. 30. (Poindexter, 21 W. 56th St. Closed Mondays.)

STEPHEN ETNIER—Landscapes, *mostly* of Maine; through Feb. 1. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

MARK FELDSTEIN—Geometrical paintings; through Jan. 23. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

JOHN HULTBERG—New paintings in the highly personal semi-Surrealist landscape style developed by this artist over many years; through Jan. 25. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

PHILIP JAMISON—Paintings of Maine and Pennsylvania; through Jan. 25. (Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

DONALD JUDD—One room-filling minimal metal structure, and a few smaller works; through Jan. 25. (Castelli, 4 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

BERTO LARDERA—Three architectural sculptures of cutout horizontal and vertical sheets of steel, plus smaller items, by a Spanish artist; through Feb. 1. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.)

JOSÉ CLEMENTE OROZCO—Vigorous drawings of the human figure; through Jan. 31. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

GEORGE ORTMAN—Emblematic paintings and constructions composed of set-in pieces; through Jan. 25. (Wise, 50 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

PICASSO—Graphics, mainly aquatints, executed in 1966; through Saturday, Jan. 11. (Saidenberg, 1037 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

JOSEPH RAFFAEL—Paintings with a psychedelic cast; through Thursday, Jan. 16. (Stable, 33 E. 74th St. Closed Mondays.)

LUDWIG SANDER—Geometric abstractions by a veteran New York artist; through Jan. 30. (Sachs, 20 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

ERNEST TROVA—New versions of the "Falling Man" sculptures; through Feb. 4. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

GENE VASS—Once an Abstract Expressionist, Mr. Vass has passed through wood sculptures to big canvases featuring circles, ovals, and squares; through Saturday, Jan. 18. (Bertha Schaefer, 41 E. 57th St.)

AMERICANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **BANFER,** 23 E. 67th St.: Paintings and drawings by twenty realists, among them Maurice Grosser, Margo Hoff, and Thomas Quirk; through Jan. 25. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **EAST HAMPTON GALLERY,** 22 W. 56th St.: A selection of Op art done in 1965 by artists of the gallery; through Jan. 25. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **FRUMKIN,** 41 E. 57th St.: A ten-foot-long painted and chrome-plated steel sculpture by Robert Hudson; a large painting on the theme of the Negro in American life by Peter Saul; and a suite of lithographs, together with the box for the suite, by H. C. Westermann. Through Feb. 1. . . . **GRAHAM,** second floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Twenty paintings on a variety of subjects; through Feb. 1. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **ZABRISKIE,** 699 Madison Ave., at 62nd St.: Paintings concerning the theatre by such twentieth-century Americans as Gropper, Marsh, Sloan, Shinn, and Henri; through Saturday, Jan. 11.

AMERICANS AND EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **BODLEY,** 787 Madison Ave., at 67th St.: Drawings by Picasso, Picabia, Kandinsky, Klee, de Chirico, and lesser figures, plus a group of drawings by William Copley; through Saturday, Jan. 18. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **FEIGEN,** 141 Greene St., at Houston St.: Works in a large scale by gallery artists, including Hans Breder, Enrique Castro-Cid, Charles Hinman, and Richard Smith; through Feb. 9. (Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 6.)

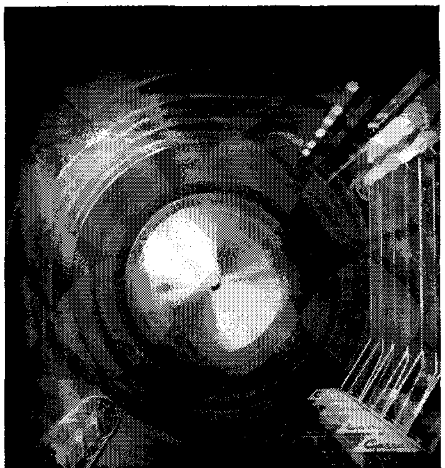
EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **JANIS,** 15 E. 57th St.: Outstanding twentieth-century artists, from Brancusi, Matisse, and Bonnard to Dubuffet, Mondrian, and Vasarely; through Feb. 1. . . . **SABARSKY,** 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.: Paintings and drawings by Kirchner, Nolde, Pechstein, Schmidt-Rottluff, and other German Expressionists; through Saturday, Jan. 18. (Closed Mondays.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Mayan art from Guatemala, covering that civilization from about 500 B.C. to 1500 A.D. and featuring a stela airlifted from the jungle, plus other stelae, stone sculptures, ceramics, jewelry, and flint and obsidian votive offerings; through Jan. 19. (Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—Two hundred and twenty paintings, sculptures, drawings, prints, and objects on the theme of "The Machine as Seen at the End of the Mechanical Age." On Wednesdays, at noon, the *exhibition* is supplemented by the showing in the Auditorium of a number of experimental movies under the general heading "The Machine in Film." Through Feb. 9. . . . ¶ A thirty-six-foot-long, eight-foot-high, four-and-a-half-foot-deep Plexiglas panel construction by Robert Rauschenberg, in which arrangements of wooden chairs can be seen by the flicker of lights set off electronically in response to whatever sounds ("Wow!" "Jeepers!") emanate from the audience; through Jan. 26. . . . ¶ Twenty-five posters made during the student revolt in Paris last May; through Feb. 28. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A mammoth showing of seven hundred articles of pre-Hispanic Peruvian art from 1500 B.C. to 1500 A.D., con-



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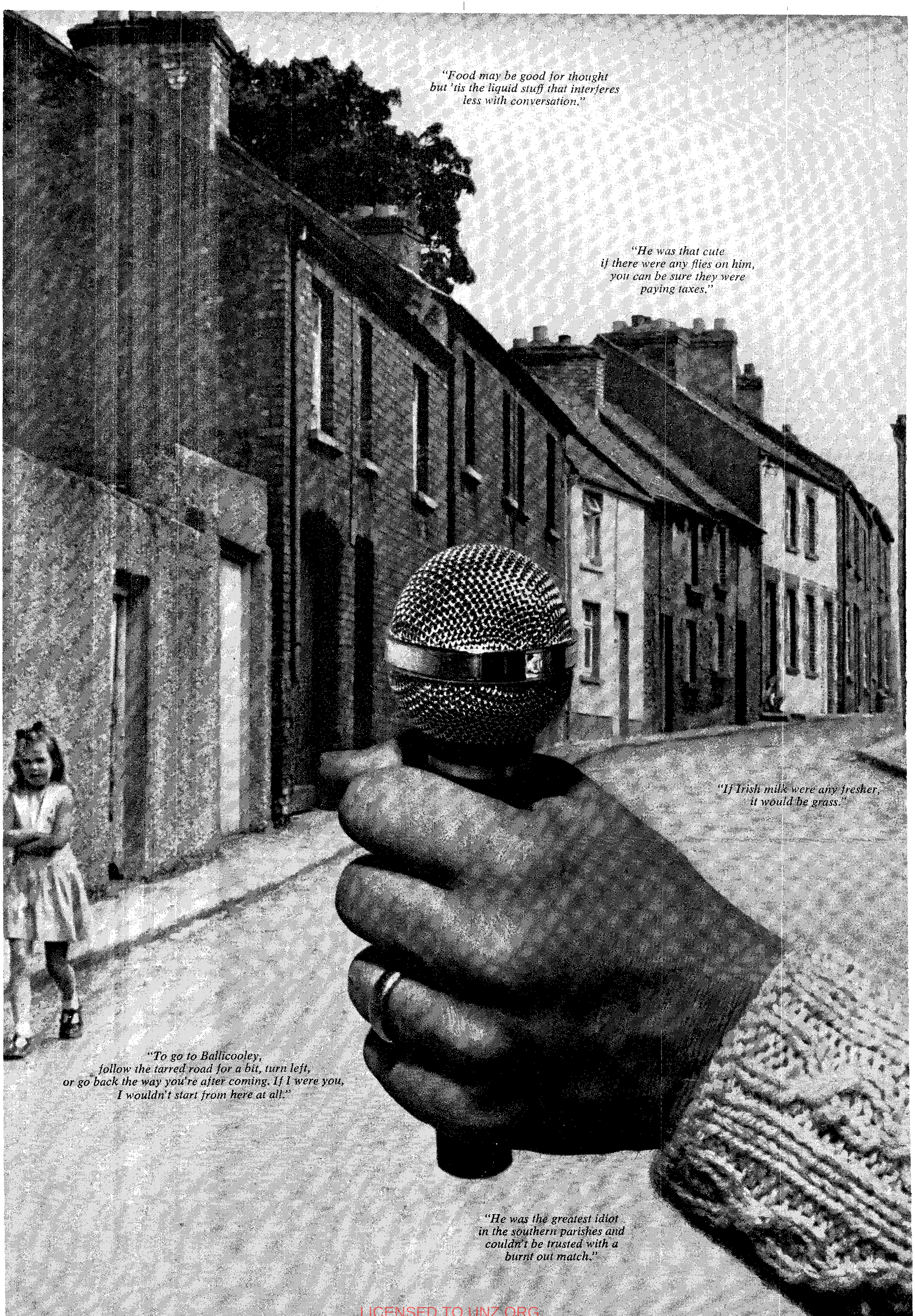
"Food may be good for thought but 'tis the liquid stuff that interferes less with conversation."
"He was that cute if there were any flies on him, you can be sure they were paying taxes."
"If Irish milk were any fresher, it would be grass."
"To go to Ballicooley, follow the tarred road for a bit, turn left, or go back the way you're after coming. If I were you, I wouldn't start from here at all."
"He was the greatest idiot in the southern parishes and couldn't be trusted with a burnt out match."

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

taining ceramic objects (decorated vessels, musical instruments, men, animals, and birds); jewelry; objects in gold, silver, and wood; stone carvings; and textiles. Through Saturday, Jan. 11. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—The annual survey of American art, this year devoted to sculpture, exhibits a hundred and thirty-seven works by as many artists, thirty-seven of whom are appearing at the Whitney for the first time; through Feb. 9. . . . ¶ Ten murals by Rufus Porter (1792-1884), a newly rediscovered nineteenth-century landscapist who was also an inventor and science editor; through Jan. 19. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Little-known oils, watercolors, and drawings done from 1911 to 1922 by William Zorach, a leading American sculptor who died in 1966; through Jan. 19. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5. Except on Mondays, admission is fifty cents.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—The hall of Man in Africa surveys the history of the indigenes with illuminating displays of their art, crafts, dress, and the like. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

China House, 125 E. 65th St.—Chinese jade from neolithic times through the nineteenth century, and comprising tomb objects, daggers, beads, jewelry, votive carvings, and amulets; through Jan. 26. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park—Medieval art, from the fifth century to the first quarter of the sixteenth, lent by private American collectors and made up of two hundred and twenty illuminated manuscripts, paintings and drawings, sculptures, ivories, metalwork, goldsmiths' work, enamels, stained glass, and embroideries and tapestries; through March 30. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5. Except on Tuesdays, admission is $1.)

Finch College Museum of Art, 62 E. 78th St.—Paintings and sculptures of the female figure by contemporaries, known and less known; among the former are Marisol, Oldenburg, D'Arcangelo, de Kooning, Katz, and Thiebaud. Through Jan. 26. . . . ¶ Sixteenth-, seventeenth-, and eighteenth-century drawings on the theme of "The Story of Christmas;" through Jan. 19. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

Gallery of Modern Art, 2 Columbus Circle—A selection of fifty-four paintings and three sculptures done since 1950 by Charles Alston, a black artist concerned with social problems; through Jan. 19. . . . ¶ Numerous bronzes and some stone carvings, drawings, and watercolors, and one oil painting by the late Jacob Epstein, celebrated for his portrait busts; through Feb. 9. (Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 8.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—A "pond" contrived by Robert Whitman of sheets of plastic mirrors, activated images and sound, strobe lights, and lenses that reflect the spectator; through Friday, Jan. 10. . . . ¶ Posters created by students during the Paris demonstrations last spring and by Czechs during the Russian occupation in August; through Jan. 19. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Library and Museum of the Performing Arts, Lincoln Center—Scenic and costume designs, scripts, caricatures, posters, and maquettes by Rouben Ter-Arutunian, Ming Cho Lee, Noguchi, Al Hirschfeld, Karinska, and other artists who have contributed to City Center productions over the past twenty-five years; through Feb. 1. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 9; Saturdays, 10 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—"The Poet's Hand," an exhibition of English and American manuscripts, 1440 to 1940; through March 15. . . . ¶ A splendid thread of figure drawings from the fifteenth century to the twentieth; through Saturday, Jan. 11. (Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

Museum of American Folk Art, 49 W. 53rd St.—Folk arts and crafts of the early Pennsylvania settlers, such as whirligigs and wood fantasies, butter molds, samplers, and a birdcage and a squirrel cage; through Feb. 9. (Daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

Museum of Primitive Art, 15 W. 54th St.—Recent acquisitions—sculptures from Africa, gold pieces from Mexico, dance masks from Melanesia, and other items; through Feb. 2. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

New School, 66 W. 12th St.—Forty-eight posters by well-known contemporaries, such as Motherwell, Chagall, Segal, Warhol, and Rivers, commissioned under a program to stimulate this medium; through Jan. 31. (Mondays through Wednesdays, 10 to 8; Thursdays and Fridays, 10 to 5.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—An exhibition of works by "black artists of the thirties" protesting their lack of representation in the Whitney Museum's show entitled "The 1930's: Painting and Sculpture in America;" through Feb. 2. (Mondays and Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House at Lincoln Center is 799-4420, for Philharmonic Hall TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Town Hall JU 2-4536. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Thursday, Jan. 9, at 8: "La Sonnambula," with Joan Sutherland, Joy Clements, Luciano Pavarotti, and Bonaldo Giaiotti. . . . ¶ Friday, Jan. 10, at 8: "Don Giovanni," with Martina Arroyo, Lucine Amara, Judith Raskin, Cesare Siepi, Peter Schreier, Ezio Flagello, Theodor Uppman, and John Macurdy. . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 11, at 2: "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," with Roberta Peters, Luigi Alva, Mario Sereni, Fernando Corena, and Giorgio Tozzi. . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 11, at 8: "Faust," with Pilar Lorengar, Marcia Baldwin, John Alexander, William Walker, and Justino Díaz. . . . ¶ Monday, Jan. 13, at 8: "Carmen," with Grace Bumbry, Jeannette Pilou, Richard Tucker, and Tom Krause. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Jan. 14, at 8: "Faust," with Pilar Lorengar, Marcia Baldwin, Nicolai Gedda, Robert Merrill, and Justino Díaz. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Jan. 15, at 8: "Don Giovanni," with Martina Arroyo, Teresa Zylis-Gara, Judith Raskin, Cesare Siepi, Peter Schreier, Ezio Flagello, Theodor Uppman, and John Macurdy. . . . ¶ Thursday, Jan. 16, at 8: "Turandot," with Marion Lippert, Gabriella Tucci, Flaviano Labò, Theodor Uppman, and Bonaldo Giaiotti. . . . ¶ Friday, Jan. 17, at 7:15: "Die Meistersinger," with Phyllis Curtin, Mildred Miller, Sándor Kónya, Giorgio Tozzi, John Macurdy, Karl Dönch, and Loren Driscoll. . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 18, at 2: "Faust," with Pilar Lorengar, Marcia Baldwin, Nicolai Gedda, Robert Merrill, and Cesare Siepi. . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 18, at 8: "Carmen," with Grace Bumbry, Jeannette Pilou, Jon Vickers, and Tom Krause.

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Philharmonic Hall—Carlo Maria Giulini conducting on Thursday, Jan. 9, at 8:30; Friday, Jan. 10, at 2; Saturday, Jan. 11, at 8:30; and Monday, Jan. 13, at 7:30 (no soloists). . . . ¶ Leonard Bernstein conducting on Thursday, Jan. 16, at 8:30; Friday, Jan. 17, at 2; Saturday, Jan. 18, at 8:30; and Monday, Jan. 20, at 7:30 (all with Mr. Bernstein as piano and harpsichord soloist; Isaac Stern, violin; and Julius Baker, flute).

Washington National Symphony—Milton Katims conducting, with Gina Bachauer, piano. (Philharmonic Hall. Sunday, Jan. 12, at 3.)

Philadelphia Orchestra—Eugene Ormandy conducting, with Peter Serkin, piano. (Philharmonic Hall. Tuesday, Jan. 14, at 8:30.)

Boston Symphony—Erich Leinsdorf conducting. (Philharmonic Hall. Wednesday, Jan. 15, and Friday, Jan. 17, at 8:30, both with André Watts, piano, and Charles Wilson, organ. . . . ¶ Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Jan. 18, at 8:30, a performance of Strauss's "Ariadne auf Naxos" in concert form, with Claire Watson

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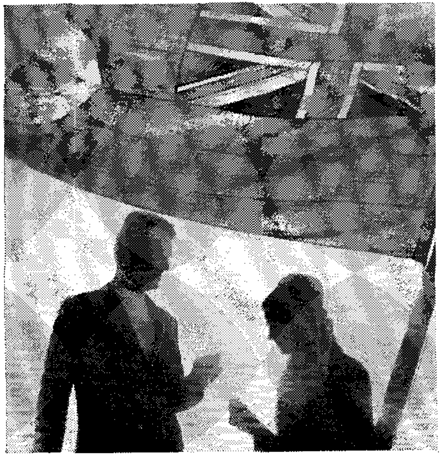

and Beverly Sills, sopranos, and Robert Nagy, tenor.)

Musica Aeterna Orchestra—Frederic Waldman conducting. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. 879-5512. Saturday and Sunday, Jan. 11-12, at 8:30, with Paul Dokto , viola; and Saturday, Jan. 18, at 8:30, with Jean Casadesus, piano. All seats have been sold for the last concert, and only standing room is left.)

American Symphony Orchestra—Everett Lee conducting, with Jeanne-Marie Darr , piano. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Jan. 12, at 3, and Monday, Jan. 13, at 8:30.)

Clarion Concert—Newell Jenkins conducting, with Paula Sylvester, flute; Thomas Palmer, baritone; and Michael Webster, clarinet. (Town Hall. Tuesday, Jan. 14, at 8:30.)

Brooklyn Philharmonia—Siegfried Landau conducting, with Lili Kraus, piano. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434. Saturday, Jan. 18, at 8:30.)

Vienna Choir Boys—Anton Neyder directing. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434. Sunday, Jan. 12, at 3.)

RECITALS

Borodin Quartet—Chamber music. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. 879-5512. Friday, Jan. 10, at 8:30. . . . ¶ Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Jan. 11, at 8:30. For tickets, call GR [illegible]-1391.)

Katherine Bacon—Piano. (Town Hall Saturday, Jan. 11, at 2:30.)

Rodrigo Riera—Classic guitarist. (Town Hall, Saturday, Jan. 11, at 8:30.)

Salzburg String Quartet—A program of music by Russian composers of the twentieth century. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. FI 8-15[illegible]0. Saturday, Jan. 11, at 8:30.)

Juilliard String Quartet—Chamber music. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Wednesday, Jan. 15, at 8:40.)

Helen Watts—Contralto. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Thursday, Jan. 16, at 8:40.)

Festival Winds—Chamber music for woodwinds. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Friday, Jan. 17, at 8:40.)

Eugene Istomin—Piano. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Jan. 18, at 8:30. For tickets, call GR [illegible]-1391.)

Note—Misha Dichter will give a piano recital at the Frick Collection (1 E. 70th St.) on Sunday, Jan. 19, at 2:55. Free tickets, limited to one per applicant, will be issued on Monday, Jan. 13, in the order that written applications are received on that day (not before). Two separate requests may be sent in the same envelope.

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

B. B. King, Johnny Winter, and Terry Reid—Fillmore East, 105 Second Ave., at 6th St. 777-5260. Friday and Saturday, Jan. 10-11, at 8 and 11:30.

Buddy Rich and His Orchestra and Grass Roots—Fillmore East. Friday and Saturday, Jan. 17-18, at 8 and 11:30.

SPORTS

Boxing—Felix Morales vs. Ulysses Jiminez, lightweights; Paul Johnson vs. Ray Anderson, light-heavyweights; and David Melendez vs. Danny McAloon, welterweights, all 10 rounds. (Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden Center, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Friday, Jan 10, at 8:30.)

Racing—At Bowie, Md.: Weekdays at 1:05; through Thursday, March 6.

Trotting—At Yonkers Raceway: Weekdays at 8; through Tuesday, March 4.

FOR CHILDREN

Music—By the **NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC:** Leonard Bernstein conducting. (Philharmonic Hall. TR 4-2424. Saturday, Jan. 11, at noon and 2:30.) . . . **AMATO OPERA COMPANY:** An abbreviated version of "Hansel and Gretel," with an English narration. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Saturday, Jan 11, at 3. Tickets at the box office only, after 2:15 on the day of the performance. Children under five not admitted.)

Stage Shows—By **BIL AND CORA BAIRD'S MARIONETTES:** "The Wizard of Oz." (Bil Baird Theatre, 59 Barrow St. YU 9-7060. Wednesdays at 3:30; Fridays at 3:30 and 7:30; and Saturdays and Sundays at 1 and 3:30.) . . . **B. GAY PUPPETS:** "The Golden Melon." (Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St. LE 4-1672. Saturday, Jan. 11, at 1:30. Children under five not admitted.) . . . **ROSE LYNCH PRODUCTIONS:** "Little Red Riding Hood," Saturdays and Sundays at 1. . . . ¶ "Heidi," Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. (Royal Playhouse, 219 Second Ave., at 14th St. 475-9647.) . . . **PIXIE JUDY TROUPE:** "Pinocchio." (Judson Hall, 165 W. 57th St. JU 2-4090. Saturdays at 1 and 3 and Sundays at 2.)

Junior Museum, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—An exhibition, "The Artist's Workshop: Tools and Techniques," demonstrating the techniques employed in pictorial art and including examples of various mediums from the Museum's collections of European, American, Egyptian, and Near and Far Eastern art. (Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. (873-1300)—The new show is called "To the Edge of the Universe." (Mondays through Fridays at 2 and 3:30; Saturdays at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5; and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5. Children under five not admitted.)

Note—Ice skaters of fourteen and under have free and exclusive use of the Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, every Saturday, except Jan. 18, from 10 to 12. On Jan. 18 at 10, there will be an ice carnival, made up of skating races, a costume parade, and all the rest that goes with an ice carnival.

ET ALIA

United Nations—Visitors may attend periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every fifteen minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

Winter Antiques Show—American, French, and English furniture and decorations, exhibited by sixty-nine dealers, plus several complete room settings. A benefit exhibition. (7th Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 66th St. Friday, Jan. 17, through Sunday, Jan. 26. Weekdays, 1 to 10; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Auctions—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Thursday, Jan. 9, at 1:45: African and Oceanic art, from several owners. . . . ¶ Friday, Jan. 10, at 1:45: Oriental art, from many sources. . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 11, at 1:45: Continental and other furniture and decorations, from various collectors. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Jan. 14, at 1:45: Silver, including a set of twelve George III dinner plates engraved with the Royal badge and a 1789 Flemish coffee pot; from a number of collections. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Jan. 15, at 1:45: Modern paintings, drawings, and watercolors; from several sources. Exhibition starts Friday, Jan. 10.

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Jan. 9 at 2 and 5:30: "Behind the Screen" (1916), "The Crazy Ray" (1923), and "Big Business" (1929). . . . ¶ Jan. 9 at 8: "Detour" (1967), a Bulgarian film. . . . ¶ Jan. 10 at 2 and 5:30: "Mechanics of the Brain" (1928), directed by V. Pudovkin. . . . ¶ Jan. 11 at 11:30: "Chapayev" (1934), a Russian film. . . . ¶ Jan. 11 at 3 and 5:30: "A Nous la Liberté" (1931), directed by René Clair. . . . ¶ Jan. 12 at 2 and 5:30: "Battle of the Rails" (1944), directed by René Clement. . . . ¶ Jan. 13 at 2 and 5:30: "The General" (1927), directed by, and with, Buster Keaton. . . . ¶ Jan. 14 at 2 and 5:30: A program of seven early films (1896-1912), by Georges Méliès and D. W. Griffith. . . . ¶ Jan. 15 at 2 and 5:30: "The Invisible Man" (1933), with Claude Rains. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon.)

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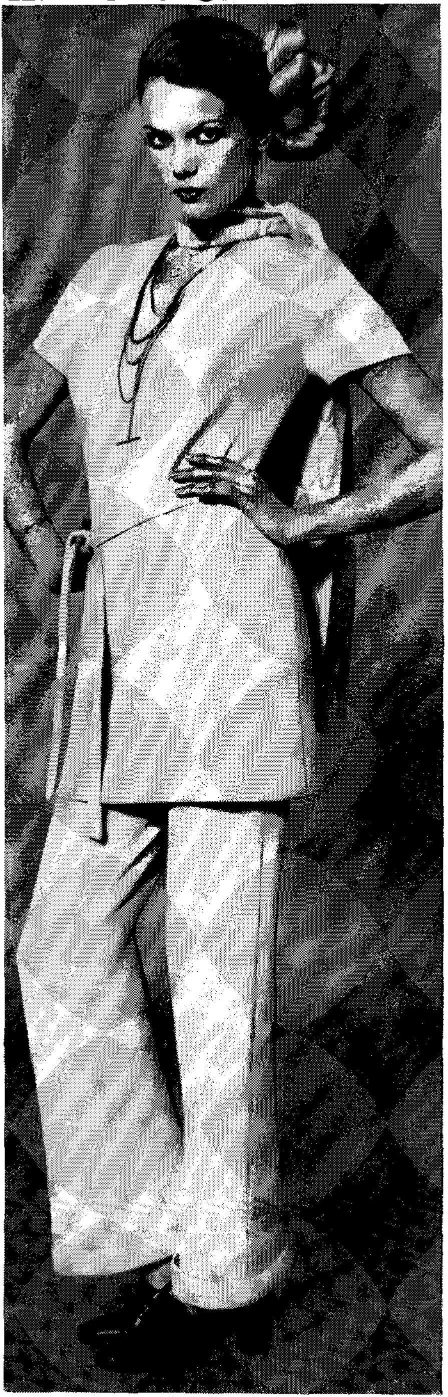

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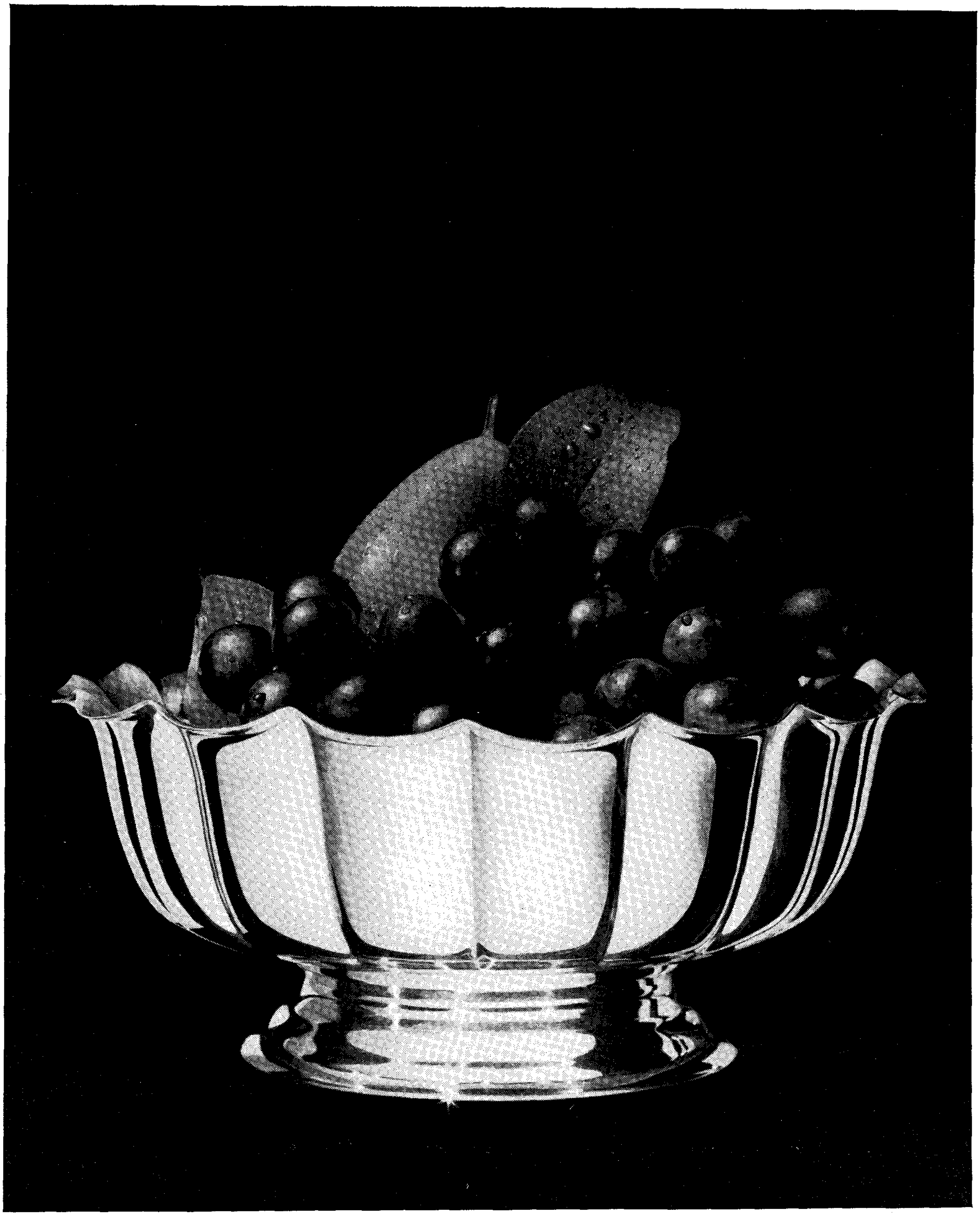

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				9	10	11
12	13	14	15			

The Battle of Algiers (1965)—An account, in documentary terms, of how Algeria won its independence. Gillo Pontecorvo directed. In French and Arabic. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting Jan. 10.)

Belle de Jour—One of the rare films about a girl's sexuality, made by Luis Buñuel. Catherine Deneuve plays the girl, highly respected in her Yves Saint Laurent clothes when she goes to a brothel full of plump pros in the regulation black lace. Geneviève Page is very witty as the solicitous madam. In French. (Regency, B'way at 67th, 724-3700.)

The Bride Wore Black—Truffaut's film in homage to Hitchcock, with Jeanne Moreau as the racked and elegant widow of a bridegroom shot on the steps of the church. Photographed by Raoul Coutard. The hero-worshipping of Hitchcock seems a bit wasteful, for Truffaut is the infinitely greater filmmaker, and imbues even this mechanical story with something finely detailed and lyric about love. In French. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; starting Jan. 15.)

Les Carabiniers (1963)—A Jean-Luc Godard film about two numbed soldiers who are pleased to go to war because of the chances it offers, in their Candide reckoning. In French. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; through Jan. 11.)

The Charge of the Light Brigade—Tony Richardson's epic-satire on war and the Victorians has very pretty color and some witty bits. Written by Charles Wood. With John Gielgud, Trevor Howard, David Hemmings, and Vanessa Redgrave. (Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th, TR 4-8445. . . . ¶ Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; through Jan. 14.)

Charlie Bubbles (1968)—Albert Finney as a famous English writer who feels alienated. (Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th, 924-3363.)

La Chinoise (1967)—Godard's political comedy about the terrorist thinking of a group of young French Maoists. In French. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; through Jan. 11.)

Dutchman (1967)—Shirley Knight and Al Freeman, Jr., in a movie version of LeRoi Jones' play about a kooky white girl and her Negro victim. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Jan. 9.)

Faces—Apathy and desperation in an American marriage, as visualized by John Cassavetes in semi-documentary style. With John Marley, Gena Rowlands, Lynn Carlin, and Seymour Cassel. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, 246-5123.)

Finian's Rainbow—This pastiche isn't totally bad, and, granted the material and the overly familiar score, that's something of a victory. Petula Clark and Al Freeman, Jr., are some of its redeeming features. Directed by Francis Ford Coppola. (Penthouse, B'way at 47th, 757-5450. Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Funny Girl—The triumphant début of Barbra Streisand, directed by William Wyler (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Gone with the Wind (1939)—Nearly four hours of Vivien Leigh, Clark Gable, and thousands of others. (Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, 929-2166; through Jan. 14.)

The Graduate—Life is full of perils for the pure, as Dustin Hoffman finds. Among the perils is Anne Bancroft, and among the rewards of virtue is Katharine Ross. Directed by Mike Nichols. (R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd, 255-7050.)

Greetings—As tawdry as an exploitation film and as disorganized as an underground film, Brian De Palma's comedy about a draft evader is, nevertheless, funny and good-natured. With a whole gallery of new, young, talented performers. (34th St. East, 41 E. 34th, 683-0255.)

I Love You, Alice B. Toklas!—Trivial but agreeable. The flavor of the script, the light directorial attitude of Hy Averback, and the tidy comic performances of Peter Sellers and Joyce Van Patten save this from the ugliness and sourness that threaten at every moment (and sometimes take over). (Cinema 5 Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th, JU 6-4448. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, 929-3350; and Midtown, B'way at 99th, AC 2-1200; through Jan. 14.)

The Knack (1965)—A comedy of sex in London, with Rita Tushingham, Michael Crawford, Donal Donnelly, and Ray Brooks. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; through Jan. 14.)

The Lion in Winter—James Goldman's entertaining Broadway melodrama about the Plantagenets has been brought to the screen as if it were poetic drama of a very high order. Peter O'Toole is in good, noisy form, but Katharine Hepburn is a bit much. Directed by Anthony Harvey. (Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th, JU 2-2333. Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Marat/Sade (1967)—A movie of a play inside a play, brought to life by the director, Peter Brook. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Jan. 9.)

The Night They Raided Minsky's—A parody tribute to burlesque, with a minimum of plot and a maximum of evocative stage routines. The stars are a collection of aging, slightly overweight, bump-and-grind dancers whose numbers have been choreographed and photographed with fine satiric skill. This isn't so much a backstage musical as an onstage musical. The actors include Jason Robards, Norman Wisdom, Joseph Wiseman (memorably, elegantly comic), and Britt Ekland, with her warm, big smile that is a happy substitute for acting. Directed by William Friedkin. (86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th, 249-1144.)

Oliver!—Carol Reed and his crew demonstrate that a big expensive movie musical can be beautifully made—if you know how. With Ron Moody as Fagin. (State I, B'way at 45th, JU 2-5060. Nightly at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30, Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 10:30. Reserved seats only.)

Le Petit Soldat (1960)—Terrorists and counterterrorists trying to outwit each other in the calm setting of Geneva. Written and directed by Jean-Luc Godard. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting Jan. 10.)

Rachel, Rachel—Paul Newman directs an observant and modest picture remarkable for its acting. Beautiful performances by Joanne Woodward as a schoolmistress "in the middle of her life" and feeling past it (at thirty-five), and by Estelle Parsons as her passionate and blundering friend. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; and Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; starting Jan. 15.)

Romeo and Juliet—Franco Zeffirelli throws Shakespeare into the generation gap and comes up with a teen-age tragedy that seems to be more Italian opera than English poetry. Unfortunately, there are no arias. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, 688-2013.)

The Sea Gull—Chekhov's play comes to the screen in a misguided version that is inadvertently funny instead of delicately comic. But Vanessa Redgrave is magnificent, and there are good pieces in the performances of James Mason, David Warner, Denholm Elliott, Kathleen Widdoes, Eileen Herlie, and Harry Andrews. Directed by Sidney Lumet. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320.)

Shame—Ingmar Bergman's simple, masterly vision of normal war and what it does to survivors. With the remarkable, strong young actress Liv Ullmann. In Swedish. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, 755-6030).

The Thin Man (1934)—William Powell and Myrna Loy in the Dashiell Hammett mystery. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; starting Jan. 15.)

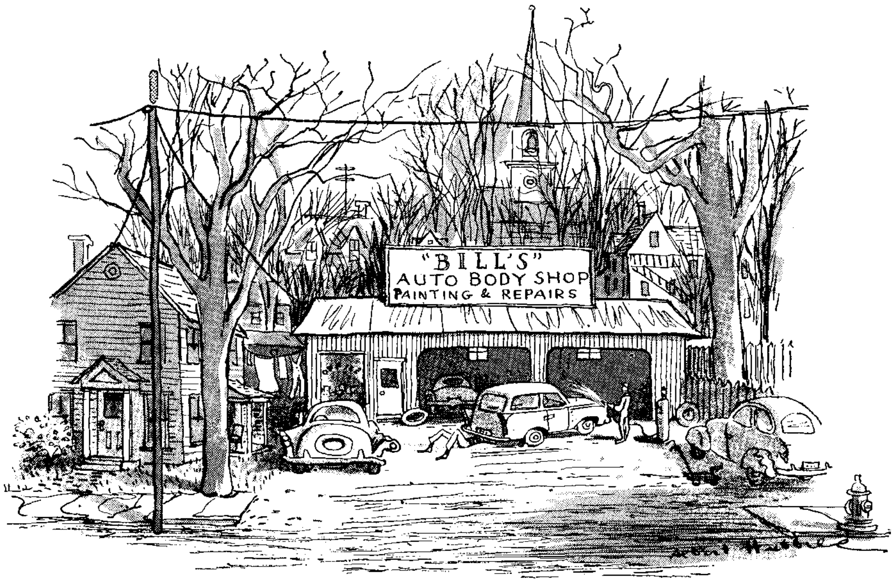
Tom Jones (1963)—An embodiment of the Fielding novel. With Albert Finney, Hugh Griffith, Edith Evans, and many others. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; through Jan. 14.)

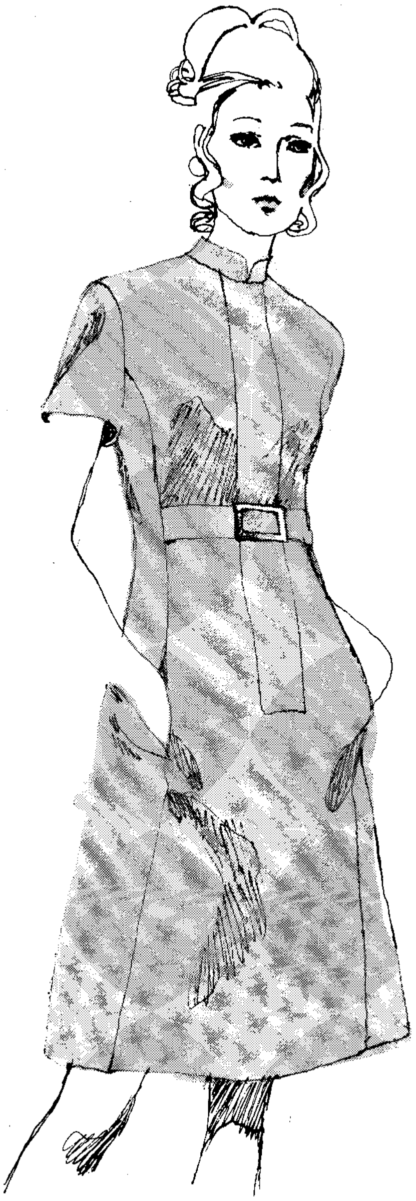
2001: A Space Odyssey—Stanley Kubrick's poetic sci-fi odyssey of thirty-three years hence, and a beautiful, disquieting, immensely entertaining film. Made from his own screenplay (in collaboration with Arthur C. Clarke) and with his dazzling special effects. (Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th, 685-7652; and Loew's Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th, 427-1332.)

Weekend—Jean-Luc Godard's most complex, powerfully charged, and deeply flawed film is an extraordinary poetic satire on modern life. With Mireille Darc as the bourgeois cannibal. In French. (Evergreen, 53 E. 11th, 533-5325.)

Yellow Submarine—Brightly colored and ingenious Pop Art animation, so blatantly derivative that it's a pleasant catalogue of twentieth-century graphic design. With ten songs by the Beatles. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through Jan. 14. . . . ¶ Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; starting Jan. 15.)

Zita—A young girl, marvellously played by Joanna Shimkus, who was the secretary in "Boom," tries to cheat the time scale and spin out the night of her loved aunt's death. A very interesting movie made by Robert Enrico, sometimes a bit dreamy, but keen-eyed and true about the girl's behavior. The same director made "An Occurrence at Owl Creek Bridge," a fine short from Ambrose Bierce's harrowing story. In French. (Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th, 924-3363.)





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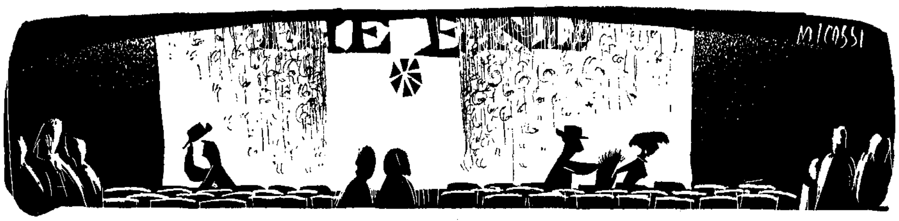


FILMS OF INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE PREVIOUS PAGE

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
"The Birthday Party," Robert Shaw.

Evergreen, 53 E. 11th. (533-5325)
WEEKEND (in French).

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
ZITA (in French); and **CHARLIE BUBBLES.**

Charles, Ave. B at 12th. (GR 5-4210)
Through Jan. 14: **TOM JONES**; and **THE KNACK.**
From Jan. 15: **THE BRIDE WORE BLACK** (in French); and "The Queens" (1968; in Italian).

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Jan. 14: **THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE.**
From Jan. 15: **RACHEL, RACHEL.**

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
"Dr?? Coppelius!!," Walter Slezak.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
GREETINGS.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"The Fixer," Alan Bates, Dirk Bogarde.

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"The Sergeant," Rod Steiger, John Phillip Law.

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
SHAME (in Swedish).

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
THE SEA GULL.

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Candy," Charles Aznavour, Marlon Brando.

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Grazie Zia" (in Italian), Lisa Gastoni.

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"Joanna," Genevieve Waite.

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"The Firemen's Ball," a Czechoslovakian film.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"The Killing of Sister George," Beryl Reid, Susannah York.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"Charly," Cliff Robertson, Claire Bloom.

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
Through Jan. 14: "Up Tight," Raymond St. Jacques, Ruby Dee.
From Jan. 15: "The Stalking Moon," Gregory Peck, Eva Marie Saint.

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
"Pierrot le Fou" (in French), Jean-Paul Belmondo, Anna Karina.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through Jan. 14: **I LOVE YOU, ALICE B. TOKLAS!**
From Jan. 15: **RACHEL, RACHEL.**

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
"Candy," Charles Aznavour, Marlon Brando.

Loew's Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY.

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
THE NIGHT THEY RAIDED MINSKY'S.

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (OR 4-3210)
Through Jan. 14: "Grand Hotel" (1932), Greta Garbo, John Barrymore; and "Min and Bill" (1930), Wallace Beery, Marie Dressler.
From Jan. 15: **THE THIN MAN**; and "Anna Karenina" (1935), Greta Garbo, Fredric March.

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
To be announced.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through Jan. 14: **YELLOW SUBMARINE.**
From Jan. 15: "Les Biches" (in French).

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
Through Jan. 14: "Here's Your Life" (in Swedish).
From Jan. 15: To be announced.

Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th. (929-2166)
Through Jan. 14: **GONE WITH THE WIND.**
From Jan. 15: "Riot," Jim Brown, Gene Hackman.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Through Jan. 14: **I LOVE YOU, ALICE B. TOKLAS!**
From Jan. 15: To be announced.

R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (255-7050)
THE GRADUATE.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
FUNNY GIRL.

State 1, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5060)
OLIVER!

State 2, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
"Chitty Chitty Bang Bang," Dick Van Dyke, Sally Ann Howes. (Nightly at 8:15. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 1:30 and 5. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 10. Reserved seats only.)

DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th. (265-8431)
"The Shoes of the Fisherman," Anthony Quinn, Oskar Werner. (Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 2. Reserved seats only.)

Cinerama, B'way at 47th. (265-5711)
"Ice Station Zebra," Rock Hudson, Ernest Borgnine. (Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 1:30 and 5. Reserved seats only.)

Penthouse, B'way at 47th. (757-5450)
FINIAN'S RAINBOW.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
"Star!," Julie Andrews. (Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"Doctor Dolittle" (1967), Rex Harrison, Samantha Eggar.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
Through Jan. 15: "The Impossible Years," David Niven, Lola Albright.

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
"The Magus," Anthony Quinn, Michael Caine.

Cinema 57 Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
I LOVE YOU, ALICE B. TOKLAS!

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
FACES.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
"Charly," Cliff Robertson, Claire Bloom.

Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
THE LION IN WINTER.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
ROMEO AND JULIET.

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (TR 4-8445)
THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
BELLE DE JOUR (in French).

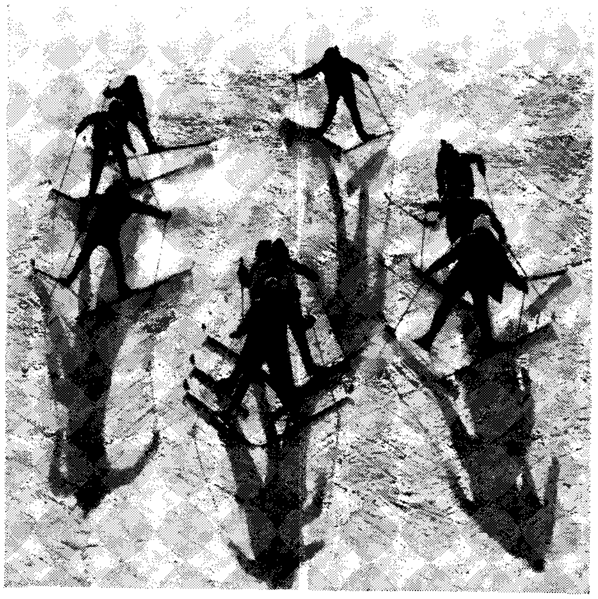
New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through Jan. 11: **LES CARABINIERS** and **LA CHINOISE** (both in French).
From Jan. 12: "Black Girl" (in French).

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Jan. 14: "Camelot" (1967), Richard Harris, Vanessa Redgrave.
From Jan. 15: **YELLOW SUBMARINE**; and "Billion Dollar Brain" (1967), Michael Caine, Karl Malden.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Jan. 9: **MARAT/SADE**; and **DUTCHMAN.**
From Jan. 10: **THE BATTLE OF ALGIERS** (in French and Arabic); and **LE PETIT SOLDAT** (in French).

Midtown, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
Through Jan. 14: **I LOVE YOU, ALICE B. TOKLAS!**
From Jan. 15: To be announced.

Our backyard skiing costs about the same as yours, only our backyard is the Alps.



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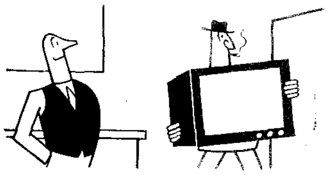
THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

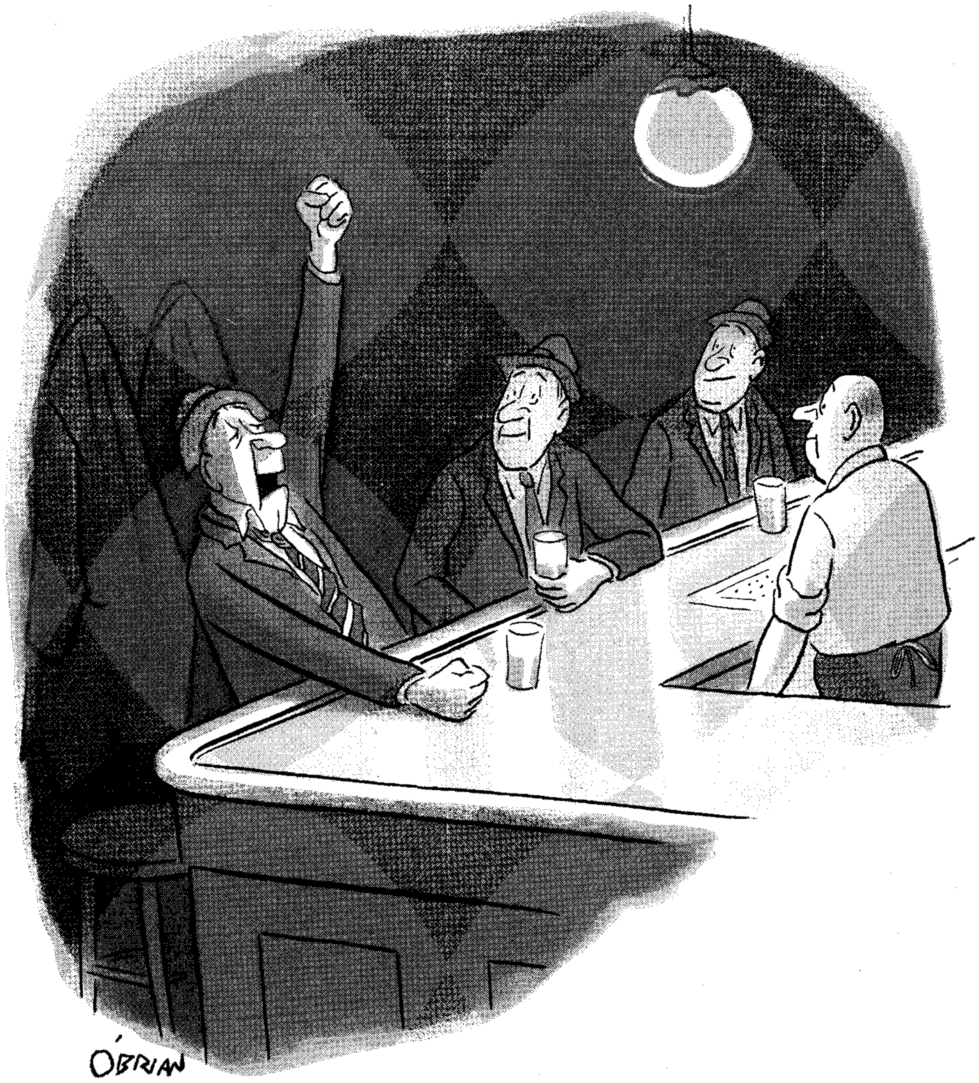
Notes and Comment

WE have received the following handwritten communication from a man we know—a resolute type, with the courage of his convictions: "You will remember that more than a year ago I told you I felt as if I were drowning in information and was going to try to cut out the influence of the media on my life. By now, I've given it a fair run, and I must say that it has had a most curious effect all round. My work as an architect has not been affected, but my life certainly has. I began by getting rid of the television set, which caused no pain, although it was at least a month before I stopped noticing. Then the radios. You never know how many damn radios you have until you attempt to shut them up. My wife wanted me to keep a spare radio, in case of a crisis, but I told her that recurring crisis was the cause of my taking them *out*. The magazines took some time to stutter to a stop, but the newspapers I severed abruptly, and that was the most painful thing—their absence left us holding great blank rectangles of time. When I had occasion to ride into the city by train, I felt improperly dressed—holding a book is nothing like wielding a newspaper—but I found I was reading five times as much as I used to, and not from behind. Of course, I kept seeing the headlines in the newspapers of others, so, subliminally, I had a jagged sense of what was going on in the world, but I did not go back to reading about it for myself. During the spring, I worked my way clear through an Italian course, doing all the exercises, and ended up reading Italian quite adequately. In company, my wife and I found ourselves occasionally excluded, through our ignorance, from entire conversations, until we grew skillful at keeping the subject within our ken, talking about limitless things that stemmed from insight rather than fact. I took to writing long letters to the children, away at school. I began to learn the names of plants and trees—an ignorance of which I had always been ashamed. My wife became furiously practical, cooking extravagantly, gardening, asking questions. There was a lot more time, we both felt. At first, the situation was sometimes uneasy—she wanting to know what I'd heard at the office, I wondering what *she* was concealing—until we found a solution. I have two or three friends who are knowledgeable, open, and wise. Every so often, we'd sit down with one of them and have him fill us in on what had been happening in the country, the world, space—everywhere—and he'd tell us with great care, obviously enjoying the bardic role. And to us it did all sound like an epic poem. Even so, we found we had somehow taken in a great deal through a kind of osmosis—we knew what books were coming out, what plays and movies to see, without having read about them. We were kidded, of course, when people caught on to what we were doing. Why not ditch the hi-fi, the telephone? Why not till the soil? We refused either to discuss or to explain—otherwise, the whole thing would have become tiresome—and they dropped it. Occasionally, we still feel a bit freakish. But it has been fruitful in so many ways. I've been reading a lot of history, and it satisfies my curiosity in the way newspapers did—more, in fact, since you can see how things come out. I feel much less as if I were careering along on rails; I feel that I have the luxury of choice. Most of all, I've got the silence back, and I appreciate that. As for tilling the soil, my wife would do it in a flash, but I tell her that I don't want to leave the world—I just want to turn down the volume."



Plan

TO nearly everybody's relief, the battle for control of the public schools has—at least temporarily—been removed from the streets and returned to the appropriate civic chambers. Having unveiled its tentative thirty-three-district plan for the decentralization of the schools, the New York City Board of Education last week began a series of seven open hearings on its proposal, which will eventually be submitted to the legislature, and we dropped in on the first of them. It was held in the Morris W. and Fannie B. Haft Auditorium of the Fashion Institute of Technology, on West Twenty-seventh Street, at ten in the morning. Because disruptions had been predicted—by, among others, William F. Haddad, one of the Board members—and because the city administration has grown understandably sensitive about discussions of educational problems, this initial session was notable for the precautions that had been taken to insure order within the auditorium, a spacious and well-appointed hall. "I don't know why we're here," we heard a police sergeant telling a detail of patrolmen and firemen as we entered the building. "*Somebody* must have expected trouble." As it turned out, the nearest thing to an incident occurred before the hearings began, when Jerome G. Kovalcik, an assistant superintendent of schools, who had arranged to have the television coverage pooled, barred a rebellious camera crew from the auditorium. A few minutes later, the session's first, and only, heckler, a habitual critic of



"I'm for free enterprise, free speech, free assembly, free booze."

• •

the Board of Education, stalked out after failing to arouse either the interest or the sympathy of the audience, which consisted of fifty or sixty men and women scattered among the hundreds of auditorium seats.

On the stage, members and officials of the Board of Education conducted the meeting from behind a green-covered table. Because the decentralization plan was expected to arouse so much public interest, invitations to comment on it had been carefully rationed, one to an organization, and as we took our seat at a press table next to a large electric timer, John Lotz, the chairman of the special committee that had drawn up the decentralization plan, was outlining the ground rules. Speakers would be called to a microphone in the center of the auditorium in the order of their invitation numbers—ninety-five were listed on the agenda before a scheduled dinner break—and each presentation would be limited to five minutes. Because of this time limit, the United Federation of Teachers, which had announced its opposition to the decentralization plan, decided to boycott the public hearings. How could anybody, one of its spokesmen asked, be expected to criticize comprehensively within five minutes a program that took up two pages of type in the *Times*? However, as one Board of Education official pointed out, the union and the other parties that would be directly affected by the proposal had already been granted opportunities to air their views—at length—before the Board.

Even without the participation of the teachers' union, there was no lack of opposition to the decentralization plan. Curiously, the opposition was almost evenly divided between speakers who said that the plan went too far in relinquishing control of the schools to local communities and those who said that it did not go far enough. Of all the speakers we heard, only one gave the plan his unqualified support. "The task for us now is to secure its passage in Albany," this speaker—James Prendergast, a Democratic City Council candidate—said, and even the members of the Board of Education who had voted against the decentralization plan brightened at the momentary break in the monotony of criticism and invective.

Typical of those who felt that the decentralization plan went too far were Rubin Maloff, the president of an association of high-school departmental chairmen, who maintained that New York City already has "the best public-school system in the country" and that "the press has chosen to ignore our strengths and innovative programs," and T. H. Altrowitz, representing home-instruction teachers, who warned that the proposal to abolish the Board of Examiners would "open the door to the unqualified and the uninterested" and that "you are signing the death sentence of public education and betraying the aspirations of the people you are trying to assist." Typical of those favoring additional decentralization were John Gallo, the administrator of the New York State Freedom and Peace Party, who charged that the Board's proposed retention of the authority to allocate funds "gives local boards the responsibility for the local schools but no real power to do anything with them," and Sam Meyers, the president of a United Automobile Workers local, who asserted that "a number of young black and Puerto Rican men who seek jobs in our industry are illiterate" and that "a successful union-training program dispelled the notion that these young men are ineducable," concluding, "They were deprived of essential education because they lived in a ghetto."

The most persistent presentation of the day was made by Mrs. Rosalyn Switzen, an opponent not only of decentralized school boards but also of the present centralized one. Mrs. Switzen first distributed literature calling for the suspension of the eleven Board members and then declared that the hearing was "a complete farce." The decentralization plan, she predicted, "doesn't have a prayer even to come out of committee in the Legislature." When she was cut off by the timer's buzzer, she claimed the right as "educational ombudsman for twenty-eight organizations" to use the time allotted to each.

Mr. Lotz appeared distressed. "I would appeal to you, Mrs. Switzen, to return to your seat," he said, looking down at his agenda, "and let's go on to the next organization, the Gramercy

Park Civic Betterment League. Is there a representative here?"

"Yes, sir," Mrs. Switzen said, brandishing another numbered card and plunging ahead with her argument, which soon took the form of an attack on the "specialist" characteristics of members of the Board. The schools need "generalists," she said, and she was looking forward to the day when she would be known "not as Mrs. Switzen but as Generalist Switzen."

"Thank you, Generalist Switzen," Mr. Lotz said, with relief, as the buzzer sounded again. He sank back down in his chair as Mrs. Switzen, now representing the Society of American Generalists, pulled out yet another numbered card and continued. Eventually, however, she ran out of cards and, at not quite three o'clock—more than two hours before the scheduled break for dinner—the meeting ran out of speakers. Looking around us, we saw that only a handful of proponents and opponents of centralization had stuck it out to the end, and they were now making their way quietly to the exits.

On our way out, we stopped to have a word with Dr. Milton A. Galamison, one of the drafters of the decentralization plan, and the Board's newly elected vice-president. Before his appointment to the Board, last July, Dr. Galamison was arrested more than a dozen times in connection with various school disputes. We asked him if he had an explanation for the unexpected temperateness of the public hearing we had just witnessed. "I think it's a good sign that people don't feel compelled to come out and shout at us," he said. "Maybe they think that there's a new atmosphere at the Board of Education, that things are going to be all right at last."

Entomological Dinner

BOTH the seventy-fifth anniversary of the incorporation of the New York Entomological Society and its recent merger with, or taking over of, the Brooklyn Entomological Society, which was founded in 1872 and incorporated in 1885, were marked by a dinner in the Pacific Bird Hall of the American Museum of Natural History, the publication of a handsome illustrated booklet, bound in luna-moth green, tracing the history of both societies, and, at the dinner, talks by Dr. Alexander B. Klots, a retired professor of biology at City College and the author of "A Field Guide to the Butterflies of North America, East of the Great Plains;" Dr. Edwin Way Teale, the naturalist and writer; and Dr. Vincent G. Dethier, a Princeton biology professor, whose works include "Chemical Insect Attractants and Repellents" and "To Know a Fly."

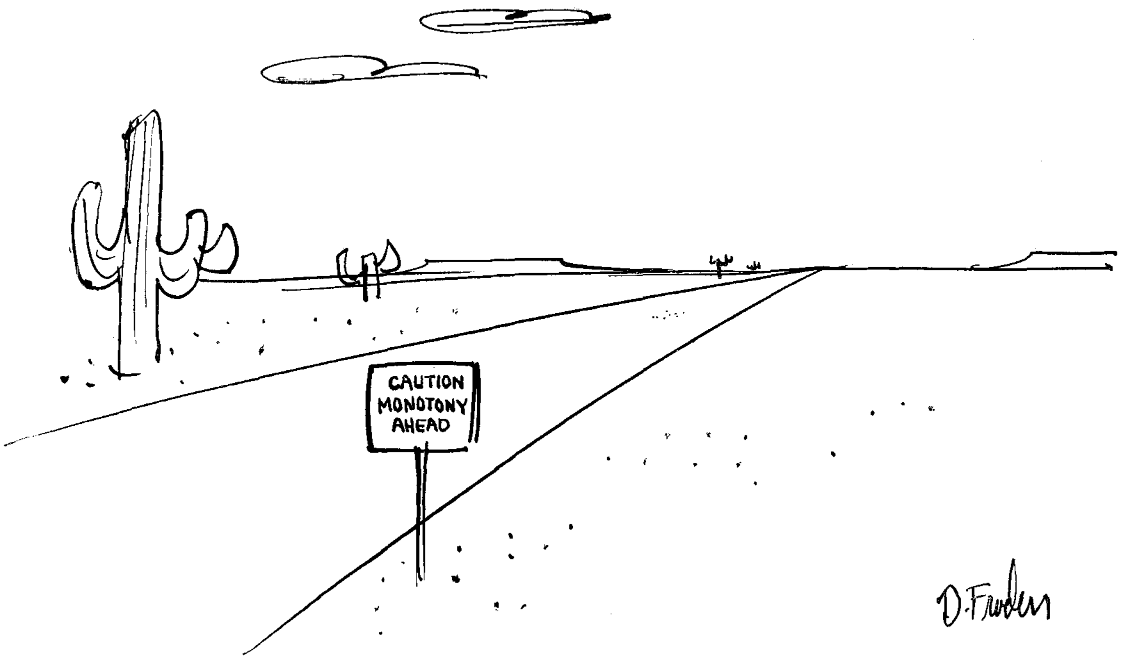
"I'm the oldest living ex-president of the New York society," Dr. Klots told us during a prefatory cocktail hour in the rotunda of the Roosevelt Memorial building, where we were attracted to a bourbon-on-the-rocks. "Our consolidation with the Brooklyn group, which was approved by the New York Supreme Court last May, means that the two oldest insect societies in the city, which have been eying each other across the East River down the decades, are united in holy wedlock. We have a junior division, the Junior Entomological Society, devoted to helping young people further their interest in entomology and allied sciences. It's run by Alice Gray, a scientific assistant in the Museum's Department of Entomology. Kids are natural bug enthusiasts. They're nearer to the ground than grownups, and they have unending energy."

Dr. Klots introduced us to Miss Gray, who was sipping sherry, and she informed us that the Juniors got going—under her aegis, as senior adviser—ten years ago. "We're limited to fifteen active members," she said. "There's a waiting list. I can't handle a big group. Members are admitted between the ages of thirteen and seventeen, and can stay on until they're twenty-two, but most of them drop out when they go to college. Nearly all are boys; I have only one girl. We meet at the Museum on alternate Saturdays. We have lectures by invited speakers, and workshops for the manufacture of collecting equipment, and we go on field trips. Our young people, to the astonishment of many, like to keep their specimens alive rather than to collect them."

Miss Gray was wearing earrings and a brooch that were in the shape of bees, and when we expressed admiration for them, she said that she had a collection of several hundred pieces of entomological jewelry, and also two hundred and fifty toys in the form of insects. "Three-fourths of the toys are ladybugs," she said. "Most of the rest are butterflies. Then come bees. Very few caterpillars are jewelry pieces, but they are common as toys. Insect finger rings are rare, except for scarabs. Scarabs haven't been out of fashion for five thousand years. Scarab-shaped seals go back to the fourth dynasty in Egypt. The beetle's image was worn five thousand years ago as a charm to invoke the protection of the gods. It was adopted by the Romans after Ptolemaic times, partly because the Romans believed that all scarabs were males, and therefore indicated valor."

Dinner found us at a table that included Mr. Frank Rutkowski, acting secretary of the Newark Entomological Society; Dr. Winifred Trakimas, a research associate in the Museum's Department of Animal Behavior; and Dr. Asher E. Treat, an ex-president of the New York society and a retired biology professor at City University.

"Our society was founded as the Entomologischer Verein von Newark,"



Mr. Rutkowski said. "I don't know just when. Probably in the eighteen-eighties. Mostly lepidopterists. There are a few coleopterists. We meet twice a year, at the home of Joseph Muller, who is treasurer of the New York Entomological Society, or of Dr. Cyril F. dos Passos, a renowned octogenarian specialist in satyrid butterflies, who is an American Museum entomology research associate. We have field trips occasionally, but we're mainly social."

"I'm the ant lady in the Museum," Dr. Trakimas said. "I study army ants. I have a Ph.D. from Fordham in male-ant anatomy."

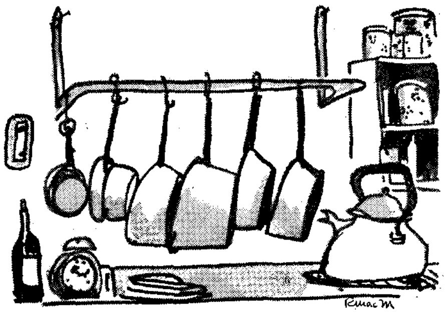
"I'm an acarologist," Dr. Treat said. "Mites and ticks. I specialize in mites that live in the ears of armyworm and other moths. I got interested in the acoustic sense of moths in 1951, found mites in their ears, and transferred my allegiance to the mites. The hearing of moths is supposed to be related to their ability to escape from bats, which eat them, so the moths' hearing is in the ultrasonic range. The mites are found in only one ear. Unilateral occupancy. The presumed reason, which I am inclined to accept, is that destruction of both ears—the parasitic mite destroys the acoustic sense in the ear it occupies—would make the host moth, and therefore the mites, vulnerable to bats. The mites act as though they knew this. Even when they are terribly crowded—fifty or more to an ear, plus as many eggs—they will not go over to the other ear. They are transferred from moth to moth by flowers on whose nectar the moth feeds. I study them in the attic of an old house my wife's mother has in the Tyringham Valley, in the Berkshires."

Dr. Klots, who was presiding at the dinner, tapped his tumbler, and the speeches began.

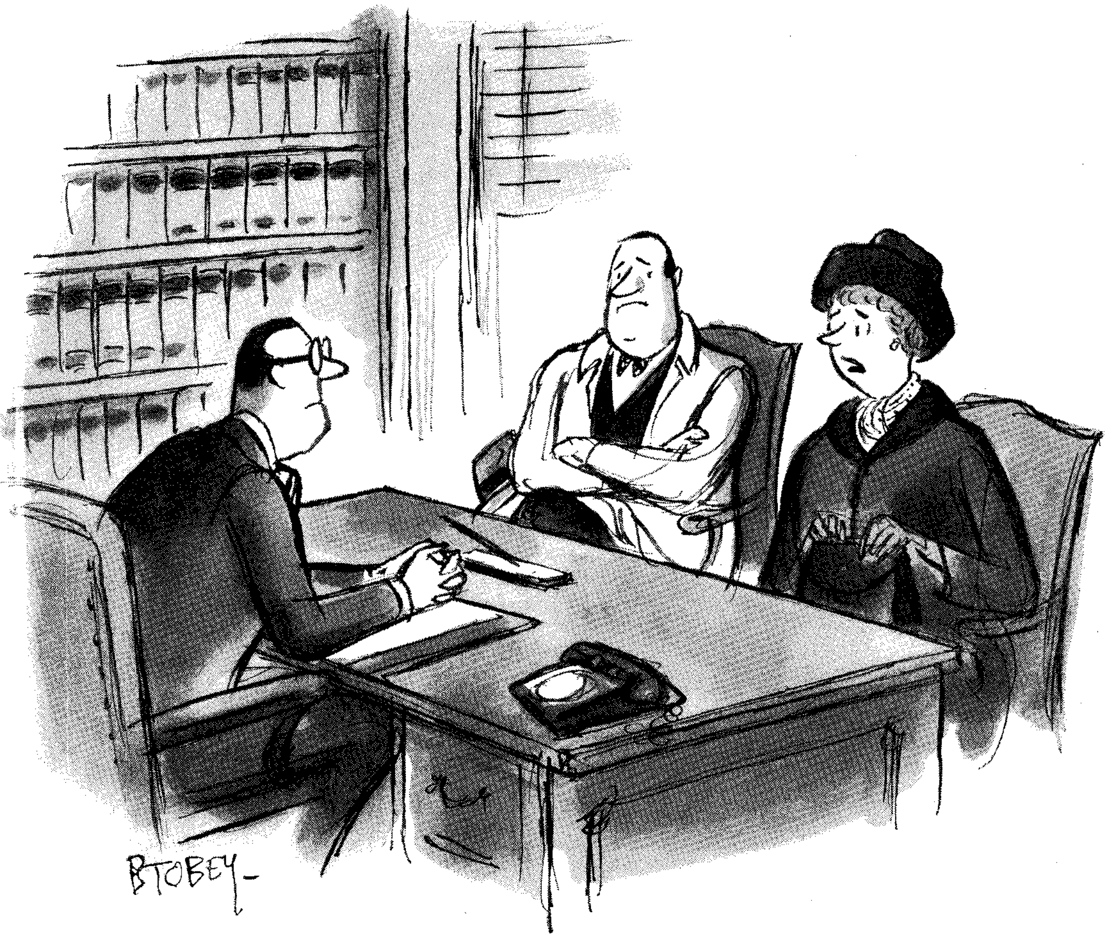
Epidemic

A Bitter-Cold wind swept into the city during the early hours of New Year's Day, and shortly after eight o'clock in the morning, when we ventured down to the Department of Health, on Worth Street, to find out how the emergency inoculation program against the Hong Kong flu was proceeding, there was scarcely a pedestrian in sight and the streets were deserted, except for an occasional car or bus, as far as the eye could see. Inside the Department of Health building, we made our way to the office of Dr. J. Warren Toff, Assistant Commissioner for Professional and Community Health Services, who was putting through a series of telephone calls to check on vaccination schedules at the Department's twenty-two District Health Centers. Dr. Toff is a heavyset, bespectacled man with a small black mustache and an affable manner, and when he finished his calls, a few minutes later, he told us that because of the "state of peril" declared by the Mayor and the Board of Health the city's District Health Centers would all be open from nine to five to administer flu vaccine to elderly and chronically ill people. "In addition, we've arranged for teams of doctors and public-health nurses to go around inoculating elderly patients in hotels, churches, golden-age clubs, and nursing homes," he said. "The flu epidemic is at its peak right now. Some nine hundred thousand New Yorkers have been afflicted on the epidemiological up curve, and we estimate that six or seven hundred thousand more will contract the disease before the down curve runs its course, in the next month or so. A flu outbreak like this one has two stages. At first, the disease strikes mostly office workers, factory workers, and schoolchildren—people who tend to congregate in large numbers. Then it spreads to the rest of the population. The crucially important thing now is to inoculate as many people as possible in the high-risk category—people sixty-five and over, and people who have chronic diseases, especially heart or pulmonary conditions—in order to prevent deaths and excessive sickness during the down-curve phase. So far, fortunately, no flu outbreaks have been reported in any of the hundreds of nursing homes for the aged scattered through the city. But there's no time to lose, and that is why we're pushing hard with our emergency inoculation program."

At this point, Dr. Toff was interrupted by a fierce blast of wind that howled against the side of the building and rattled the windows of his office. Then he went on to tell us that whenever a new strain of influenza virus appears in Asia, where flu is endemic, it is inevitable, because of normal East-West traffic and travel, that the virus will seed itself throughout the United States and spread to the rest of the world. "We were alerted to the probability of an epidemic of Hong Kong flu as early as last August, by the World Health Organization and also by the Communicable Diseases Control Center, in Atlanta," he said. "Here in the city, we were able to start gathering our own intelligence data on the disease in September. Dr. Donald Conwell, Assistant Commissioner for Preventable and Chronic Diseases, always keeps a careful eye on the rate of absenteeism in the school system and in selected industries with large working populations, such as Con Edison. And Dr. Morris Schaeffer, who is Director of Public Health Laboratories, maintains what amounts to a virus watch by examining prenatal- and premarital-blood-test samples for antibody titres. Whenever the titre count in random blood samples takes a sharp rise, we can be pretty sure that the community is being seeded with a virus, and when this coincides with a pronounced increase in the rate of absenteeism in our schools and industries, we can be reasonably certain of it. Then the problem becomes one of isolating the virus—growing it in cultures and, if it turns out to be a new strain, arranging for various pharmaceutical houses to manufacture a vaccine that will provide immunization against it. Early in October, our indices told us that we were in for a siege of Hong Kong flu, and by the middle of the month Dr. Schaeffer and other doctors throughout the country had succeeded in isolating the virus. But to produce a vaccine in quantity—and, remember, all vaccines must be tested and pronounced safe and effective by the Division of Biologic Standards of the National Institutes of Health—takes at least ten weeks. For this reason, our first batch of Hong Kong flu vaccine—eighty thousand doses—didn't arrive until December 17th."



Dr. Toff then informed us that forty thousand doses of that first batch of vaccine were sent to the city's twenty-one municipal hospitals, to nursing homes for the aged, and to non-profit voluntary hospitals for in-patients in the high-risk category. "The other forty thousand doses were distributed to the District Health Centers, where we were soon immunizing an average of seven thousand ambulatory patients a day," he said. "Two days ago, when our vaccine supply was about to run out, we sent a police helicopter down to Merck, Sharp & Dohme, in West Point, Pennsylvania, to pick up twenty thousand additional doses. Yesterday, we received forty-four thousand more, and early next week we're expecting another large shipment. We hope to have inoculated between one hundred and seventy-five thousand and two hundred thousand people out of the city's total high-risk population of approximately a million by the middle of January. Since two hundred thousand others will probably have been immunized by private physicians, who are able to get vaccine independently, we estimate that in the end almost half the elderly and chronically ill people in the city will have received flu shots. The vaccine takes ten days to give protection and is estimated to be about seventy per cent effective, so we're hoping for the best."



"As nearly as we can figure, our troubles seem to have started when 'Sing Along with Mitch' went off the air."

A few minutes later, following a suggestion made by Dr. Toff, we left the Department of Health, hailed a cab, and drove across the Manhattan Bridge to look up Dr. Samuel Minowitz, who is Health Director for the Borough of Brooklyn, at the Fort Greene District Health Center, on Flatbush Avenue Extension, near De Kalb Avenue. Dr. Minowitz was in his office. He told us that he had worked long hours since the "state of peril" was declared, and we thought he looked tired. "Not very many people are coming in for shots this morning, because of the cold weather, but I expect things to pick up toward noon," he said. "In the meantime, I've dispatched two physicians and two public-health nurses to inoculate two hundred and ten elderly people at the Willoughby Nursing Home. If you want to drop in there, I'll call up the Home to get permission, and send you in the panel truck we use to shuttle vaccine to our other District Health Centers."

We thanked Dr. Minowitz for his offer, and ten minutes later, after a wind-buffeted ride through Bedford-Stuyvesant, we arrived at the Willoughby Nursing Home, in the Bushwick section, where we found the four members of the medical team filling syringes from vials of vaccine at a small table that had been set up in the lobby. There was a strong smell of antiseptic in the lobby, which contained some lounge chairs, a candy machine, an upright piano, and a television set, and as we stood watching the medical team at work, the lobby began to fill with old people, nearly all of them in wheelchairs. Some of the old people were pushed by attendants, others propelled themselves, and most of them were silent. Then the two doctors and the two public-health nurses moved among them, smiling and offering words of encouragement, and injected them with vaccine. Lists of the names and ages of the patients on each floor of the nursing home had been drawn up, and as each person was inoculated his name was crossed off the appropriate list and he was wheeled to the other side of the lobby. The list for the first floor contained sixty-seven names. The oldest patient was ninety-seven, and most of the others were in their eighties.

We returned to the Fort Greene District Health Center an hour later, and went down to the immunization clinic, in the basement, where two public-health nurses were preparing to inoculate a dozen elderly people who had recently arrived. Most of the people had tear-filled eyes from having come through the bitter cold, and they were lining up in front of a table that held rows of plastic syringes filled with vaccine.

"You know, I'm afraid," an elderly Negro woman said as she rolled up her left sleeve.

"We're all afraid, dear," replied one of the public-health nurses, swabbing the old woman's arm with alcohol and inoculating her. "There. Now it's all over and you were very brave."

"Happy New Year!" said the next person in line, an incredibly wizened and wrinkled little woman who wore a white kerchief over her head and had a bright smile upon her face.

"How old are you, dear?" the nurse asked.

"I'm eighty-three," the little woman replied.

After the elderly people had received their inoculations, they pulled on overcoats, hats, and scarves, and took an elevator up to the street level. Then they stood for a few moments inside the glass entrance doors of the Health Center, hesitating to brave the icy weather. At last, they went outside, and, bending into the cruel wind, made their way homeward.

THE GIRL WHO SANG WITH THE BEATLES

Of course, their tastes turned out to be different. Cynthia was twenty-eight when they married, and looked younger, in the way small, very pretty women can—so much younger sometimes that bartenders would ask for her I.D. Larry was close to forty and gray, a heavy man who, when he moved, moved slowly. He had been an English instructor once, though now he wrote market-research reports, and there was still something bookish about him. Cynthia, who was working as an interviewer for Larry's company when he met her, had been a vocalist with several dance bands for a while in the fifties before she quit to marry her first husband. She had left high school when she was a junior to take her first singing job. She and Larry were from different cultures, practically, and yet when they were married they both liked the same things. That was what brought them together. Thirties movies. Old bars—not the instant-tradition places but what was left of the old ones, what Cynthia called the bar bars. Double features in the loge of the Orpheum, eating hot dogs and drinking smuggled beer. Gibsons before dinner and Scotch after. Their TV nights, eating delicatessen while they watched "Mr. Lucky" or "Route 66" or "Ben Casey," and then the eleven-o'clock news and the Late and Late Late Shows, while they drank and necked and sometimes made love. And listening to Cynthia's records—old Sinatras and Judy Garlands, and Steve Lawrence and Eydie Gorme, or "The Fantasticks" or "Candide." They even agreed on redecorating Cynthia's apartment, which was full of leftovers from her first marriage. They agreed on all of it—the worn (but genuine) Oriental rugs; the low carved Spanish tables; the dusky colors, grays and mauve and rose; the damask sofa with its down pillows; and, in the bedroom, the twin beds, nearly joined but held separate by an ornate brass bedstead.

Cops and Robbers

When they came back from their Aruba honeymoon, Cynthia said, "God, Larry, I *love* it. This place is pure 'Sunset Boulevard' now."

Their apartment made Larry remember Hyde Park Boulevard in Chicago, where he had grown up in a mock-Spanish apartment filled with the wrought iron and walnut of an earlier fad. Entering the new place was like entering his childhood. "Valencia!" sang in his head. "Valencia! In my dreams it always seems I hear you softly call to me. Valencia!"

They were married early in the summer of 1961, and by the spring of 1963 the things they had bought no longer looked quite right. Everyone seemed to be buying Spanish now. Larry and Cynthia found themselves in a dowdy apartment full of things that had begun to look as if they dated from the twenties. It was depressing. They began to ask each other what they had done. Not that either of them wanted out exactly, but what had they done? Why had they married? Why couldn't they have gone on with their affair? Neither had married the other for money, that was certain. Larry had made Cynthia quit work (not that she minded) and now they had only his salary, which was barely enough.

"We still love each other, don't we? I mean, I know I love you." Cynthia was in Larry's bed and Larry was talking. It was three in the morning, and they had come back from their usual Saturday-night tour of the neighborhood bars. "I love you," Larry said.

"You don't like me."

"I *love* you, Cynthia."

"You don't like me." Propped up by pillows, she stared red-eyed at a great paper daisy on the wall.

"I love you, Cindy."

"So? Big deal. Men have been telling me they loved me since I was fourteen. I thought you were different."

Larry lay flat on his back. "Don't be tough. It's not like you," he said.

"I *am* tough. That's what you won't understand. You didn't marry *me*. You married some nutty idea of your own. I was your secret fantasy. You told me so." Cynthia, naked, was shivering.

"Lie down," Larry said. "I'll rub your back."

"You won't get around me *that* way," Cynthia said. "You tricked me. I thought you liked the things I liked. You won't even watch TV with me anymore."

Larry reached up and began to rub the back of Cynthia's neck and play with the soft hairs behind one ear. "I can't stand your programs anymore," he said.

"You don't like me," Cynthia said. "If you really liked me, you'd watch. You'd *like* being bored."

Larry sat up. "That isn't it," he said. "You know what it is. It's the noise. All the things you like make noise."

"I read."

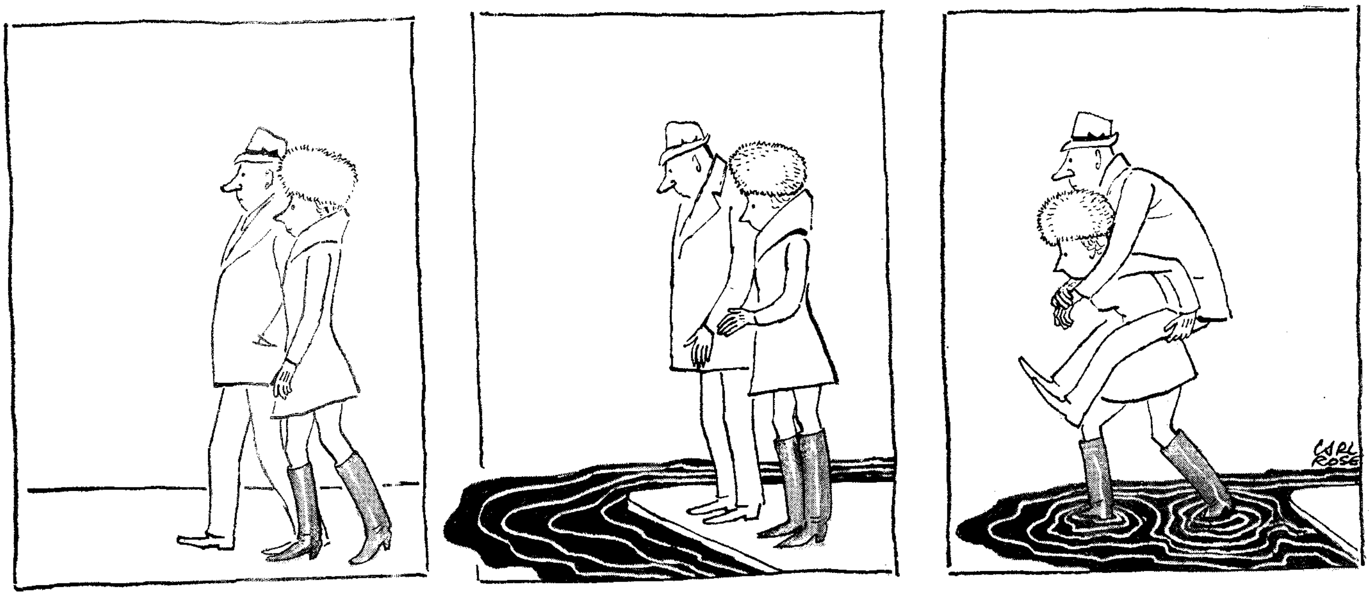
"Sure. With the radio or the stereo or the TV on. I can't. I have to do one thing at a time," Larry said. "What if I want to sit home at night and read a book?"

"So read."

"When you have these programs you quote have to watch unquote?"

"Get me headphones. That's what my first husband did. Or go in the bedroom and shut the door. I don't mind."

And so it went, on many nights. Everything was tainted by their disagreements — especially their times in bed. They would slip again and



again into these exchanges, on and on.

What Cynthia seemed to resent most was that Larry had not been straightforward with her. Why had he let her think he cared for her world of song and dance? She knew it was trivial. She had never tried to make him think she was deep. Why had he pretended he was something he wasn't?

How was Larry to tell her the truth without making her think he was either a snob or a fool? There was no way. When they met, he *did* like what she liked, just because she liked it. What was wrong with that? He wanted to see her enjoying herself, so they did what she wanted to do—went to Radio City to see the new Doris Day, or to Basin Street East to hear Peggy Lee or Trini Lopez, or to revivals of those fifties movie musicals Cynthia liked so much. Forget the things *he* liked—foreign movies and chamber music and walks in Central Park—for a while, if she didn't like them. She must have known his tastes, after all. She had been in his apartment often enough before they were married. She had seen his books and records.

"I thought you gave all that up," Cynthia said. "I thought you'd changed."

"I thought you *would* change," Larry said. "I thought you wanted to. I thought if you wanted to marry me you must want to change."

"Be an *intellectual*?" Cynthia said. "You must be kidding."

No, he was serious. Why didn't she get bored with the stuff she watched and the junk she read? He did. When you had seen three Perry Masons, you had seen them all, and that went for Doris Day movies, the eleven-o'clock news, and "What's My Line?"

"I know all that," Cynthia said. She liked to be bored. God, you couldn't keep thinking about *reality* all the time. You'd go out of your mind. She liked stories and actors that she knew, liked movies she had seen a dozen times and the books she reread once each year. Larry took his reading so seriously, as if reading were life.

Larry tried to persuade himself that Cynthia was teasing him, but he could not. She meant what she said. She *liked* "East of Eden," "Marjorie Morningstar," "Giant," and "Gone with the Wind." She liked Elizabeth Taylor movies. She found nourishment in that Styrofoam. He could see it in her childlike face, which sometimes shone as if she were regarding the beatific vision when she was under the spell of the sorriest trash. What repelled him moved her. He could feel it when, after she had seen one of her favorite movies, they made love. How odd that he should have married her! And yet he loved her, he thought, and he thought she loved him—needed him, anyway.

Sometimes they talked of having a child, or of Cynthia's going back to work, or of attending night classes together at Columbia or the New School, but nothing came of it. They were both drinking too much, perhaps, and getting too little exercise, yet it was easier to let things go on much as they were. Larry did set out to read Camus, the first serious reading he had done since their marriage, and in the evenings after dinner he would go into the bedroom, shut the door, turn on WNCN to muffle the sounds from the living room, put Flents in his ears, and read. Although the meaningless noises from the TV set—the not quite comprehensible voices, the sudden surges of music—still reached him, he was reluctant to give Cynthia the headphones she had suggested. They would be too clear a sign of defeat.

Cynthia often stayed up until three or four watching the late movies or playing her records, and Larry, who usually fell asleep around midnight, would sometimes wake after two or three hours and come out of the bedroom shouting "Do you know what *time* it is?" and frighten her. Sometimes, though, he would make a drink for himself and watch her movie, too, necking with her the way they used to do, without saying much.

When it was very late, usually on Saturday nights after they both had had quite a lot to drink, Cynthia would stand before the full-length mirror in their bedroom and admire herself. "I'm beautiful," she would say. "Right now, I'm really beautiful, and who can see me?" Larry would watch her from the bed. Something slack in her would grow taut as she looked in the mirror. She would draw her cotton underpants down low on her hips, then place her hands on her shoulders, her crossed arms covering her bare breasts, and smile at her reflection. "I'm a narcissist," she would say, looking at Larry in the mirror. "How can you bear it?" Then she would join Larry in his bed.

Larry couldn't deny Cynthia anything for long. If he insisted on it, she would turn off the set, but then she would sulk until he felt he had imposed upon her, and he would turn the set back on or take her out for a drink.

One Saturday night when they came home from the bars, Cynthia changed clothes and came out of the bedroom wearing a twenties black dress and black net stockings and pumps. The dress was banded with several rows of fringe and stopped above her knees. She danced for Larry (a Charleston, a shimmy, a Watusi) and after that she sang. She had sung to him before—just a few bars, in a soft, almost inaudible voice—but tonight her voice seemed full and moving to Larry, and with a timbre and sadness different from any voice he had ever heard. "*Like* me. Please like me," the voice seemed to say. "Just *like* me. That's all I need. I'll be nice then." She *could* have been the star she wanted to be, Larry thought. She had the charm and the need for love, though perhaps the voice was too slight and the need too great. She had once told him that twice while she was singing with a band in Las Vegas she had been "discovered" by assistant directors and offered a movie audition, and that each time she had been sick, literally sick to her stomach, in the studio and unable to go on. She was just too scared. Yet she might have a career again, Larry thought. He would encourage her to practice. It would be an interest for her—something to do. She was barely past thirty and looked less. There was still time.

Larry decided to read Camus in French and to translate some of the untranslated essays—just for practice—into English. One night, he came home with the headphones Cynthia wanted—the old-fashioned kind made of black Bakelite—and hooked them up to the TV set through a control box that had an off-on switch for the speaker. Now that he could blank out the commercials, Larry would watch with Cynthia now and then—some of the news specials, and the Wide World of Sports, and the late-night reruns of President Kennedy's press conferences, one of the few things they both enjoyed.

Cynthia was happier now, because with the headphones on and the speaker off she could watch as late as she pleased. And as she became more wrapped up in her programs, Larry became more wrapped up in Camus. She would sit on the sofa for hours, dressed as if for company, her eyes made up to look even larger than they were, wearing one of the at-home hostessy things from Bergdorf's she had bought just before they were married that hardly anyone but she and Larry had seen, and with those radio operator's black headphones on her ears.

BOO TARN, THE LAKE DISTRICT

The Lakeland writers patronize it,
striding by in their big boots en route for Walna Scar.
"A small reedy pool"—so Wainwright, correct as always.
It's not really a tarn at all; you can pass it without knowing,
and it's fast vanishing among the rushes. Boo Tarn—
the very name sounds foolish, especially for
"the smallest in the district" (Baddeley), even though
the original name was Booth Tarn (Heaton Cooper),
"from the Norse *budhar*, meaning hut."
Evidently someone lived there once.

Someone lived there. An unknown mind
would watch the light opened outwards over the bay at dawn,
held high at noon until scratched out by the night's thrusting cone
(the tarn's burnished surface its record, clear and open then,
before the reeds got hold), and, up in the cove by Goatswater,
would hear the foxes bark and the sheep's thin cry
spread the alarm as the quiet and nameless men
scattering on the moor below were butchered by the Norsemen.
Budhar, a hut—for all its mild nonentity
the place has a past, was born in blood.

The wind, too, just there, is a killer.
It blows so hard, with a sudden vicious whip it can send you sprawling,
and the rocks around are enough to break your fall, and you with it,
on this harsh highway where the walkers stumble, misled into the quarries.
Somehow it's less peaceful here than you might expect.
The place calls for attention, stays in the mind
with a kind of stubbornness. Is it because of the name,
or because of some thing that preceded the name, an ancient presence
known to the ravens in the rocks, coeval
with the ferns and flooding stream—

a presence that compelled a name? All
who come here both give and receive the name. Stand on the ledge
that tilts to hold the tarn in place and let the water well
up into the liberty of your eyes, straining through the tardy reeds
to reveal its true extent, its shape to you
the lord, the namer. You will not forget what you see,
for it is what you have chosen to see. Then the reeds'
persistent wavering blurs your vision; you stay
for a moment longer, loath to move,
and feeling, when you do, deprived, bereaved.

Boo Tarn, or any tarn,
or any place, gate, coppice, or fence that strikes the eye—
it's the same thing always: stay long enough and you start to grow
into your five-fold elemental-rooted body, where
budhar, a hut or booth, is still sufficient
cause of sight, a sign that, as the tarn is swung
round on its vast, exposed, determined course,
its waters held in place by the earth's indrawn breath,
this small reedy pool
transmits a planetary light.

—Glen Cavaliero

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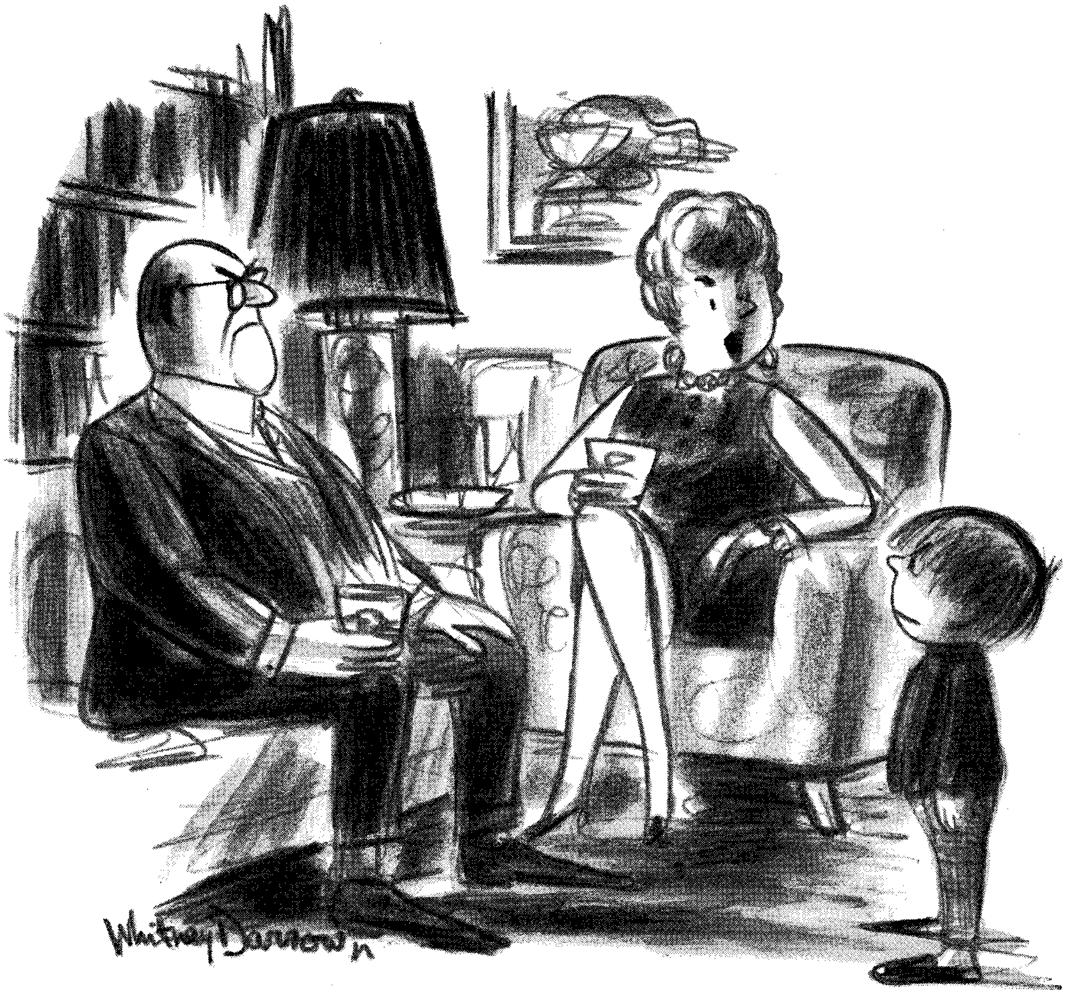
The sight of her made Larry melancholy, and he continued to work lying on his bed, propped up with a writing board on his lap. He would hear Cynthia laughing sometimes in the silent living room, and now and then, hearing thin sounds from her headphones, he would come out to find her crying, the phones on her lap and the final credits of a movie on the screen. "I always cry at this one," she would say. With the headphones, Cynthia was spending more time before the set than ever. Larry encouraged her to sing—to take lessons again if she wanted. But she did sing, she said, in the afternoons. She sang with her records, usually. There were a few songs of Eydie's and Peggy's and Judy's she liked. She sang along with those.

When Larry compared his life now with his first marriage or with the



"Is that any way to talk to a prominent Eastern industrialist?"

• •

years after that, he could not say that this was worse. Cynthia was almost content, and left him free to think or read what he pleased. There were many nights, though, when he put his book aside and lay on his bed, hearing Cynthia laugh now and then or get up to make herself another drink, and asked himself why he was there. Little, in his job or in his life, seemed reasonable or real.

How could he have fallen in love with Cynthia? It was just because she was so *American*, he decided. She *liked* canned chili and corned-beef hash, the Academy Awards, Chicken Delight, the Miss America contest, head lettuce with Russian dressing, *Modern Screen*, takeout pizza pies. She liked them and would make faces at them at the same time, looking up at him and saying, "Oh God, isn't this awful? Isn't this vile?" Everything he had renounced in the name of the Bauhaus and Consumers Union, of Irma Rombauer, D. H. Lawrence, and Frank Lloyd Wright—here it all was dished up in Cynthia, all the things that he could see now he had never had enough of. He had lost out on them in high school, when he had wanted them, because he was studious and shy. He had rejected them in college, where it was a matter of principle among his friends to reject them, before he could find out what they were like. At thirty-eight, when he met Cynthia, what did he know? Weren't there vast areas of the American experience that he had missed? Why, until Cynthia he had never shacked up in a motel. Nor had he ever seen a barroom fight, or smoked pot, or been ticketed for speeding, or blacked out from booze.

And how glittering Cynthia's world had seemed to him. The sixties—this is what they *were!* Thruways, motels, Point Pleasant on a Saturday night, twisting to the juke! That trip to Atlantic City in winter when he and Cynthia wandered through the cold deserted corridors and public rooms of those great stucco hotels like actors in a shabby "Marienbad." And the music! Miles, Monk, Chico, Mingus, the M.J.Q., Sinatra and Nelson Riddle, Belafonte, Elvis, Ray Charles, Dion, Lena Horne—all new to him. He had stopped listening to music before bop, and with Cynthia he listened to everything. Did he like it all—how was it possible to like it *all*—because Cynthia did, or had he fallen in love with Cynthia because she liked it all? What difference did it make? It was all new—a gorgeous blur of enthusiasms. For the first time in his life he had given himself away. How wonderful, at thirty-eight, on the edge of middle age—*in* middle age—to play the fool.

And how he had been taken in by it all! Cynthia never had. She knew show business from the inside, and dug it, and liked it, and laughed at herself for liking it. She knew how shabby it was, even though it did something for her—that trumpery, that sincere corn. Once Larry found out something was bad, how could he care for it any longer? It was impossible. He had gone overboard at first because pop culture was new to him and he saw fresh energy there. But how spurious that energy had turned out to be—how slick, how manufactured, how dead. And yet something in it rubbed off on Cynthia and made her attractive to him still. He still wanted her. Wasn't it just that fakery he despised which shone in Cynthia and drew him to her? Then what in their marriage was real? He felt as detached from his life as a dreamer at times feels detached from his dream.

Quiet and sedentary as it had become, Larry's life continued to be charged with a forced excitement. The popular love songs, the photographs of beautiful men and women in the magazines Cynthia read, the romantic movies, Cynthia herself—changing her clothes three or four times a day as if she were the star in a play and Larry the audience—all stimulated him. He recognized in himself an extravagant lust that was never quite spent when he and Cynthia made love.

"We shouldn't have got married," Cynthia said one hot Saturday night in the summer of 1963 as they were lying in their beds trying to fall asleep.

"Maybe not," Larry said.

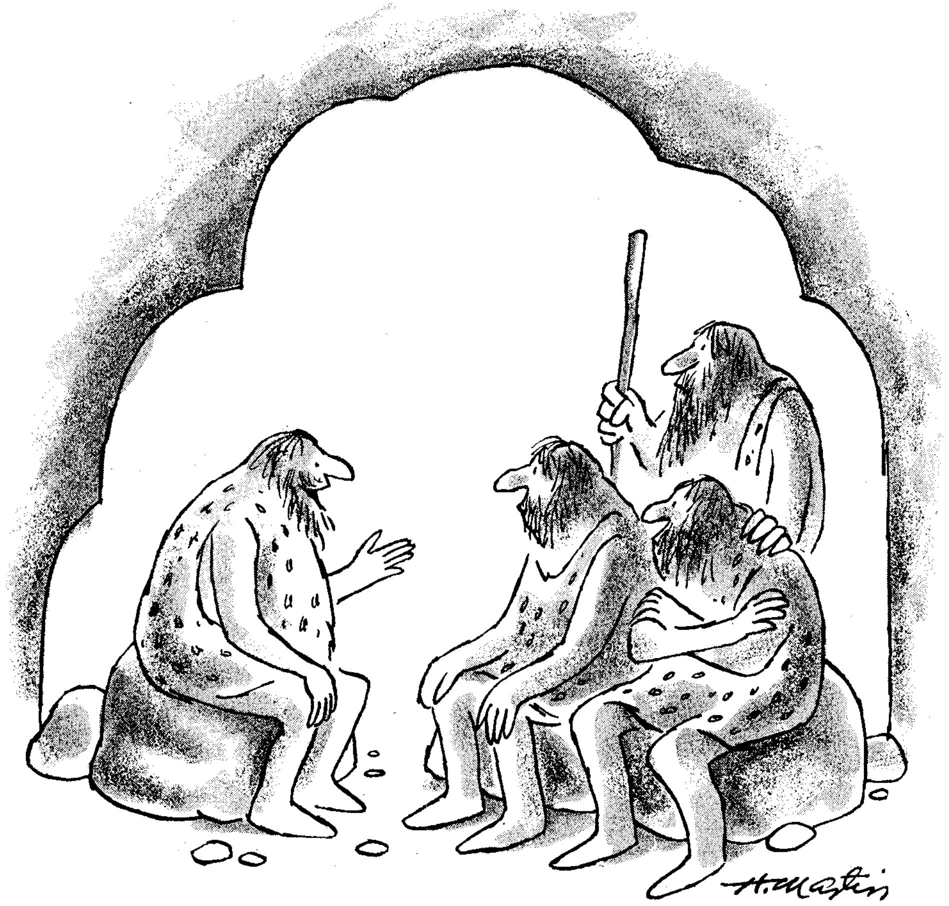
"Marriage turns me off. Something happens. I told you."

"I didn't believe you," Larry said. "And anyway we're married."

"We sure are."

"I picked a lemon in the garden of love," Larry said. Cynthia laughed and moved into Larry's bed.

Later that night, though, he said



"*For want of a better word, I call my idea 'taxes.' And here's the way it works.*"

something else. "We're like the Catholics and their sacrament," he said. "When you're married for the second time, you're practically stuck with each other. You've almost got to work it out."

"You may think you're stuck, but I'm not," Cynthia said.

A few nights later she brought up what Larry had said about being stuck. Why had he said it? Didn't he know her at all? Whenever she felt bound she had to break free—right out the door, sooner or later. That was what had always happened. Was he trying to drive her away? He knew she'd been a rolling stone. That's what he liked about her, he'd said once. All that talk about protecting each other's freedom! What a lot of crap. Look at them now. Two birds in a cage, a filthy cage.

Cynthia's anger frightened Larry, and, to his surprise, the thought of her leaving frightened him, too. But nothing changed. There wasn't much chance of her breaking away, after all. They didn't have enough money to separate, and neither of them really wanted to—not *that* routine, not again.

Now and then Larry sat in the living room reading while Cynthia watched her programs, and when he looked over at her, knowing that at that moment she was content, he felt at peace. At times, he would lie with his head on Cynthia's lap while she watched, and she would stroke his hair.

One day, Larry came home with a second pair of headphones, made of green plastic and padded with foam rubber, the sort disc jockeys and astronauts wear, and plugged them into the stereo through a box that permitted turning off the speakers. Now he, like Cynthia, could listen in silence. He stacked some of his records on the turntable—the Mozart horn concertos, a Bach cantata, Gluck. It was eerie, Larry thought, for them both to be so completely absorbed, sitting twenty feet apart in that silent living room, and on the first night he found himself watching Cynthia's picture on the TV screen as the music in his ears seemed to fade away. Finally, he took off his earphones, joined Cynthia on the sofa, and asked her to turn on the sound. After a few nights, however, the sense of eeriness wore off, and Larry was as caught up in his music as Cynthia was in her shows. The stereo sound was so rich and pure; unmixed with other noises, the music carried directly into his brain, surrounding and penetrating him. It was so intense, so mindless. He felt endowed with a superior sense, as if he were a god. Yet there was something illicit about their both finding so intense a pleasure in isolation. He was troubled, off and on, by what they were falling into, but their life was tranquil and that was almost enough.

ONE night, when Larry was reading (something he rarely did now) and there was nothing on TV she cared for, Cynthia put some of her records on the turntable and Larry's headphones on her ears and listened to Eydie and Judy and Frank, dancing a few steps now and then and singing the words softly. "Why didn't you tell me!" she said. It was *fantastic*. She could hear all the bass, and the color of the voices, and things in some of the arrangements she had never known were there. More and more often as the summer wore on, Cynthia would listen to her music instead of watching the tube, and Larry, thinking this a step in the right direction—toward her singing, perhaps—turned the stereo over to her several evenings a week and tried to concentrate again on his reading. But music had held him in a way books no longer could, and after a few weeks he bought a second stereo phonograph and a second set of headphones. By the fall of 1963, he and Cynthia had begun to listen, each to his own music, together.

On the day President Kennedy was assassinated, Larry and Cynthia were having one of their rare lunches in midtown at an Italian place near Bloomingdale's, where Cynthia planned to go shopping afterward. People stood before the small television set above the restaurant bar waiting for definite news after the first word of the shooting, and Larry and Cynthia stood with them. When it was clear that the President was dead, they went back to their apartment, watched television together that afternoon and evening, and then went to bed and began to weep. When Larry stopped, Cynthia would sob, and then Larry would start again. So it went until after four in the morning, when they fell asleep. Until the funeral was over, Cynthia sat before the set most of the day and night. Much of the time she was crying, and every night when she came to bed the tears would start. Larry, dry-eyed sooner than she was, was at first sympathetic, then impatient, then annoyed.

"He was such a *good* man," Cynthia would say, or "He was *ours*. He was all we had," and after the burial she said, half smiling, "He was a wonderful star." Nothing in her actual life could ever move her so deeply, Larry thought. How strange, to feel real sorrow and weep real tears for an unreal loss. But she was suffering, no question of that, and she could not stop crying. The Christmas season came and went, and she still wept. She had begun to drink heavily, and often Larry would put her to bed. On the edge of unconsciousness, she would continue to cry.

What was she, he thought, but a transmitter of electronic sensations? First she had conveyed the nation's erotic fantasies to him, and now it was the national sorrow, and one was as unreal as the other. John Kennedy had figured in her fantasies—Cynthia had once told Larry so—and she wept for him as a woman would for her dead lover. She was like a woman betrayed by Death, Larry thought, when what had betrayed her was the television set she had counted upon to shield her from the real. It had always told her stories of terror and passion that, because they were fictitious, might be endured, and now it had shown her actual death and actual sorrow. And there was no way to console her, because her loss was not an actual loss.

CYNTHIA read little during the weeks after the assassination but articles on it, and she did not hear of the Beatles until Larry, hoping to distract her, brought home their first album. She thought little of it at first, but after the Beatles appeared on the "Ed Sullivan Show" in February she became an admirer and then a devotee. Larry brought her the new Beatles 45s as they came out, and he stood in line with teen-age girls at the newsstands on Forty-second Street to buy the Beatles fan magazines. "I guess the period of mourning is over," Cynthia said one Saturday night. She still saved articles about the assassination, though, and photographs of Jacqueline in black.

When Cynthia began to sing as she listened to the Beatles late at night, Larry, listening from the bedroom, was pleased. She would play their records over and over, accompanying them in a voice that seemed flat and unresonant, perhaps because with the headphones on she could not hear the sounds she made. She no longer wept, or Larry was asleep when she did.

One night, Larry woke around three to the tinny noise of "I Want to Hold Your Hand" spilling from Cynthia's phones and found he was hungry. On his way to the kitchen, he stopped in the dark hall to watch Cynthia, who stood in the center of the living room with the astronaut headphones on, singing what sounded like a harmonizing part, a little off-key, holding an imaginary guitar, swaying jerkily, and smiling as if she were before an audience. Her performance, empty as it was, seemed oddly polished and professional. Afraid of startling her, he stood watching until the end of the song before he entered the room.

"How much did you see?" Cynthia said.

"Nothing," Larry said. "I was just going to get a glass of milk, that's all." The look on Cynthia's face troubled him, as if he had discovered her in some indecency better forgotten. "After this I'll flick the lights and warn you," he said.

And he said no more, though often now he awoke during the night to the faint sounds from Cynthia's headphones and wondered what she was doing that held her so fast. He was jealous of it, in a way. She was rarely in bed before four, and always in bed when he left for work in the morning. In the evening, though, as she watched television, she seemed happy enough, and much as she had been before Kennedy's death.

For some time after the assassination, they gave up their Saturday nights in the bars, but by April they were again making their rounds. Once, when they came home higher and happier than usual, Cynthia danced and sang for Larry as she had before, and Larry joined her—something he did not do often. They had a pleasant time, and when Larry put on a Beatles album and Cynthia began her performance for him she explained. "We're at the Palladium in London, you see," she said. "The place is mobbed. . . . The Beatles are onstage. . . . I'm singing with them, and naturally everybody loves us. I work through the whole show . . . playing second guitar. I back up George." And then she sang, a third or so below the melody, "She was just seventeen if you know what I mean. . . .' "

"I never sing lead," Cynthia said when the number was over.

"Is this what you do every night?" Larry asked her.

Cynthia was breathing heavily. "Sure," she said. "It may sound silly but it's not. Besides, it's possible, isn't it? It *could* happen. I can sing." She looked at Larry, her eyes candid and kind. "Don't worry," she said. "I'm not losing my grip."

"It's a nice game," Larry said later when they were in bed.

"Oh, it's more than a game," Cynthia said. "When I'm with them in the Palladium, I'm really *there*. It's more real than here. I know it's a fantasy, though."

"How did you meet the Beatles?" Larry asked her.

"D'you really want to hear?" Cynthia said. She seemed pleased at his interest, Larry thought, but then she was drunk. They both were.

"It's not much of a story," she said. "The details vary, but basically I am standing on Fifth Avenue there near the Plaza in the snow waiting for a cab at three in the afternoon, dressed in my black flared coat and black pants and the black boots you gave me, and I'm *cold*. You know how cold I get. And then this Carey Cad stops with a couple of guys in front and in back is George Harrison all alone, though sometimes it's Paul. He gives me a lift and we talk. He's completely polite and sincere, and I can see he likes me. It seems the Beatles are rehearsing for a television special at Central Plaza and they'll be there the next day, so he asks me to come up and bring my guitar. I go, naturally, and it turns out they are auditioning girls, and I'm the winner. What would be the point if I wasn't? They want a girl for just one number, but when they see how terrific I am, naturally they love me, and when they find out I've already worked up all their songs I'm in."

"You join them."

"Sure. They insist. I have to leave you, but you don't mind, not anymore. In one year, we're The Beatles and Cynthia and we're playing the Palladium, and Princess Margaret and Tony are there, and Frank, and Peter O'Toole, and David McCallum, and Steve McQueen, and Bobby Kennedy. And all those men *want* me. And I'm going to meet them afterward at the Savoy in our suite."

"'Our'?"

"I'm married to a rich diamond merchant who lets me do whatever I want. Played by George Sanders."

"I thought you were married to me," Larry said.

"Oh, no. You divorced me, alleging mental cruelty. Maybe I was cruel once, but I'm not anymore, because the Beatles love me. They're like brothers to me."

"Are you putting me on?" Larry said.

FRISBEE

Flanged, all bright colors—red, yellow, blue—the discs
Wheel their parabolas, whirl in ellipse,
Soar, dip, or veer, elusive, elegant.
As for the hand that meets them on their way,
It makes the outfielder who gets the ball
Out by the warning track a blatant lout,
A clumsy oaf; the fruitpicker who reaches
Tiptoe on ladder rung for the highest peach,
Apple, or apricot, on the topmost bough,
Cradling it gently, carefully to basket,
Is a lubberly lummox by comparison
With this deft grace, this ease, this perfect neatness.
Oh, never play this game with ugly clothes on.

—Rolfe Humphries

• •

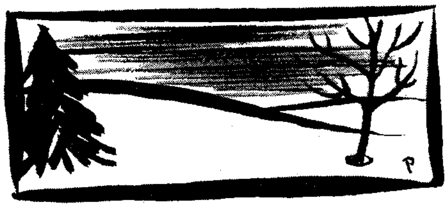
"No. Why should I? I made it all up, if that's what you mean, but I *really* made it up."

"Do you believe any of it?" Larry said.

Cynthia smiled at him. "Don't you? You used to say that I had a good voice and you used to say I was pretty. Anyway, I don't have fantasies about things that couldn't possibly happen. I could get a job tomorrow if you'd let me."

Cynthia's voice had a lilt Larry remembered from the days before their marriage. It was all so convincing and so insane. She had begun to amuse him again, and he indulged her in her illusions. "I'm going to Beatle now," Cynthia would say nearly every night after dinner, and Larry would go into the bedroom. Whenever he came out, he would flick the hall lights and she would stop. She was shy and did not let him watch often at first. She seemed embarrassed that she had told him as much as she had—if, indeed, she remembered telling him anything at all.

Larry liked the Beatles more and more as the nights went by, and often he would listen to their records with the speakers on before Cynthia began her performance. "Listen, Cynthia," he said one Saturday night. "The Beatles are filled with the Holy Ghost." He was really quite drunk. "Do you know that? They came to bring us back to life! Out of the old nightmare. Dallas, Oswald, Ruby, all of it, cops, reporters, thruways, lies, crises, missiles, heroes, cameras, fear—all that mishmash. Look at *you*. They've brought you back to life. I couldn't—not after November. Nothing could."



"You're right," Cynthia said. "I didn't want to tell you. I thought you'd be jealous."

"Jealous? Of the Beatles?"

"They're very real to me, you know."

"I'm not jealous," Larry said.

"Then will you read to me the way you used to? Read me to sleep?"

"Sure."

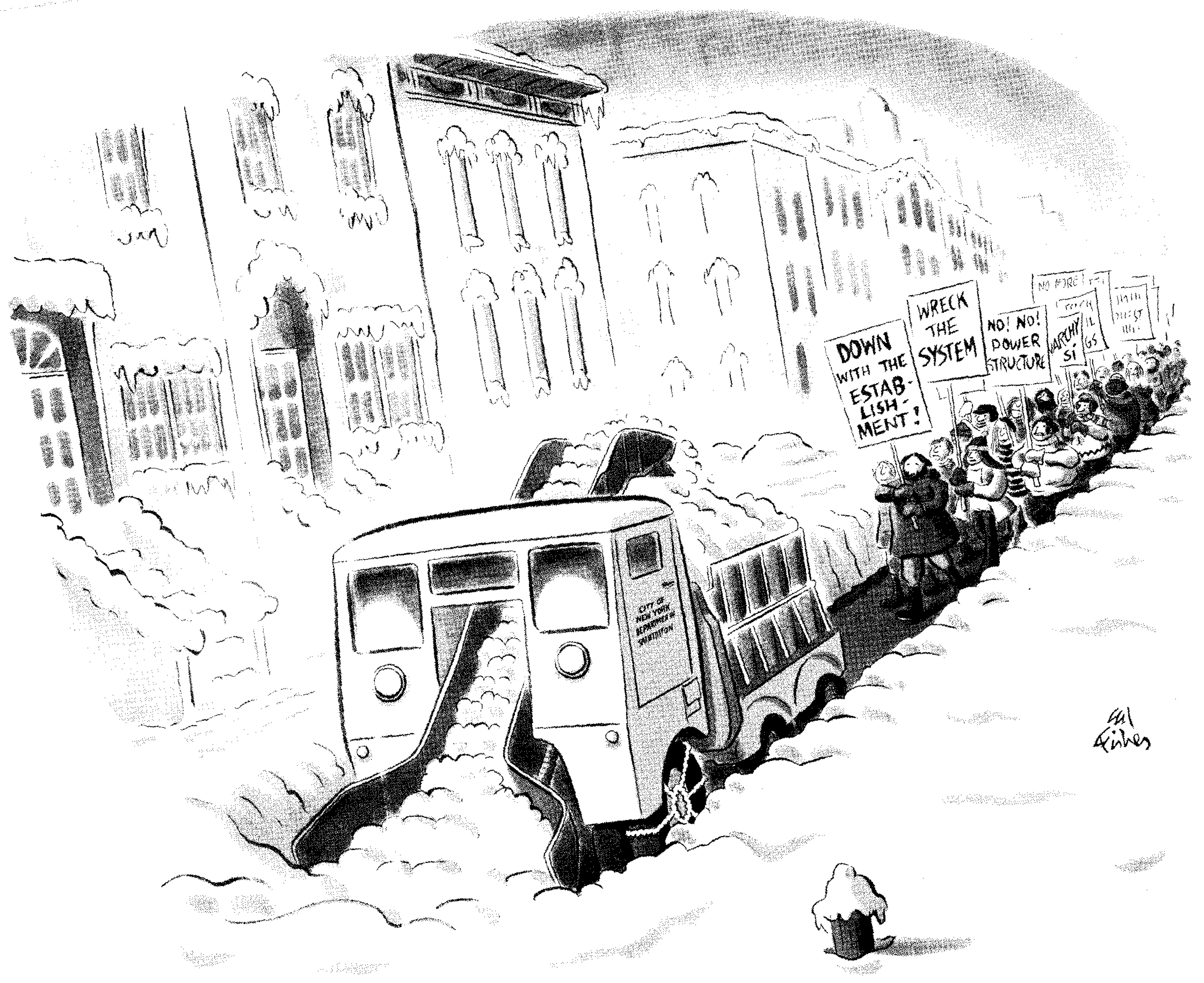
"Can I get in your bed?"

"Sure."

Before Larry had finished a page, he was asleep, and Cynthia was asleep before him.

FOR her birthday in September, Larry gave Cynthia an electric guitar. Though she could not really play it and rarely even plugged it in, she used the guitar now in her performances, pretending to pluck the strings. She began to dress more elaborately for her Beatling, too, making up as if for the stage. What if she were a little mad, Larry thought; it did no harm. She was prettier than she had been since their honeymoon. Perhaps he no longer loved her, but she had grown likable enough, and he cared for her. She *should* have been a performer. She needed applause and admirers and whatever it was she gave herself in her fantasies. It seemed to be something he could not provide. By now he and Cynthia rarely touched or embraced; they were like old friends—fellow-conspirators, even, for who knew of Cynthia's Beatle world but him?

Cynthia discussed her performances with Larry now, telling him of the additions to her repertoire and of the new places she and the Beatles played—Kezar Stadium, the Hollywood Bowl, Philharmonic Hall. She began to permit him in the living room with her, and he would lie on the sofa


DOWN WITH THE ESTAB-LISH-MENT!
WRECK THE SYSTEM
NO! NO! POWER STRUCTURE
NO MORE
ARCHY SI
CITY OF NEW YORK DEPARTMENT OF SANITATION
Ed Fisher

listening to his music while her Beatling went on. He felt sometimes that by sharing her fantasies he might be sharing her madness, but it seemed better for them both to be innocently deranged than to be as separate as they had been before. All of it tired Larry, though. He was past forty. He felt himself growing old, and his tastes changing. Now he listened to the things he had liked in college—the familiar Beethoven and Mozart symphonies, and Schubert, and Brahms, in new stereophonic recordings. Often, as he listened, he would fall asleep and be awakened by the silence when the last of the records stacked on the turntable had been played. Cynthia's performance would still be going on, and he would rise, take off his headphones, and go to bed.

One night, Larry fell asleep toward the end of the "Messiah," with the bass singing "The trumpet shall sound . . ." and the trumpet responding, and woke as usual in silence, the headphones still on his ears. This time, he lay on the sofa looking at Cynthia, his eyes barely open. She had changed clothes again, he saw, and was wearing the silver lamé pants suit, left over from her singing days, that she had worn the first night he had come to her apartment. He saw her bow, prettily and lightly in spite of the headphones on her ears, and extend her arms to her imaginary audience. Then he watched her begin a slow, confined dance, moving no more than a step to the side or forward and then back. She seemed to be singing, but with his headphones on Larry could not hear. She raised her arms again, this time in a gesture of invitation, and although she could not know he was awake it seemed to Larry that she was beckoning to him and not to an imaginary partner—that this dance, one he had never seen, was for him, and Cynthia was asking him to join her in that slow and self-contained step.

Larry rose and sat looking at her, his head by now nearly clear. "Come," she beckoned. "Come." He saw her lips form the word. Was it he to whom she spoke or one of her fantasies? Did it matter in the end? She stood waiting for her partner—for him—and Larry got up, unplugged his headphones, and walked across the room to her. The movement seemed to him a movement of love. He plugged his headphones in next to Cynthia's and stood before her. Then, together, in silence, not quite touching, in that silent room, with the sound of the Beatles loud in their ears, they began to dance their little dance.

—STEPHEN PATCH

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Mr. and Mrs. Norman Weiser of Flushing spent the weekend at their home here and entertained the Kosses for dinner. They also had to contend with frozen water pipes.—*Windham* (N.Y.) *Journal.*

It never rains but it pours.

MR. DOCK

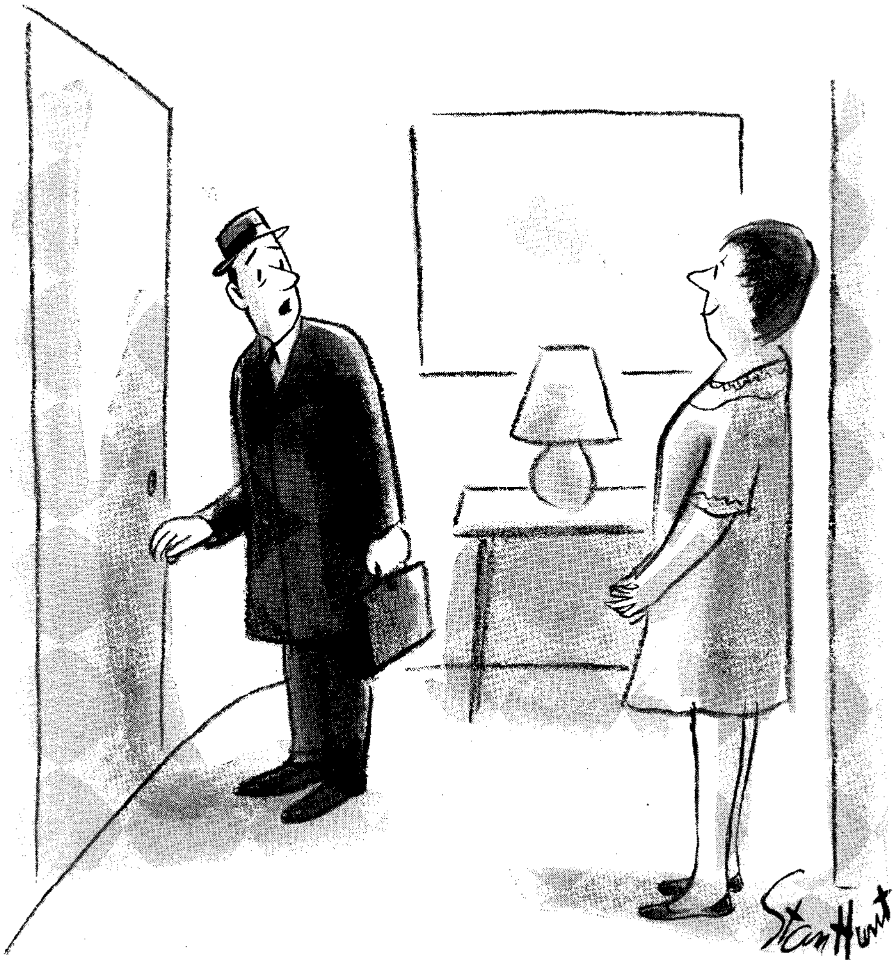
IT wasn't long before I got to believing I ought to go somewhere else again, find myself another little job of housework. Money wasn't it, because our dresser drawer was stacking up, with now a dollar bill on top of all the vegetable change from last summer. Mama had taught me how money draws money if you can ever once get enough of it together. What was making me think so much about going back out in the County was knowing there must be something that Christian hearted people would like for me to do if I could only find them, and here I was at home.

There was a particular house in King's Town I had always stored up in my head as about the finest one there—it was in a rose garden with circles of bulbs around it—and I thought how good it would be if the lady there needed me. I hadn't ever seen anybody out in front, though, even sweeping. Still it got more and more on my mind to go to it, and the first time I walked to town I climbed its steps and knocked but the lady opened her door rushed nearly to death and said not to ever bother her again, she was losing too much time.

I don't recollect just where I was heading to from there. I'd made it to the cemetery—I know that much, because my brother that drives the pulp truck was cleaning up under the camellia bushes and he waved—when here comes toward me a gentleman I had heard a lot of bad about, mostly for drinking but sometimes even a little stealing, Mr. Dock.

I wanted to speak to him, from hearing how hard he was thought of by the law, but he was white and I am a colored lady, so I just smiled some at the ground till he could get on past me. He was a little low man, as spare as he could be, and before I had time to tell what he was doing he was throwing back my smiles. He'd been watching out, he said, for somebody to talk business with, because he was just now back from picking fruit and had something big in mind. He was fixing to build his mother a house.

Well, I couldn't just walk on without telling him how good his idea sounded and that it was a mighty fine thing for *anybody* to do, still with no notion he had picked me out to help him. A life dream, that's what he said it was. I could tell how much he wanted to go ahead, but he said he was afraid there was one serious thing against him. On account of so much bad luck coming up he'd never learned to read and write. If he could get ahold of a taught person that could measure and work figures (and I never would leave school until the school itself gave out), then he believed together that we could put it up.



"Damn it, Edith, you've given me the courage to go on when all I wanted was the weakness to quit."

Right away I saw what this gentleman was. A bad man trying his best to veer around to good. I had never done any carpenter work to speak of, I had to tell him that, but we did have a yardstick behind the kitchen door and Mama had a hammer. He winked into the air by then, as pleased as he could be. They were tearing down the icehouse, he said, and we could have all the boards and bricks we needed just for cleaning up. So that much of it was settled. My first important job, right now in the beginning, would be to go and see his mother and talk up the whole idea. She liked her present house and didn't *want* a new one. She had married again, he said, after his daddy died, and now she was a Mrs. Raymond, but that husband had passed too, and all along the line she'd lived in this one house. She wouldn't know the world—or that was what she *claimed*—from any other windows. If I could ever once talk her into letting him do it, she would find out right then and there what kind of son she had, and had had all along.

Well, I had to admit he was certainly right about attending to this first. Mama always did say if you undertake a thing then commence at the beginning. I was wondering if it wouldn't be hard, though, to go to a lady's house she liked so much and make her believe she ought to have another. But he was already walking on ahead to show me where she lived.

WHEN we got there it was up on a nice rise and had a fence around it to keep in two or three head of stock she kept—a goat and good sized pigs. Mr. Dock said she was very particular about her gate and I undid the barbed wire to let us through and then fastened it back again just like his mother had it. She came to the door when I knocked, and the first thing I noticed was she wasn't the Mrs. Raymond I'd thought she'd be at all but a different one, mighty old, that must be the mother-in-law of the one I'd seen sitting in the cleaner's window fading

MISS PRIDE
MISS ENVY
MISS LUST
MISS ANGER
MISS GLUTTONY
MISS AVARICE
MISS SLOTH
KOREN

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spots on clothes. This didn't throw me off, though, she was so nice, and she sat me in her lean-to to tell her what I wanted. Mr. Dock was walking around a little bit ashamed, and she gave him a cigarette paper and a sack of tobacco so he could go outside and roll a smoke.

As soon as he was gone I told her the story of how it all had happened, that today was the first time I had ever dared speak to her son, and that I didn't even then until he spoke to me, but he had his whole heart set on building her this house. He had asked me to come and see her and talk it up enough so she would let him do it.

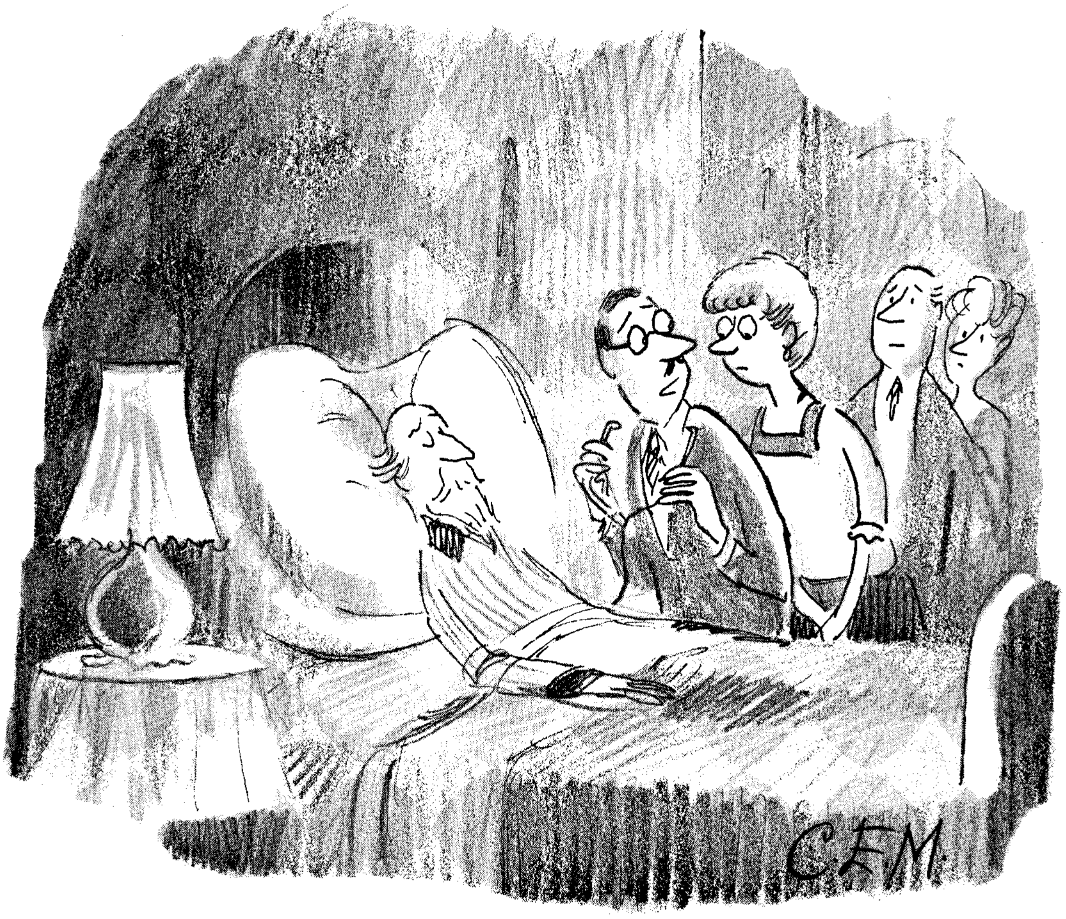
The only thing she did was to look sad at me and shake her head crosswise, making me see how much she favored Mr. Dock. Mama must have hated to leave me in this kind of an old world, she said, but it was a shame she didn't teach me to stay at home instead of rambling around getting mixed up with rascals like her son. She had thought she didn't know how many times she had him raised and off her hands, and then he kept encroaching back to eat off her old-age check. All there was to him, she declared, was what I saw right where he stood—he wouldn't do. I would have to go on home and forget I'd ever heard his foolish talk, and she would find some way to make him leave the County.

By this time Mr. Dock must have finished with his smoke, he was coming in the door. She told him she could always trust him to start some kind of big to-do and not to expect a bite of supper if he didn't go right out and bring her in some wood and feed the stock. When he had left again she told me no hard feelings and to get myself along before dark caught me and goodness knows what else.

That evening after I was home I got to wondering why a mother would want her son to leave her. Even if she didn't need the house, it looked to me like it would be a whole lot better to let him pleasure himself and build it anyway. Well, I would let God untangle who was right and who was wrong and get myself to sleep.

THE next morning I couldn't be satisfied, after my little work was done, till I let myself start out for the icehouse. I didn't want him to think his mother had talked against him and turned *me* that way too. And sure enough there he was, smoking some more and pulling good boards from out of the heap to stack in a straight pile. So he wasn't an easy to give up man. When he leaned over, every time, his cheeks still sunk in even when they were upside down. He was glad that I had come, he said, because with him at one end and me at the other we could carry quite a few on every trip. And he nodded his head to the end he wanted me to raise. When we first started going across King's Town with them people looked mighty funny at us, and one trip the Town Marshal rode his machine right along beside us, noticing, but Mr. Dock told me down under his breath I shouldn't worry, we called ourselves cleaning up the icehouse grounds and that's what we were doing. Whenever we got to his mother's yard I opened up and we laid our lumber to the back so it would be out of her way. I was afraid she was going to come out and stop us but she didn't make a sound—we never saw her.

The last morning of our hauling started cool and sunny. I gave my whiteface their little lick of meal and hulls early and petted them the same as always. They're just like children and won't stand for me to slight them. Then when I got to the icehouse Mr. Dock must have been working since daylight, because he had all of our bricks cleaned and had carried most of them to his mother's house himself. The few he had left he had stacked on a door so that by carrying it we could take it all together. His mother's feet, he said, were coming up once and for all off that dirt floor and onto solid wood. This house was going to be set on pillars two bricks high. We started across town for the last time and people were forgetting to stop and watch us now, even when we had to set it down to take ourselves a



"He says he has one last request. Will someone please look up the word 'serendipity' and tell him what it means."

• •

blow. They must have made up their minds we knew what we were doing.

Mr. Dock stood up the door against his mother's fence, to show it off. He said that it was cypress, he could tell that by the grain. Not many people these days expected cypress doors and it would make his mother's house a whole lot finer. It was just about then we heard her start to call us and she came out and walked up to where we were. She was certainly much obliged to us, she said, for bringing her her door. She'd spoken for it when they were first talking about tearing the ice-house down, but couldn't tote it home. And she called me to come look at the disgrace her old door was, where Mr. Dock had cut a hole, long years ago, to let his dog pass through. That was the kind of thing he did, she said—tore everything up without a thought behind him. Now she could hire a real life carpenter to come and hang it for her. I wanted to beg his pardon for listening at this, but he had turned his back to scrape some on the door. She had had a beautiful fruit bowl once, his mother said, and he had kept on bouncing a ball near it until he finally knocked it off and broke it. That didn't begin to tell what all he'd done, and she'd rather not go into it because it wasn't right to lowrate your own blood to any but a preacher, but I could tell him to forget about the house, she had gotten in touch with the Sheriff and he said to strictly leave her property alone or he would get picked up. Two or three places wanted him more than they wanted him right here, for she'd rather not say what.

Well, I got away from her at last and went back to the door where Mr. Dock was still scraping on the paint. He had to study our bricks and boards now, he said, to tell just which went where. I didn't know how much of his mother's talk he'd noticed, but an idea had come into my head about what he ought to do. I walked on home by my creek road as fast as I could make my legs go and didn't even take the time to pray because I couldn't spare it with the Sheriff maybe coming for him now. I went in Mama's dresser and got some money out and put it in my shoe. When I made it back to Mr. Dock there he was, sitting down with his back against the door like he was worn out. I told him I was sorry his mother had taken the size of him, but she had, and whether she was right or wrong he couldn't get any bigger in this County than what she *thought* he was. Here was some money to ride with on the bus, he didn't have to carry her opinion, and once he was a good piece off he could start again and do some fine thing like he had tried to do right here without her being able to stop him, believing that she knew him from before. I looked right in his face and wished I had a picture of his nice sunk cheeks and straight set eyes.

He stood up then like he was going to tell me something. "A man can't pass his own self up," he said, "no matter where he goes." But he took the money just the same and began to brush his shirt off a little, maybe so the other riders on the bus wouldn't notice all the dirt and splinters he'd got on it.

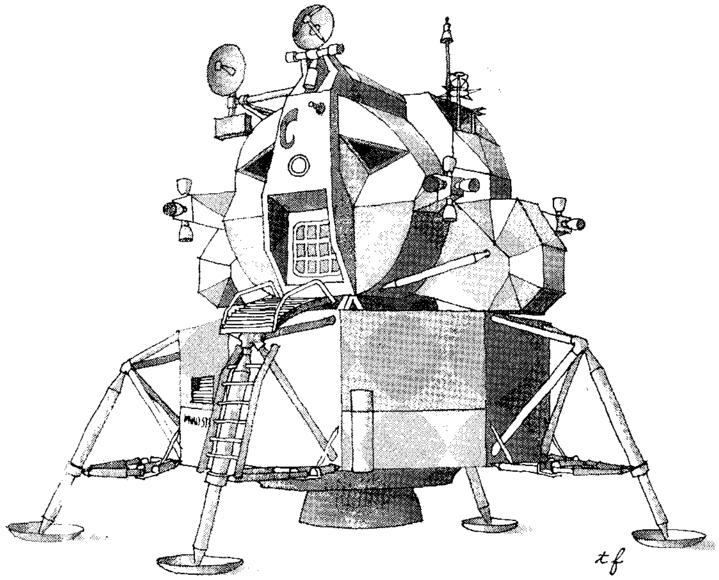
The minute Mr. Dock was out of sight here comes Mrs. Raymond with an axe to give to me. I was a good girl, she said, to help tote an old lady's door to her and then give her son the Sheriff's message. If I wanted to make some change, I could use this axe and chop up all the boards we'd brought to stove size pieces and it would keep her from having to hire somebody or else maybe do it herself in a pinch and court a stroke. She was way too old, she said, to live alone, and had not a chick or a child to care if she got down. Right here in the yard—and she was winking now like he had in the beginning—was plenty enough wood for the balance of this winter and likely all of next if she was spared.

Well, I certainly did hate to, but I got right on to chopping like she said. Every one of those fine long boards made a nice pile of kindling for her stove. When I was through and had it stacked again she came out to thank me and gave me a whole handful of change. To the best of my recollection it was just about what I'd taken out of Mama's drawer to give to Mr. Dock. All the way home I wondered how the two came out the same, because they had, and yet she couldn't have any way to know what I gave him. The Almighty was about mixed up in this whole thing, to even up the money, but there wasn't any telling who He backed.

—Berry Morgan

A REPORTER AT LARGE

LM



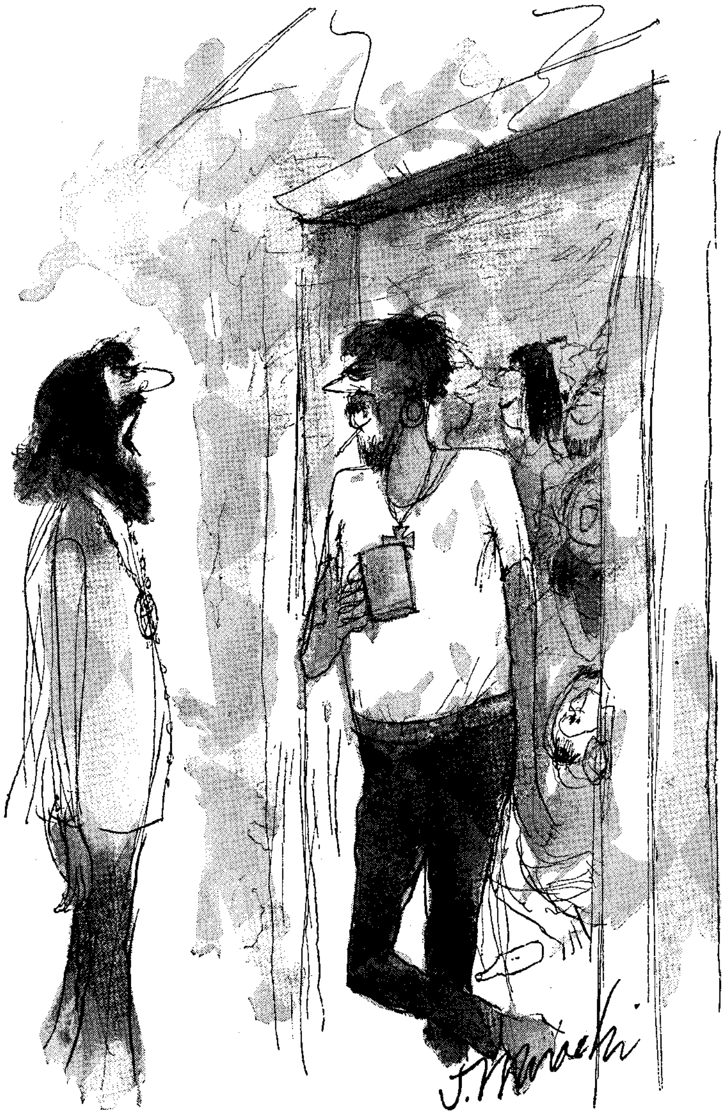
THE three astronauts who flew around the moon in the Apollo 8 spacecraft during Christmas week described the lunar landscapes they saw out their windows, in what was surely the understatement of the year, as "forbidding." The closest they got to that surface was sixty-nine miles, and there was never any possibility of their landing on it. For that, they lacked an astonishingly complex piece of equipment called the lunar module, or LM. This is a buglike craft with four long, spidery legs and an assortment of antennas in which, one day in the next few months or so, two men are expected actually to land on the moon. Before that happens, the LM must be tested and proved to be safe—or qualified, as space people say. The first LM to carry men is scheduled to go up on February 28th as part of the Apollo 9 flight. It will stay in earth orbit, where two astronauts will try out the equipment that has been designed to land men on the moon and then return them to rendezvous with the so-called command and service modules that make up the rest of the Apollo spacecraft. The LM won't be qualified until those astronauts get back. But if everything checks out, an LM could land on the moon as early as this summer.

A highly specialized vehicle, the LM will be used only for the short, tricky hop from orbit, some seventy miles above the moon, to the moon's surface and back again. On the quarter-million-mile journey from Cape Kennedy to lunar orbit, the same journey the Apollo 8 astronauts travelled the LM will simply go along for the ride. It will be disturbed only once on the trip, just after Apollo has left earth orbit to head for the moon, when the entire craft will perform what astronauts describe as the "beautiful" maneuver of transposition and docking. The purpose of transposition and docking is to detach the LM from the rear of the service module and attach it to the tip of the command module. The command and service modules are plugged together so that they look like a Fourth of July rocket; since launching, the LM, inside a protective aluminum sheath, will have been riding behind them, because even with its legs folded beneath it it is wider than the command and service modules, and, in the interest of streamlining, it cannot go farther forward. However, once outside the atmosphere, streamlining is no longer important. As the three astronauts will be up front, riding inside the command module, they have to be brought around to the LM so that two of them can climb into it. Consequently, during transposition and docking, the LM will be detached from the service module, the service and command modules together will revolve in space so that the command module faces the LM, and finally the tip of the command module will connect with the top of the LM and pull it from its aluminum sheath, as if helping a chrysalis out of its cocoon. The chrysalis's long, attenuated legs will slowly unfold, and antennas will pop out into place. After that, nothing much is to happen until just before Apollo moves into orbit around the moon, three days after launch; then one of the astronauts will enter the LM to check it out. The detailed Apollo timetable calls for the astronauts to take a nap before two of them start for the moon's surface. The nap will probably be a fitful one, since astronauts tend to have insomnia in space, and there is no reason to think this nap will be any exception. As the Apollo vehicle gently rolls and pitches, craters below will move in and out of view through the windows. Awake and ready to go, two of the astronauts will enter the LM, close the docking hatch, and, with short bursts from small rockets used for making minor adjustments in the LM's position, separate themselves from the command module. The trip down to the moon is to take about an hour. They will travel more than halfway around the moon, starting on the side away from the earth. A descent rocket will slow the LM from its orbital speed of thirty-five hundred miles an hour and put it into a trajectory path that astronauts call a Hohmann descent transfer orbit. When the LM is about fifty thousand feet above the moon and some two hundred and twenty-five miles from its landing site, the descent rocket is to brake at full thrust, putting the spacecraft into a steeper descent orbit, which will take it down to ten thousand feet. The descent engine will then blast a third time, putting the LM into a third descent orbit, which should bring it down to seven hundred feet, within view of the landing site. (The landing site will be clearly visible; the Apollo 8 astronauts, sixty-nine miles high, had no trouble locating a site that has been selected in the Sea of Tranquillity.) In its approach to the landing site, the LM will have been travelling horizontally, across the moon, as well as vertically, but at about one hundred feet the horizontal movement will cease and the LM, its descent rocket pointing down now, will descend vertically at about three feet a second, supported by the rocket's flaming jet. The descent engine tilts this way and that like an outboard motor so the astronauts can select the best spot to come down on. The LM should land on the moon as gently as a moth.

MOST of our manned spacecraft have been built in the West, where the aerospace industry is centered, but the LM is being built here on the East Coast, by the Grumman Aircraft Engineering Corporation, at Bethpage, Long Island. One day, I drove across the Triborough Bridge and on out to Bethpage to take a look at the LM, or, rather, at four LMs that were then in various stages of completion—part of an order for fifteen, costing the National Aeronautics and Space Administration more than one and a half billion dollars. The plans called for testing the first few in earth orbit. No one knows which will be the first to go to the moon, but the betting is on the fifth or sixth. Grumman is best known for the planes it built for the Navy during the Second World War—planes that had fearsomely memorable names like Hellcat, Wildcat, and Avenger—and it is currently building jet bombers called Intruders, which are used in Vietnam. It was NASA that settled on the name LM, if you can call it a name, but at Grumman the craft is still sometimes referred to as the LEM, a carryover from the days when it was designated a Lunar Excursion Module. Grumman has one other major space contract from NASA—the Orbiting Astronomical Observatory—and Grumman engineers are working on other space projects, too, notably a wheeled vehicle that can be driven on the moon's surface. The site of the Grumman plant is almost as bleak and dismal as the surface of the moon. I saw several dozen buildings resembling oversized barracks scattered around a vast asphalt parking lot that looked blasted and flattened like a crater. Approximately ten thousand cars, which in the setting seemed like lumpy boulders, stretched to a horizon traced in the distance by a fine silvery line—a steam pipe running above the ground for more than a mile, as if it were the crater's rim. Plant No. 5, where LMs were being assembled, was a sprawling, shapeless structure surmounted by what appeared to be a dull-blue moon but was in fact a radar dome. Inside, I was met by Thomas W. Attridge, Jr., who had offered to take me through the part of the factory where the LMs are. Attridge, whose title is Spacecraft Director, is in charge of the third LM on the assembly line, LM-3. The various LMs are in successive stages of development, LM-14 and LM-15 still being largely nonexistent. LM-1 is entirely nonexistent, for it was completed in the fall of 1967, was flown unmanned in orbit around the earth a year ago, and subsequently burned up in the atmosphere. Except for what Attridge called a minor computer glitch ("glitch" is space talk for "hitch"), which caused a premature shutdown of a rocket, LM-1 passed its tests so successfully that its backup, LM-2, did not have to go up. Consequently, LM-3 is the next to fly.

Attridge led the way upstairs to a glassed-in gallery overlooking a glaring white space, the size of an airplane hangar, that is called the clean room. Overhead, a yellow crane rode on tracks along the ceiling. Below, stretching away from us in two rows down the length of the room, were eight huge white metal scaffolds, which surrounded the LMs so completely that about all we could see of them was an occasional round silvery fuel tank or some black antennas. Technicians in white nylon smocks swarmed over the scaffolds. They were wearing different colored hats—red for the men working on the propulsion systems, green for environmental-control systems, yellow for avionics and instrumentation, and several other colors, too. His face pressed against the glass, Attridge pointed out LM-3, which was in halves. The bottom half, called the descent stage, was in the third scaffold on the right, and the top half, the ascent stage, was in the second scaffold on the left. The LM's ability to come apart is basic to its mission, because the descent stage will be left behind on the moon when the astronauts take off for home in the ascent stage.

The two astronauts who are scheduled to ride in LM-3 are Colonel James A. McDivitt, of the Air Force, and Russell L. Schweickart, a civilian. Attridge told me that he and the technicians under him were never allowed to forget that they were responsible for the two men's lives, and that photographs of the two astronauts and of four backup astronauts were hung conspicuously from the scaffold of LM-3's ascent stage. Attridge, a lean man with close-cropped gray hair, says that he believes he takes his responsibilities especially seriously because early in his career at Grumman, in 1949, he, too, was a test pilot—though of aircraft, not spacecraft. During the Second World War, he flew Hellcats in the Pacific, and he still refers to himself as "an airplane driver by trade." Attridge moved gradually from driving airplanes into management, his previous assignment having been as program manager for the production of a Navy reconnaissance plane, the Hawkeye. (Evidently, the Grumman airplane-namer is still on the payroll.) Attridge and his family live in Glen Cove, where in his free time he drives a Star, a small sailboat that he says handles as sweetly as a Hellcat—or, he hopes, an LM.



"I mean, for God's sake, there are people downstairs trying to meditate."

Attridge feels that although building airplanes and building

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spacecraft have their similarities, spacecraft work is more arduous. Because the LMs have to be kept clean, all workmen in the clean room must wear gloves, which can get hot and sticky. As with wartime airplane production, work on the LMs goes on around the clock, and inspections and tests are extremely rigorous. A technician may do his work one day only to have it undone the next, because the LMs are constantly being updated as better materials and components are developed. Sometimes morale is a problem. Like Attridge, most of the men assigned to LM-3 are used to working on airplanes. "In building a *new* airplane, there comes a moment when the plane is ready for its first flight," Attridge said. "The test pilot comes out and kicks the tires, and pretty soon he takes off and does a barrel roll over the factory. All the men can see it. But with an LM all that's going to happen is someday somebody is going to come in and say, 'Hey! It worked!'—and everyone is supposed to be charged up. Our big problem is how to inspire the men day after day. The astronauts are here a good deal to test out the LMs, and that helps. A while ago, we handed out tie clips with a little model of the LM on them. *That* cheered everyone up for a couple of days."

When it came to describing the LM, Attridge had to resort to the model on his tie clip, since the LMs below were so hard to see inside their scaffolds. The LM looks something like a mosquito without wings. Everything about the LM is buglike in some way, though different parts look as if they came from different bugs. The four long, spindly legs are like spiders', and the feet—round dishes—are like water beetles'. The men working on the spacecraft constantly refer to it as "the bug." The design, unfamiliar and confusing at first, takes no trouble to conceal the fact that the LM is the most complex spacecraft ever made. Until the space age actually dawned, all designs for spaceships were streamlined. Even the Gemini and Mercury capsules were shaped something like bullets, because they were flown, at least part of the time, in the earth's atmosphere. The LM is the first manned vehicle designed to fly only in space, and therefore it doesn't have to be designed aerodynamically. In this sense, Attridge said, it is the first true manned spacecraft. Although the LM weighs sixteen tons and stands almost twenty-three feet tall, it is delicate-looking. It appears to be squatting on its four

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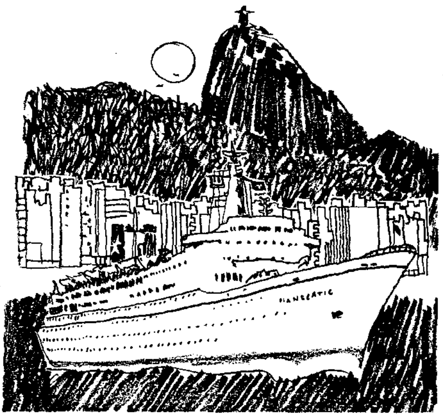

legs and wearing a startled expression on its face. Two windows in front are much like eyes wide with alarm, and a hatch looks like a mouth open in shocked surprise. On top, there is a welter of antennas, just as there might be on the head of an insect. The lower half of the LM, the descent stage, is an octagonal platform that has in its hollow center the powerful rocket engine that will lower the craft onto the moon. When the descent stage has landed the LM, it will serve as a launching pad for the ascent stage. The ascent stage is rounded and bumpy with electronic equipment shielded under a thin aluminum skin; it is built around the astronauts' cabin, a cylinder laid on its side that is about four times as big as a barrel. Out of sight behind the astronauts is the ascent rocket, which is to blast the ascent stage off the moon, into orbit, and eventually into rendezvous with the command module.

If it is difficult to make out the anatomy of an LM on a tie clip, where it is skewered like a beetle in a museum showcase, it is almost impossible to do so with the real article when the outer skin is off, revealing the intricacies of the machinery. This was the case with LM-5, which we had a good view of, since it was in the first scaffolding on our right. From the equipment bay, at the rear of the ascent stage, floods of golden wire cascaded in a bewildering tangle. Yellow posts, the attachments for mounting the outer skin, stuck out all over. Thick red padding shielded the round fuel tanks. "What a complex little creature it is!" said Attridge, who, though he lives with LMs about twelve hours a day, never ceases to marvel at them and clearly has no morale problem of his own. LM-5 is the first one that has the capability of landing on the moon, provided LM-3's flight goes off without a glitch.

Attridge suggested that we go down for a closer look at LM-3. On the way, we passed through a room in which two technicians in white uniforms were looking through microscopes. Attridge said that they were checking up on the dirt content of the clean room. In space, any dust would float free in the cabin, creating a never-ending blizzard of grime. By the door to the clean room, whose atmosphere has to be filtered against particles one hundred and fifty times as small as the smallest that the eye can see, a card advertised a class in anti-contamination with the come-on "Get away from it all!" Presumably, what one would be getting away from was the dirt described in a pamphlet pressed on all comers:

> YOU—*People* are the greatest potential source of contamination in aerospace production facilities. Our bodies are continuously throwing off skin particles and broken hairs—millions of them in just minutes! Our every movement during work *increases* this rate of discard. The clean room is no place for horse-play, personal grooming, or even mild exercising—this could release as many as 30,000,000 *measurable* particles.

Moving cautiously, I donned a smock and a hat (blue, for visitors), and then I glanced through another decontamination pamphlet, featuring a devilish red elf called the gremlem. The gremlem, fanged and carrying a pitchfork—he was apparently the space-age grandchild of the gremlin who tampered mischievously with airplanes made during the Second World War—leered wickedly from the cover of the pamphlet, which was entitled "The Gremlem Knows." Gremlems know, among other things, that contamination has been responsible for seventy per cent of all missile failures, and that failure has been traced back to a fingerprint. This information is designed to dramatize the importance of wearing gloves, since the oils in human skin can remove the thin coatings that cover all the parts of the LM for protection against corrosion. While Attridge was putting on his smock and a white hat (for management), he said that entering the clean room always made him feel dirty. He frowned as he stood in an electric shoe-polishing machine that did away with any lint on his feet.

Attridge explained that LM-3 was in the final phase of production. The men were buttoning up the ship. Covers and hatches that had been left off for better access were being put on, and so were the final sections of the thin aluminum skin. In the cabin, the men were putting in the final control panels and dials. In a couple of weeks, LM-3 was to be ready for McDivitt and Schweickart to put it through some tests. This was to be a full-dress affair, including inflated space suits, which have to "interface"—a space-age verb meaning, roughly, to coördinate—with equipment in the cabin. After further tests, LM-3 was to go to Cape Kennedy

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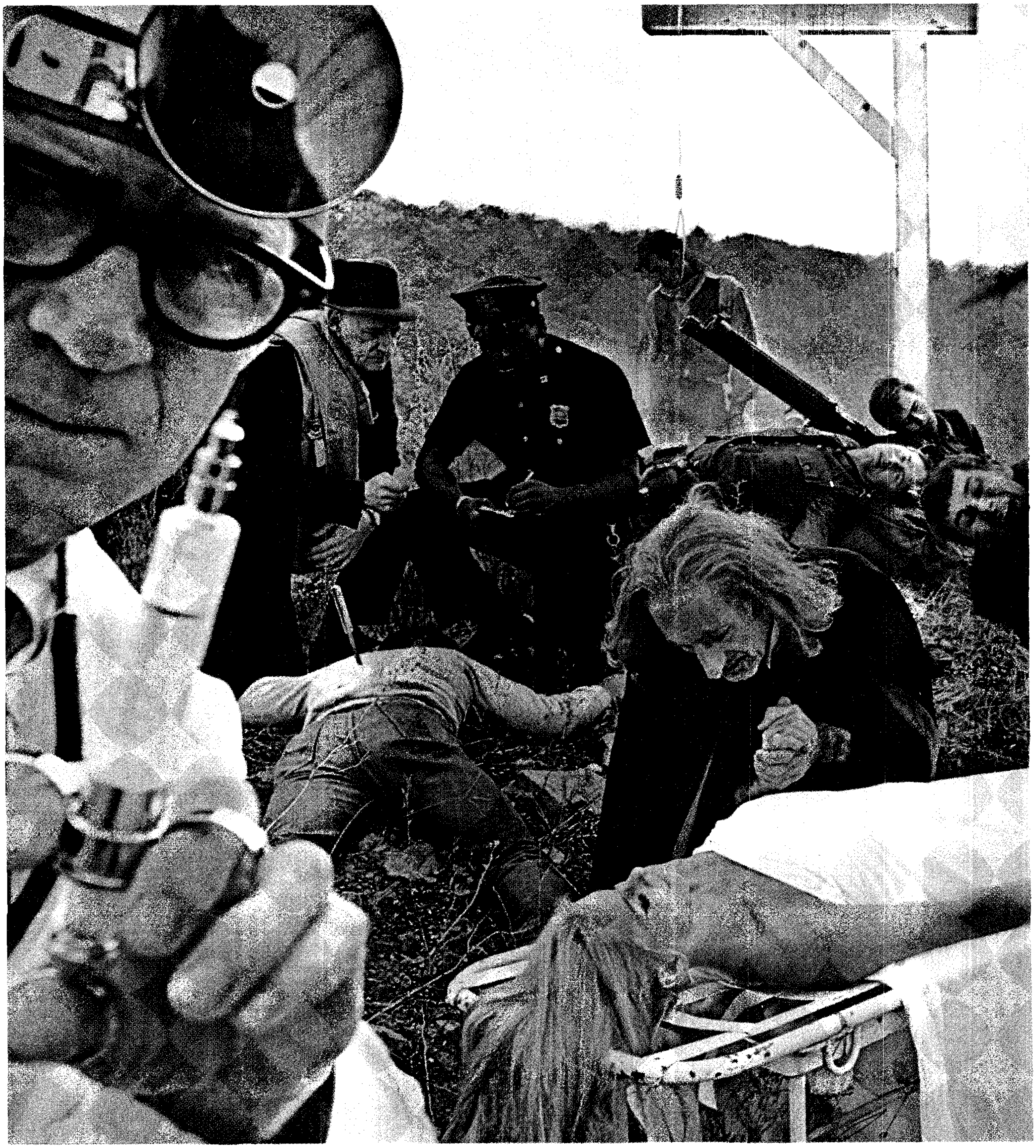

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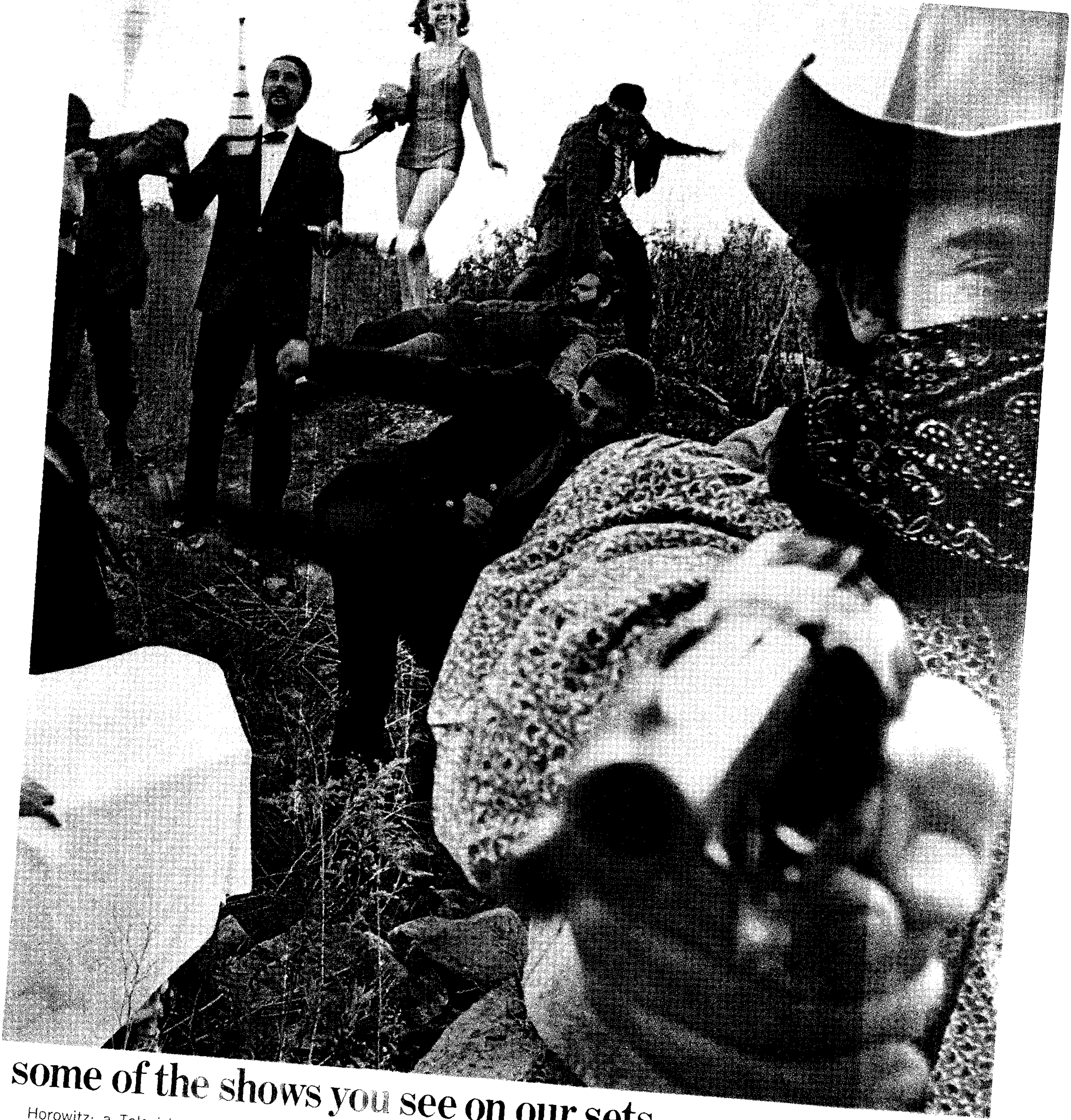

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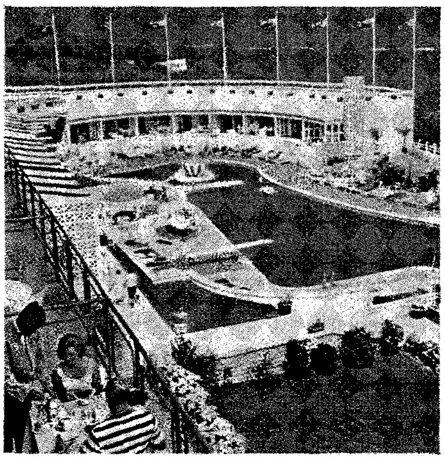

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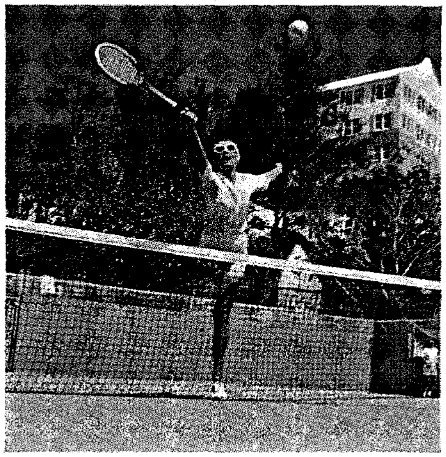

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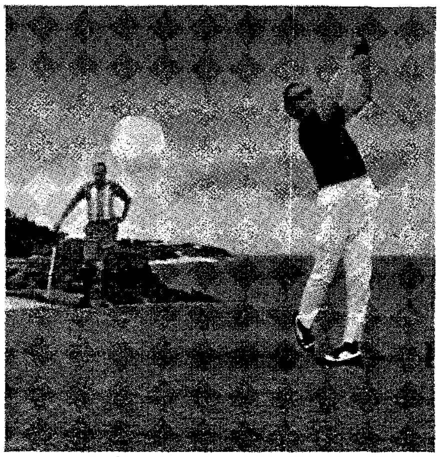

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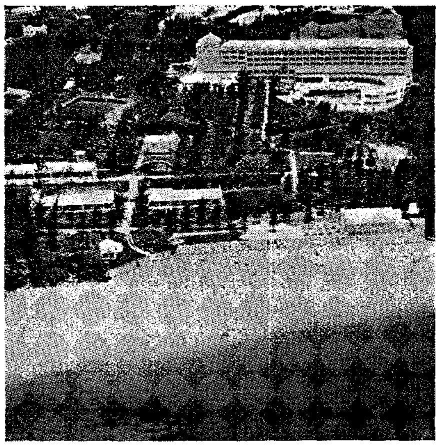

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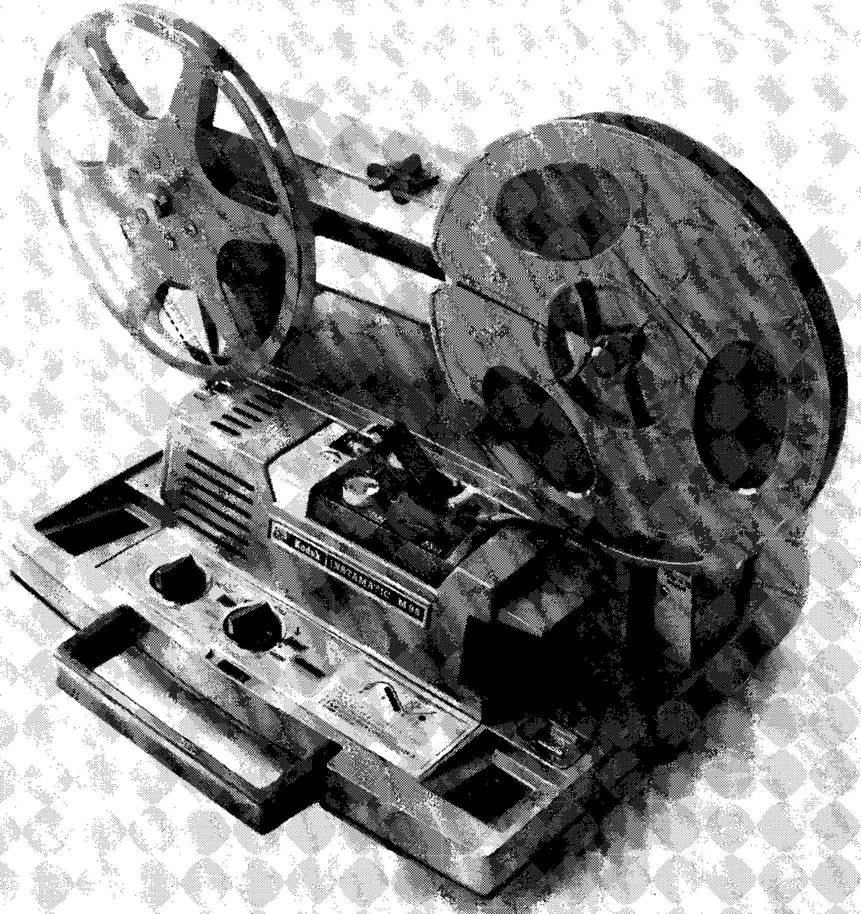
and eventually take its place in the Apollo 9 spacecraft on top of a Saturn V rocket in what spacemen call the stack, which is where it is now.

When I saw it, however, LM-3 was still a long way from being buttoned up, let alone stacked up, and the technicians were under considerable pressure to meet deadlines. A harassed-looking man named Anthony Stanziale, an engineer on LM-3, intercepted Attridge when we entered the clean room. He was wearing a white hat like Attridge's and carried a clipboard. He said he had been on the job until midnight the day before, supervising what he called the de-mate of LM-3, which meant disconnecting the descent stage from under the ascent stage and moving it across the clean room to where it was now. He sounded about as happy as if he had been involved in arranging a divorce, or, as it might be called around the clean room, a de-wedding. He said irritably, "Can't you get NASA to let up a little on the schedule? Let's try to get some sort of human working conditions," and Attridge said calmly he would see what he could do. Stanziale then reported that there had been a conflict that morning between three groups of technicians, all of whom wanted to get into LM-3's cabin at the same time. One group of electricians had wanted to get into the small tunnel leading to the docking hatch in order to install some instruments; a second group of electricians had said they needed to replace part of the wiring behind a control panel; and the third group, specialists in instrumentation, had wanted to replace five switches on a control panel. Stanziale said the chances were that the switches were perfectly all right. Apparently, a similar switch somewhere else had failed, and, according to NASA regulations, one failure of one switch was enough to cast suspicion on all switches like it.

"Around here, if a light bulb blows, you can't just throw it out," Attridge said when Stanziale had gone. "You have to run a failure analysis first. You might find that it blew because of a momentary surge of power, which, in turn, would suggest a fault somewhere else." These regulations, Attridge said, sometimes frayed men's tempers.

Attridge gently thumped the side of LM-3's descent stage, as he might once have kicked the tires of a plane. The legs, which might have been kicked in lieu of tires, weren't in place yet; a man on a stepladder was working on one of the four sets of struts they would be attached to, though, and two



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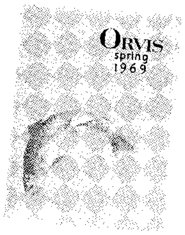

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of the legs, each twelve feet long, were leaning against a beam like a pair of stilts. The descent engine is supposed to set the LM down on the moon with no more than the jolt of a three-foot jump on earth, but, even so, the legs are designed to have plenty of give. Built to telescope down, they are packed with an aluminum material like a honeycomb that squashes under compression, so that the LM will settle on the moon almost imperceptibly, without even a bounce. The legs end in round dishes thirty-seven inches in diameter, to prevent the LM from sinking into what might be a mushy lunar surface—a precaution still thought necessary, even though it is now believed that most of the moon's surface is the consistency of hard-packed sand. Some people have expressed concern that the descent rocket's flame might melt the ground beneath the LM, weakening it so that the craft might tilt. If the LM tilts more than thirty degrees, the ascent stage won't be able to take off again.

The descent stage—the octagonal platform with its rocket in the middle—is fourteen feet across and ten and a half feet high. Attridge walked around to the foot of a staircase in the scaffolding. The ladder the astronauts would use to climb down to the moon was not in place yet—a lucky thing, Attridge said, since so much metal had been pared from it to save weight that on earth it would buckle under the weight of a man. At the foot of the staircase, we put on disposable plastic gloves, a pile of which are kept there in a box. "I can see why the guys bitch so much about wearing gloves," he said, his fingers wiggling inside the clear plastic. The gloves soon felt gummy inside. The top of the descent stage was flat. Through a slit at the center, I could see the descent engine, a glistening bell six feet tall. It is the only rocket that can be throttled like the engine of a car, enabling the astronauts to hover over the moon while they pick the right spot for landing. Four tanks surrounded LM-3's descent rocket—two for fuel (a blend of two types of hydrazine) and two for the oxidizer (nitrogen tetroxide). "All you need for the engine to ignite is for the two propellants to come together, and then—*pow!*" Attridge told me exuberantly, striking his hands together. The descent engine goes *pow!* with ten thousand pounds of thrust, and the ascent engine does it with only thirty-five hundred pounds—an indication of how much weight is to be left behind on the moon. The rockets

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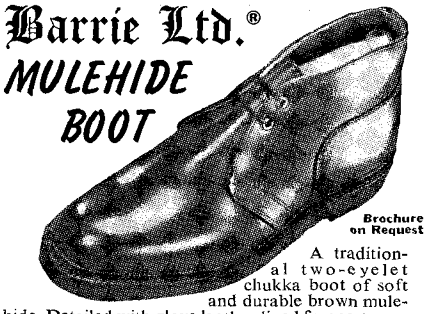

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are far weaker than would be needed for an earth landing and takeoff. The burn of the ascent engine before it takes off is called the fire in the hole. In the center of the descent stage, just over the engine, was the hole itself, actually more of a dip than a hole, being a large shallow tray of titanium, which is to shield the descent stage from the blast of the ascent rocket. The astronauts don't care what happens to the descent stage after they take off.

A man in a yellow hat was tying together a sheaf of black and gold wires with a white cord. The wires would form the main electrical connection between the descent stage and the ascent stage, and the night before, when LM-3 was de-mated, they had been carefully disconnected. On the moon, disconnecting the wires would be done more abruptly. The wires snaked through a sort of guillotine, which would sever them just before the ascent stage was launched. When the electrician had fastened the last bit of cord, he cleaned up after himself with a portable vacuum cleaner and then counted his tools before putting them in a plastic bag. "If you come up with six tools, you'd better be sure you come down with six," he said, clearly looking for an approving nod from Attridge, which he got. The men had to be painstakingly careful of equipment, to the extent that if anyone dropped even a tiny washer all hands had to stop work and search for it. The men were extremely reliable about reporting errors like this, however minor, Attridge said. He bent down to look at the tie cord the electrician had been using—a glasslike material, called Beta, which had been covered with Teflon. Because of the fire in an Apollo command module at Cape Kennedy two years ago, when three astronauts lost their lives, there had been a number of alterations in spacecraft design, most of which had filtered back from the command modules to the LMs. One of the changes involved Beta, which is fireproof. Previously, wires had been bound together by flammable cord, tied along the wires in a series of half hitches, which could carry flames from one part of the spacecraft to another like a long fuse. New ways of doing things are constantly coming back along the assembly line from the older LMs to the newer ones, so that the LM that finally goes to the moon will be the best possible model available.

A huge mechanical face with a somewhat elfin expression peered from

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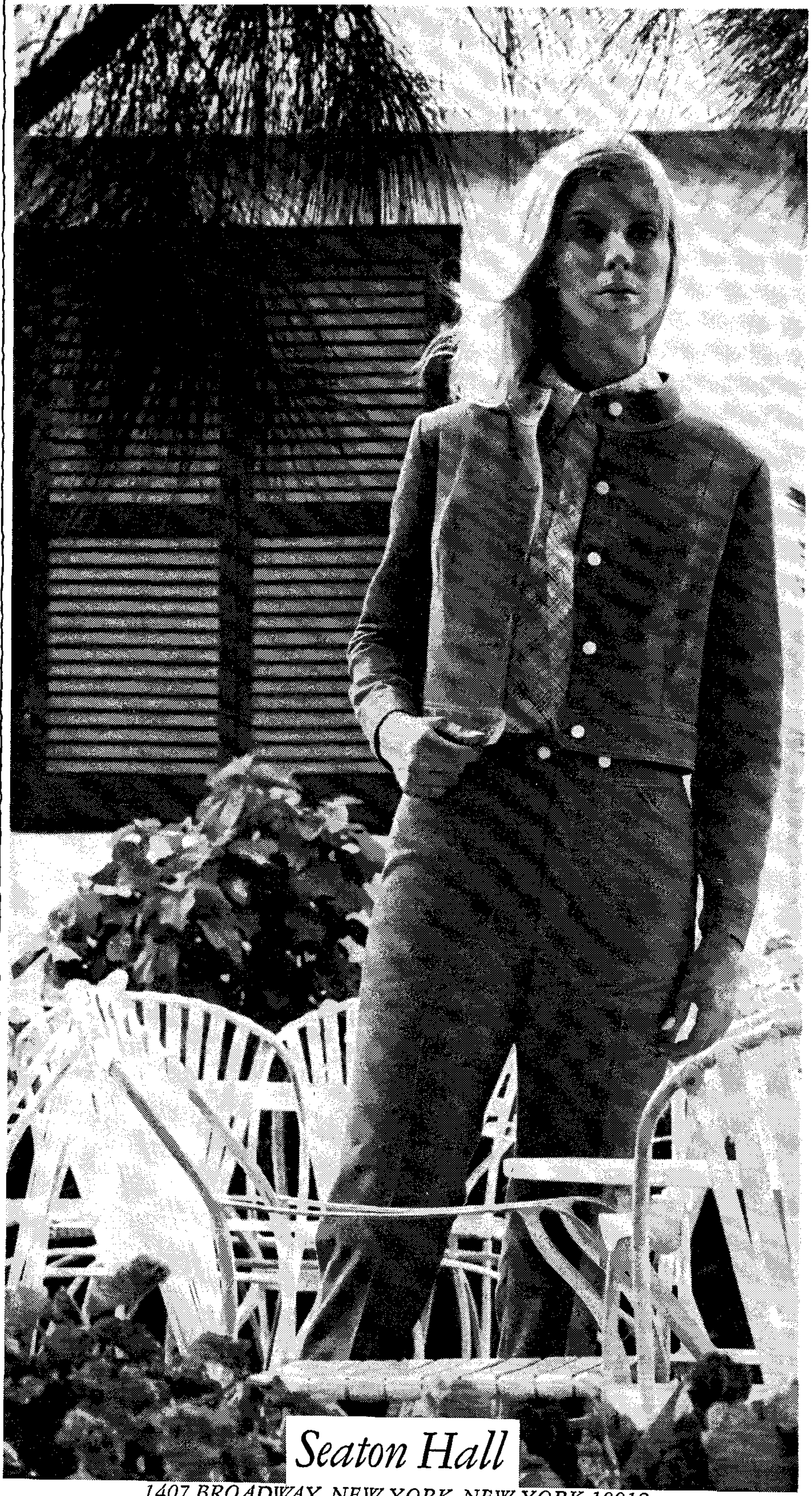

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behind the bars of LM-2's scaffolding, across the way. Seen head on, LM-2 had an even more realistic face than the one on Attridge's tie clip. Between the two windows, an antenna hooked down over the hatch like a nose. On either side, small jets stuck out like ears. In designing a totally new object, men had, perhaps unconsciously, made it in their own image. LM-2 was all buttoned up, ready for shipment on three days' notice to the Cape. Attridge said that although it had been announced that NASA might not fly LM-2, because of the success of LM-1, he would like to see it go up, since two unmanned tests were bound to be better than one. He wants every margin of safety for LM-3. (LM-2 subsequently went to Houston for what are known as stack tests, on the ground.) There is a good chance that nearly all of the fifteen LMs Grumman is building will eventually go aloft, for after the first successful landing on the moon NASA would like to send three manned LMs to the moon every year. LMs may have other uses, too, perhaps serving as taxis to take men back and forth between space stations. Elsewhere at Grumman, engineers were studying the mechanics of space-station docking. This project is part of the Apollo Applications Program, which seeks other uses for Apollo equipment (part of a Saturn rocket discarded in earth orbit might become a space station, for instance) in an effort to stretch as far as possible the twenty-four billion dollars being spent on Apollo.

After climbing down the scaffolding, Attridge went to check on some of the external aluminum skin for LM-3 that was stacked on shelves nearby. Crinkling it back and forth, he told me that the skin was extraordinarily thin, being only four one-thousandths of an inch thick. Thin as it was, he said, it was considered strong enough for its tasks, one of which would be to act as a shield against micrometeorites—tiny particles shooting through space at speeds of up to forty thousand feet a second. (It used to be thought that space was full of zooming micrometeorites, but that has not yet proved to be so.) Farther along, Attridge came to some piles of aluminized Kapton, a tough golden film that is to be packed inside the skin in blankets up to twenty-five layers thick, as insulation for the cabin. In its hour-long flight down from orbit, the LM will pass from temperatures close to absolute zero to as high as two hundred and fifty degrees Fahrenheit, which is the temperature of the lunar day—a change of about seven hundred degrees—but the Kapton is expected to keep the cabin temperature at a steady seventy degrees. If the Kapton should be packed in the wrong way, the astronauts could roast or freeze—a possibility for trouble that gremlems are said to be well aware of.

At the foot of the scaffold surrounding LM-3's ascent stage, we were intercepted by a foreman, Al Zarod, who made sure that we were wearing gloves, and that the glasses I was wearing were firmly tied at the back of my neck, so that there was no chance of their dropping into the intricate maze of wires. Examining Attridge for dirt and loose particles, Zarod tucked some stray hairs firmly under Attridge's cap, with the words "No hippies here." His manner indicated that he considered the ascent stage even more delicate than the descent stage. When we had climbed the scaffold, Attridge walked around to the back of the ascent stage, where the aft equipment bay lay open, its wires and circuits exposed in a glittering array of strong, simple colors. Green tags hung from golden wires to mark where they had recently been glued with epoxy. Gray and golden boxes—inappropriately known as black boxes—were filled with electronic components for the communications and computer systems. "How colorful it is!" Attridge said, with feeling. But the colors, the intricate wiring, and the years of work are all destined to go up in smoke. After testing the Apollo vehicle in earth orbit, the astronauts will return to earth in the command module, leaving LM-3 to burn up in the atmosphere, like LM-1. Attridge remarked that this did not help the men's morale particularly.

Attridge stopped to examine a set of four funnel-shaped objects jutting from one side of the spacecraft; this was one of four similar sets of small rockets that are to correct the rolling, pitching, and yawing of the LM. Collectively, they form the Reaction Control System, or R.C.S. Each small R.C.S. rocket has a thrust of one hundred pounds. In earlier plans for the LM, the R.C.S. rockets were to be controlled only by an automatic pilot, which would have fired the rockets a good deal of the time and used up a good deal of fuel. The astronauts, who have been consulted on the design of the LMs from the start, suggested that they would feel freer than the automatic pilot to let the craft drift this way and that, bringing it back to its right position with fewer bursts from the rockets, thus saving fuel. The R.C.S. can now be operated by the astronauts as well as by the automatic pilot.

The square hatch into the cabin was open, for its door, one of the last items to be installed, was not yet in place. The hatch door opens inward so that the pressure inside the LM will keep it shut during flight. To leave the LM after landing, the astronauts will crawl through the hatch and across a sort of drawbridge—the engineers call it the front porch—that leads to the top of the ladder that will run down one leg. The material covering the drawbridge has been tested against the material on the soles of the astronauts' boots to prevent slipping. The astronauts could, of course, jump from the hatch to the lunar surface—a distance of eleven feet, which is a small hop on the moon—but they might fall and rip their space suits on a lunar rock. The inflated suits, which are filled with pure oxygen, as is the LM's cabin, are to keep the astronauts' bodies at an earthlike pressure and temperature, and a rip would be disastrous. The inflated suits render the astronauts slightly cumbersome, like balloons in a Macy's parade, and since ripping is a major concern, the hatch and all other parts of the ship that the astronauts are likely to go near have been scrutinized carefully to eliminate sharp surfaces.

The gap between the scaffold and the cabin was spanned by what Attridge called a diving board—an aluminum plank that the technicians sometimes lie on to get at difficult places. Reportedly, technicians have even been hung by their feet to reach some particularly awkward spots. The cabin, strangely hushed, was brightly lit by an electrician's lamp, revealing row upon row of dials and buttons on all sides. Crowded inside the cabin were three men, who had just finished replacing the five suspect switches that Stanziale had mentioned. One of the men who had a ruddy face that was nicely set off by his yellow hat, said they were just leaving to make room for the technicians who would install the netting for the restraint system that would prevent things from drifting about inside the cabin and disappearing behind other things. The three men looked uncomfortably restrained themselves. "You have to know yoga to work in here," said one electrician, whose legs

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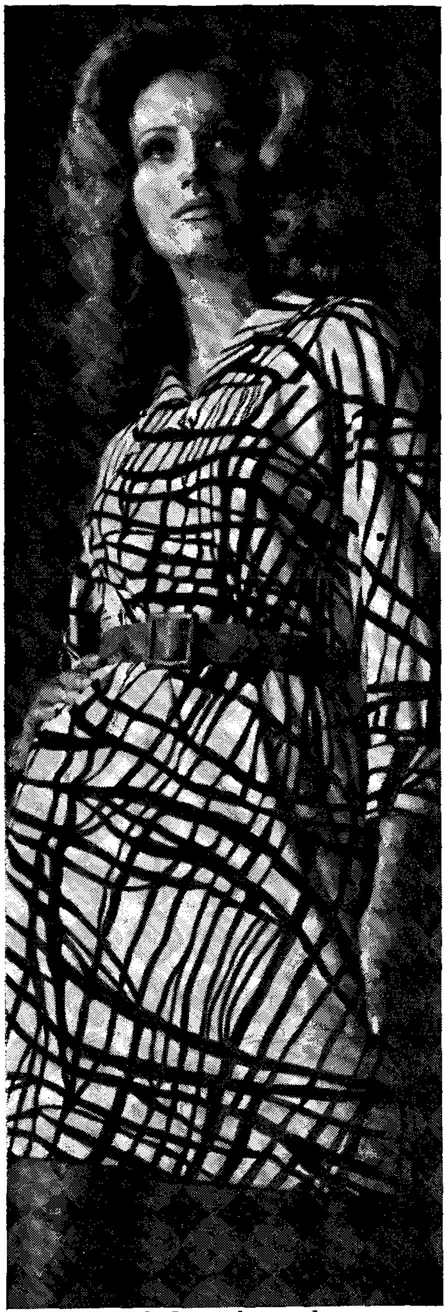

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were folded like a Buddha's. "You have to be in good shape for this job. No old men around here!" Then, glancing at Attridge through the hatch, he suddenly seemed quite embarrassed by what he had said. Attridge, who looks about thirty, is in fact forty-five—practically a geriatrics case in the space business.

The LM's cabin is a cylinder seven feet eight inches in diameter, though there are so many irregularities that the interior doesn't seem cylindrical. There are no seats in the LM for the astronauts. Seats had been included in the original plans, but the astronauts came to the decision—a revolutionary one in spacecraft design—that seats were not necessary. In space capsules, seats are used primarily to help absorb the gravity forces of takeoffs and landings, but on the moon the shock of landing will presumably be negligible. Since the LM's flight down from lunar orbit will take only about an hour, the astronauts will hardly need chairs to rest in. In space, chairs don't contribute much to rest anyway, for the astronauts can simply hover in a sitting or lying position whenever they want, and even when the spacecraft is on the surface of the moon, gravity should be no strain for earthlings, who are used to six times as much. During their stay on the moon, the astronauts are supposed to sleep before they set out for about three hours of exploration. The astronauts will have a tiring time on the moon, exploring, collecting rock samples, and delivering a running travelogue over the radio.

The controls of the LM looked like a jet airliner's, but Attridge assured me that they were far more complex. To me, none of the panels looked as if it would win any prizes for safety in design, even in Detroit, for a formidable array of buttons, knobs, and dials jutted out everywhere. Most of the fixtures were made of unusual materials guaranteed not to be guilty of outgassing—the tendency of many substances, when placed in a vacuum, to exude chemicals, such as benzene, that are flammable or could be toxic to the astronauts. The LM's designers consulted the astronauts very heavily when it came to laying out the control panels. In the cabin, the LM pilot is to stand on the right and the LM commander on the left. Each man will have his own set of controls, though some of the controls, mostly those having to do with computer guidance and navigation, are in the center, where both men can get at them. One instrument that the designers at first put in

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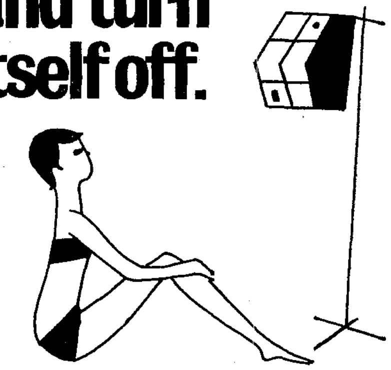

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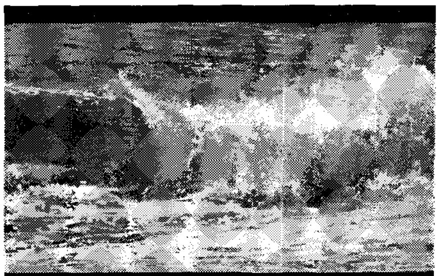

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the middle was considered of such importance by the astronauts that they asked to have one put on each side. This is an instrument the astronauts call the eight ball—a free-floating ball, marked with longitudinal and latitudinal lines, like a terrestrial globe, that behaves a little like the bubble in a carpenter's level and will serve to show the attitude of the spacecraft in relation to the lunar horizon. Between the astronauts is the Alignment Optical Telescope, a sort of space sextant, which tells the astronauts their position by getting a fix on three or four of a number of stars that have been selected, in respect to brightness and availability, in such a way that the LM, no matter which side of the moon it is on, will never lack enough of them to take bearings on. Near the Alignment Optical Telescope, but on the outside of LM-3, is a radar unit for controlling the docking of the ascent stage with the command module, and inside LM-3, behind the commander, there is a guidance computer that can handle functions like plotting the rendezvous with the command module. In the center, the most prominent button is a black-and-yellow one ominously labelled "Abort," which, in case of trouble during the landing, can cut short the mission by severing the descent stage and firing the ascent engine for rendezvous. It was during a simulated abort in the LM-1 tests that a glitch in a computer shut off the ascent engine too soon. Although the automatic-guidance system can land the LM on the moon without the astronauts' help, Attridge says that from what he knows of test pilots, the astronauts will want to take it in all the way by hand. He pointed out the controls for manual landing—a lever to correct roll, pitch, and yaw, and one for the descent-rocket throttle. "It flies just like a stupid airplane," he said. Coming from Attridge, this was clearly the highest praise. He ran his fingers lovingly across controls labelled "Azimuth," "Elevation," and "Suit Temperature," all of which were rounded off so that there would be no sharp edges to rip the astronauts' gloves.

Originally, four front windows had been planned for the LM, but another of the advantages of doing away with seats was to do away with two of the windows as well. Standing up, the astronauts will be closer to the windows than they would have been in seats, and consequently they will need a smaller area to look through. The elimination of the two windows not only reduces weight but makes the

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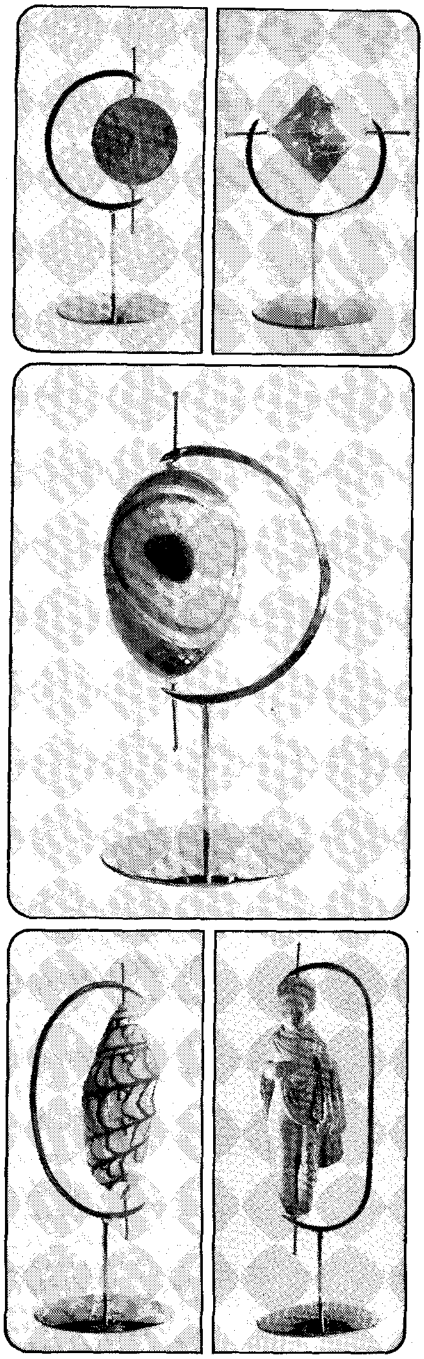

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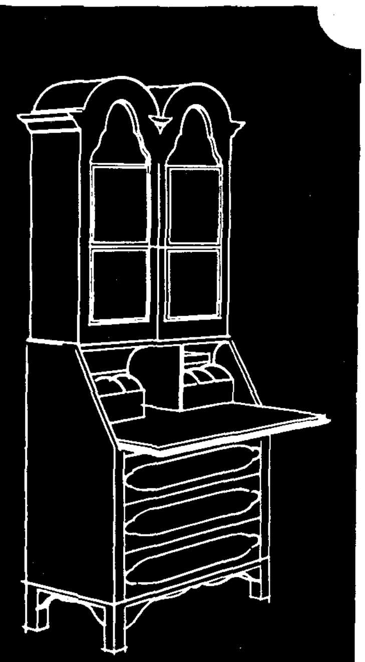
structure of the LM stronger. The windows, each two layers of high-strength glass, are slanted inward at the bottom to give a better view straight down toward the moon's surface during landing. NASA has announced five possible landing sites, but it will be up to the astronauts, peering through the windows, to pick the exact spot where the craft will settle down. For the best visibility, the LM will land at dawn of the lunar day, when the sun, low on the horizon, casts giant shadows, throwing the moon's surface into the strongest relief. Modifications had to be made in the LM to suit this time of landing. The danger of sunlight's coming directly through the windows into the cabin—what the astronauts call sunshafting—is particularly great when the sun is low on the horizon, and accordingly the LM's windows are provided with thick shades of a plastic film called Aclar. In space, sunlight is so intense that sunshafting could cause blindness. The daylight landing makes for problems in insulation, too. Originally, the planners had hoped to land the LM during earthshine, when a portion of the moon is bathed only in light reflected from the earth and therefore is about two hundred and sixty degrees cooler than it is in sunshine. However, the mission planners have come to feel that the light from earthshine isn't strong enough. (The Apollo 8 astronauts came to this same conclusion, for they were unable to see much detail on the moon's surface during earthshine, even though it is seventeen times brighter than moonlight on earth.) By earthshine or sunshine, the LM's visit to the moon will, of course, be a risky business. The designers have tried to anticipate trouble with redundant systems and circuits of all sorts, so that almost any electrical impulse can be rerouted and almost any function taken over by a duplicate system. Accordingly, anything that goes wrong has to go seriously wrong—so seriously that NASA is planning no rescue flight to pick up stranded astronauts. Though the LM is designed to be capable of supporting life for forty-eight hours—twice as long as the planned stay on the moon—Attridge remarked succinctly, "If I were the crew, I'd just wet my tootsies and get back."

Directly over the LM commander's head, there is a narrow slit of a window, to be used on the return flight for docking with the command module, which the LM is to approach top foremost. In the ceiling just behind the cabin, over the ascent engine, there is



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a small passageway covered by the docking hatch—the doorway to the command module. When the astronaut left behind in the command module first spots the returning LM, he will be able to tell which way it is headed by five colored lights, called docking lights, that are to shine from the LM like the running lights on a ship. Among the jagged antennas on the roof, there is a metal T on the end of a rod, like a cattle brand, which is the docking target that the astronaut in the command module will zero in on. In case there is any difficulty with docking, a handrail runs along the roof of the LM to guide the astronauts to the command module by an external route. Recently, someone noticed that the railing led right by a spiny antenna that could slash a suit, and the sharp ends of the antenna are now capped with metal balls. "We try to think of everything," Attridge said.

At the clean-room door, where we turned in our smocks and peeled off our plastic gloves, a man had just arrived who was wearing a pair of light-blue coveralls with the NASA emblem, a whizzing satellite, sewed onto the breast pocket. A notebook and several pens stuck out of another pocket at the bottom of his left pantleg. Attridge identified him as Fred W. Haise, Jr., who was then the backup pilot for LM-3. Haise had an all-American, picture-poster kind of good looks. The Apollo 8 astronauts named a crater on the moon after him. To Attridge, Haise and the other Apollo astronauts represent, even more than NASA does, what he calls "the client." He told me, with just a trace of wistfulness, that Haise and the others will need to know even more about the LM than he does. Haise had already spent more than a hundred hours in the LM-3's cabin and had just flown up from Houston to put in a little more time. He exchanged a few words with Attridge, and then, as he headed for the LM-3, he said, "I think we're going to have a great little spacecraft." Attridge beamed.

—Henry S. F. Cooper, Jr.

•

London (AP) — Agatha Christie's play "The Mousetrap" starts its 17th year next Monday.

More than 2½ million tickets have been sold since the murder mystery opened Nov. 25, 1952, when Harry S. Truman was prime minister.

—*Tallahassee Democrat.*

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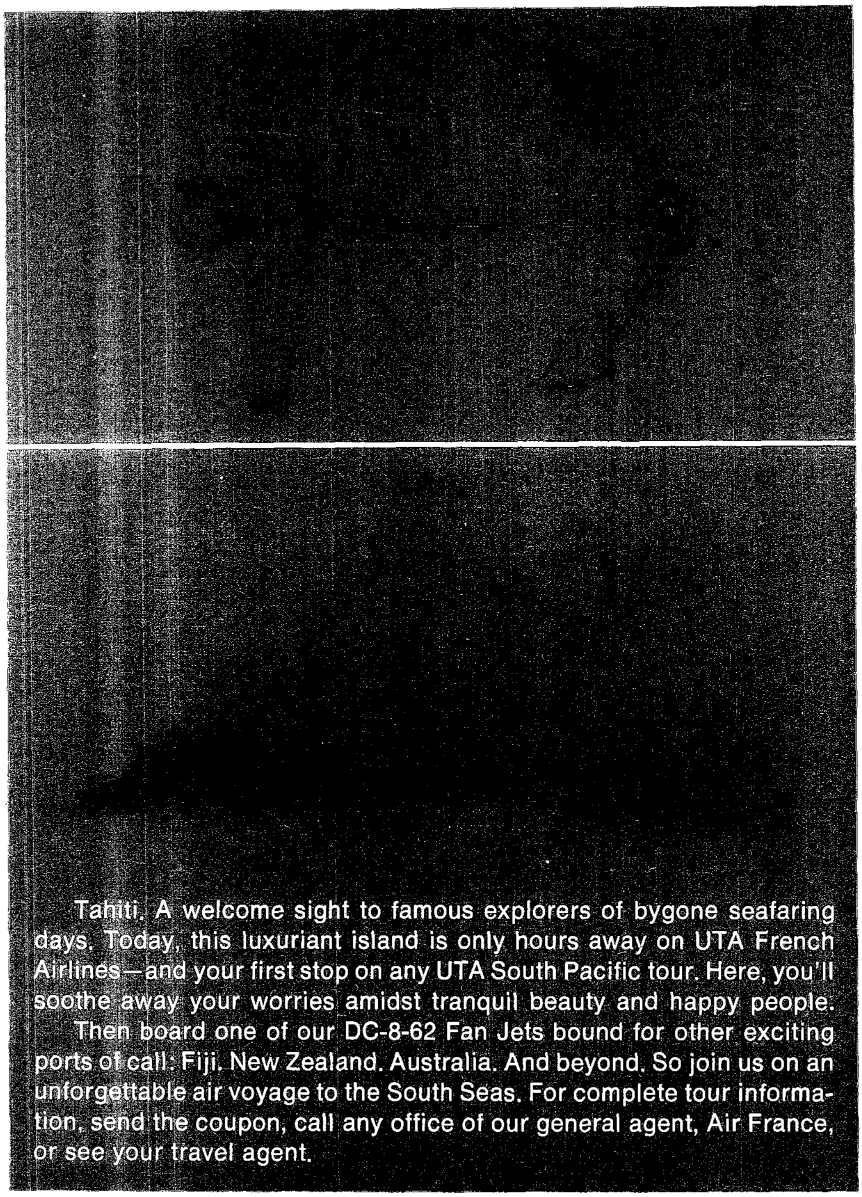

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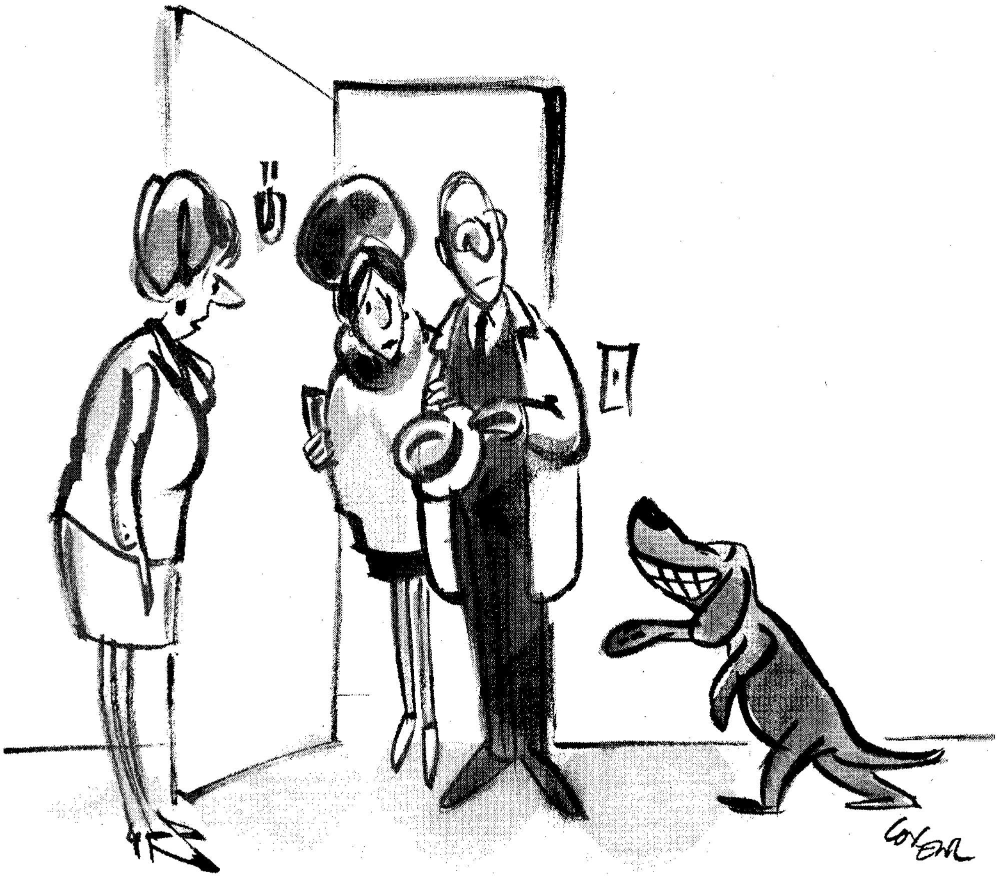
THE THEATRE

IN VAIN

IN any relationship, including the one between the performers of a play and their audience, a moment may be reached when the desire to please is seen to have become the desire to placate. No matter how hard people work thereafter at pretending otherwise, the moment can be taken as a sign that the relationship is doomed. The attractive cast of a musical called "The Fig Leaves Are Falling," which lasted three miserable days at the Broadhurst, having spent a few seconds at the start of the show trying to please us, spent the balance of the evening trying to placate us—alas, in vain. With a courage that Chinese Gordon might have envied, the actors, headed by Barry Nelson, Dorothy Loudon, and Jenny O'Hara, did everything they and their director, George Abbott, could think of to be entertaining, but by an ancient irony the more they sought to beguile us, the greater the gulf that yawned between them and us. They stood on the apron of the stage and prattled with professional winsomeness; on several occasions, they urged the audience to indicate its opinion of the proceedings by a show of hands (a show of thumbs, all down, would have been appropriate); and at one *very* low point, a lottery of the ticket stubs collected at that performance was held, after which Mr. Nelson awarded a roast chicken to ticket-holder B-3—a lady from Sarasota, who sounded understandably dismayed by her good fortune. When a serious and talented actor like Barry Nelson is reduced to handing out roast chickens, the suspicion is bound to arise that the play we are watching is not one of classic stature.

The chief begetter of the disaster of "The Fig Leaves Are Falling" was the author of its book and lyrics, Allan Sherman. (The harmless music was by Albert Hague.) From heaven knows where, Mr. Sherman exhumed the wasted cadaver of a story about a Larchmont couple whose twenty-year-old marriage is wrecked by a mindless girl's attempt to lure the husband into his first, fumbling experiments with infidelity. Somebody said once of a bad movie that it had set back the course of adultery by twenty years; Mr. Sherman certainly hasn't helped it. If there is anything I do not want to hear discussed with candor onstage or off, it is the sex life of a middle-aged couple in Larchmont. The fact is that, thanks to Mr. Sherman and his butterfingered literary bodysnatching, I do not even want to hear Larchmont discussed with candor onstage or off. It is a pleasant place to visit—I myself used to pay calls on an old gentleman there who played a wicked theremin in his wacky castle on the edge of the water, and who had the peculiar distinction of having been the first man ever to drive a car through the streets of Detroit—and it may well be a pleasant place to live, but "The Fig Leaves Are Falling" dealt it a blow in my mind that the town will be many years recovering from. —BRENDAN GILL



"Ignore him. Since he learned to shake hands, he's been impossible."

OFF BROADWAY

At Home with Merlin

CHARLES DIZENZO, author of "An Evening for Merlin Finch," at the Forum, is a playwright, and one who knows what he is doing. That he is doing satire is, of course, an extra satisfaction—true comedy in place of the facetiousness, kidding, and fancifulness that, with a few exceptions, infest the Off Broadway theatre—and although he plows familiar fields, he is funny in a wholly original way. "An Evening for Merlin Finch," which is the second of a pair of his one-acters, deals with the horrors of family life—with the warfare, both guerrilla and open, primarily between father and son but also between mother and grandmother. The characters are, and are meant to be, types. When the play opens, Mother is sitting with a hair dryer wrapped around her head, loudly singing "Some Enchanted Evening" and stopping occasionally to weep over a heart-render in a ladies' magazine. Father, a businessman—at one point, he gives us an extremely savage and funny rundown of his humdrum working day—cannot stand his son. Merlin, the son, is a teen-ager who prefers books and band practice to team sports, and whose dislike of his father is just as overt. The role is given exactly the right sulky, simmering performance by a gangly young man named James Cahill, who, in the funniest scene of the play, is called upon to deliver a solo on the bassoon, which he does un-

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der protest but with scowling dedication. Mr. Cahill also doubles as Merlin's elongated, spooky grandmother, who tortures Mother by telling her how ugly she is. Mother spends most of her time trying to make peace between father and son. ("That must be Fanny and Jack," she says when the doorbell rings in the midst of a row. "Calm down, and be more typical.") The play has no plot to speak of, which doesn't matter a bit. There is a lot of nutty stage business, all of which pays off, but it is Mr. Dizenzo's stylish humor and control of language that are so encouraging. Sada Thompson and Jerome Dempsey are just about perfect as Merlin's parents, and Edward Crowley, Priscilla Pointer, and Paul Rudd do well as some people who come to call on them.

"A Great Career," which opens the evening, is about the horrors of office life—the boredom, the abortive revolutions, and the betrayals—and while it has its funny moments, the ideas are more obvious and the humor is sometimes forced. Here *two* actors double as women. Philip Bosco plays the pompous boss and, in a blue knit dress, the boss's gruff secretary. R. G. Brown plays a sissy typist and a pesky old lady. Mary Louise Wilson is good in the leading role, of another secretary, driven all but out of her mind by the combination of her job and her colleagues. "A Great Career" is a lesser effort than "Merlin Finch," but in both plays Mr. Dizenzo's characters and their lives of garrulous desperation are entertaining, and often more than that. George Sherman was the director.

"TO BE YOUNG, GIFTED AND BLACK," which opened last week at the Cherry Lane, is an oral anthology from the writings of Lorraine Hansberry, the young, highly gifted, and black dramatist who died several years ago, at the age of thirty-four, with a desk full of unfinished or unproduced work and a head full of plans. The selections, which are read and acted out by a cast of eight, are from her wonderful "A Raisin in the Sun" and her not quite so successful "The Sign in Sidney Brustein's Window," from a number of unproduced plays, and from her diaries and letters and recollections, and they have been adapted by Robert Nemiroff, who was at one time married to her, to form a kind of biography of her. Anything about Lorraine Hansberry is bound to be interesting and moving and bracing, but I'm afraid I did not like the show as much as I wanted to, partly, perhaps, because the performance as a whole is not quite good enough; partly, perhaps, because many of the excerpts from the letters and journals are better read privately than heard, even via competent actresses; and partly, perhaps, because my memories of the original productions of "Raisin" and "Sidney Brustein" are indelible. Nevertheless, there are some effective moments. In Act I, there is a delightful scene between the young, highly impressionable Lorraine Hansberry (per the young, charming Janet League) and an Ethiopian student at her college (very well played by Andre Womble). That student turns up later in "Raisin," you'll remember, as does the adolescent playwright, in the character of Beneatha. Also in the first act is a scene in which Miss Hansberry's eccentric English teacher—a white woman, played by Barbara Baxley—encourages the young scholar and at the same time gives her loving hell for not working hard enough. And there is a touching moment when, at a student production of "Juno and the Paycock," she hears Mrs. Tancred's famous lament and realizes that what Sean O'Casey was doing is precisely what she wants to do. The best scene in the second act takes place at a party (with Cole Porter's "Just One of Those Things" as background music) and is a conversation between the now successful playwright (performed by the fiery, beautiful Cicely Tyson) and a white liberal, whose sheepish reasonableness in argument is hit off very well by Stephen Strimpell. Mr. Nemiroff and the company are at least successful in showing us the pressures and the demands—primarily of her own passionate conscience—on a Negro artist in these turbulent times, and maybe that is all that they have in mind. The settings—principally color slides projected onto the backdrop—are stylish and add a great deal in the way of atmosphere to the separate scenes. Merrill Sindler was the designer, and Stuart Bigger is responsible for the photographic effects. —EDITH OLIVER

• •

The 22-year-old Hemphill, from Bricktown, N.J., was free on $2,000 bond today after being held briefly on federal charges of transporting a stolen plane outside the country. more strenuous exercise than sharpening a pencil.
—*London (Ontario) Free Press.*

Only if you make hard work of it.

Nancy and John Seletti aren't trying to save the world. Just a little piece of it.

About a mile outside the Korean village of Ku Am there are a few dozen young, still-tender mulberry trees growing on a small hill. Someday these trees and their succulent leaves will be the heart of a new village industry—a silk raising farm. That day is still many months off, but it doesn't stop the village men from making daily inspection treks up the steep hill, just in case. Just in case something miraculous has happened since yesterday. After all, it wouldn't be the first miracle to happen in Ku Am. Everyone in the village knows the story of Chang Sook, the daughter of the widow.

Ten years ago Chang Sook's chances of survival were as slim as she was. Her father had disappeared during the family's flight from North Korea. Her mother, a seamstress, worked a backbreaking day and most of the evening to earn $10 a month. Barely enough to keep them from starving.

But today that's all changed because an American couple named Seletti are sharing a little of their good fortune with a girl to whom a little means everything. Nancy, John and five-year-old Alexandra Seletti are New Yorkers. They're not fabulously wealthy as the villagers of Ku Am believe. But, they're not poor either. *Comfortable* probably describes them best. They have everything they really need, but give them ten minutes and they'll come up with ten things they want that $15 a month would buy. Luckily, they thought of Chang Sook first.

Through Save the Children Federation, the Seletti's $15 a month is doing a remarkable number of things. First, Chang Sook's immediate needs and future schooling are being taken care of. The family is getting help, too: Enough to enable Chang Sook's mother to start a small knit shop.

And with all this, there is still some money left over. This money, together with money from other sponsors, was borrowed by the village to start its precious mulberry farm. Someday silk raising will mean a permanent increase in the village's income—and permanently end the need for charity. That's what Save the Children Federation is all about. Although contributions are tax-deductible, it is not a charity. The aim is not merely to buy one child a warm coat, a new pair of shoes and a six month supply of vitamin pills. Instead, your contribution is used to give the child, the family and the village a little boost that may be all they need to start helping themselves.

Sponsors are desperately needed for children in Korea, Vietnam, Latin America, Africa and Greece. You can select the child's nationality. You will receive a photo of the child, regular reports on his progress and, if you wish, a chance to correspond.

Chang Sook writes to the Selettis. She also sends small homemade gifts to Alexandra. And she tells them of her dreams of becoming a nurse. She'll probably make it. If she does, the Seletti's investment in one girl will be repaid a thousand-fold.

The Selettis know they can't save the whole world for $15 a month. Just a small corner of it. But, maybe that is the way to save the world. If there are enough people like the Selettis. How about you?

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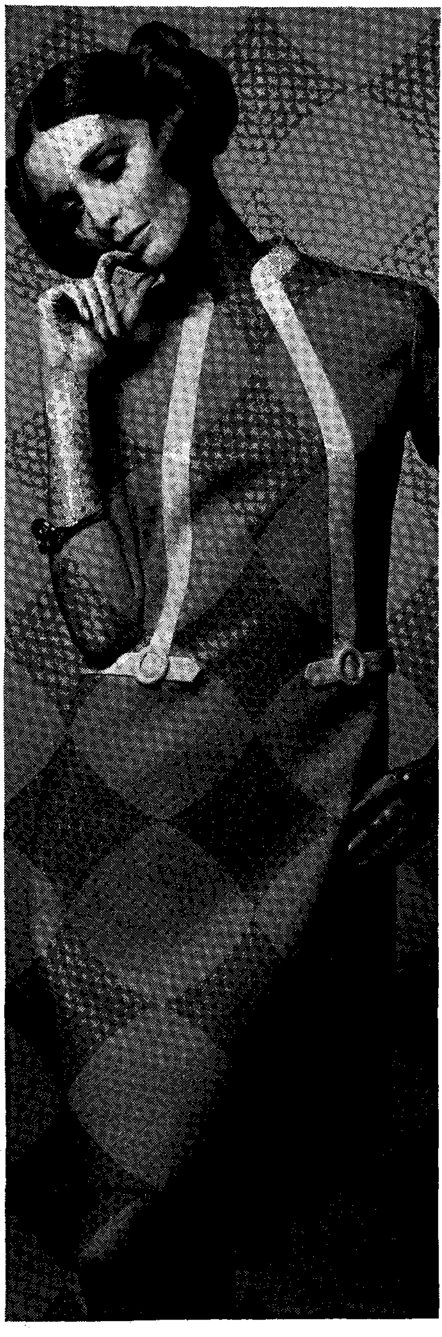

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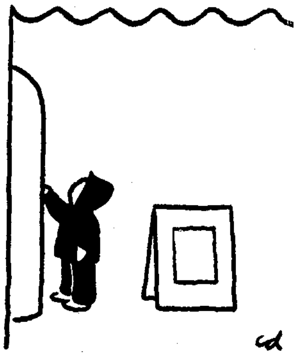
THE CURRENT CINEMA

Filmed Theatre

THERE is something about the way a character who has discharged his dramatic function exits just before the character who is now dramatically necessary enters that, though perfectly logical on the stage, seems farcical or archaic on the screen. The novel form is more readily adaptable to movies than the play, because the conventions are usually more fluidly naturalistic. A character who is left behind in an early chapter to reappear later on can come and go with ease in a movie, but that poor stage character who exits and waits in the wings for his logical, structured reappearance is likely, in a movie, to convey precisely the impression that he has been waiting in the wings. The revelations and conflicts and climaxes of stage drama present problems, too, and the dialogue is likely to seem mechanical and artificial on the screen. These problems are sometimes, though rarely, solved by the adapters and directors (for example, by Cocteau in "Les Parents Terribles" and by Howard Hawks in "His Girl Friday"—movies that retain the limited settings of the stage originals and yet are, triumphantly, movies). Usually, they're not solved. The movie breaks the back of the play by "opening it up," and then makes a halfhearted gesture toward transforming it. Because the movie lacks action or dialogue for the new locales, the characters merely take walks or go to discothèques or do something equally (and nonsensically) "cinematic." The movie is like a dog with the broken bones of a cat sticking out. (What's lovable about the beast is the part that purrs.) The stage conventions are generally still present in some form and can be felt (as in "Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?" or "A Streetcar Named Desire"), but we may enjoy filmed plays anyway—even mediocre plays not very well filmed—because we enjoy hearing the "literate" dialogue of the theatre and seeing stylish "theatrical" performances.



Movies made from plays give actors the kind of roles they have been trained to play; they are actors, delivering their goods to us. It is *their* show, as on a stage, and although this may cause the movie to seem clumsy and may undermine it as a possible work of movie art, the power of personality often succeeds in making that clumsy movie more lively and more satisfying than a movie in which the actors are subdued and controlled for the sake of the director's conception. A play gives an actor a role he can work up and make his own, and this is usually still the case when the play is filmed—something that is rarely possible in movies derived from other material. When a play is filmed, if most of a stage-version company is retained but its star is replaced by a film actor, the movie version often goes flat, just because the film actor does not work up his role and dominate the material in the way that it was dominated on the stage, and though subjugating oneself to the material may *seem* like better film acting, the vitality that made the play effective on the stage is missing. The problem for the movie director with a stage cast is to tone down the stage performance and work it into the production so that it doesn't seem grotesque on the screen, without losing the drive and individuality that make actors exciting—and that movies need as badly as the theatre does. (A major reason for the decline of interest in theatregoing may be that so few of the great magnetic personalities are still working in the theatre. The stars have left the stage for the movies.) Most of us—that is, those of us who grew up outside major theatrical capitals—probably got our experience of the theatre from the movies rather than from plays; seeing famous stage personalities repeat their roles on the screen was often our only way of seeing them. Plays on film gave us a kind of sophistication—a knowledge of what it means to turn a phrase or time a gesture—that kept alive a civilized tradition in the dispersed culture of a big country, and those of us who walked home from the movie house on dirt roads needed it. But, beyond that, I think play adaptations are one of the many *kinds* of movies and should simply be accepted as such. Some of the most enjoyable movies ever made—such as George Cukor's "Dinner at Eight"—seem appalling if they are thought of in purist terms as cinema, but they are well-made movie adaptations of plays. I *like* filmed theatre; I think there is a charge and a glamour about filmed plays and revues and vaudeville and music hall that one rarely gets from adaptations of novels or from those few screen "originals." Filmed plays are often denigrated, somewhat dishonestly, by people who learn a little cant about what is said to be proper to the film medium and forget about the pleasure they've been getting from filmed plays all their lives. Some of them don't realize (though early movie audiences did) that, for example, the Marx Brothers comedies came direct from the stage, and that W. C. Fields was doing his stage routines on the screen, just as Chaplin and others before him had done. Reviewers sometimes complain about filmed plays' not being movies—as if they'd got on the screen illegally—but most people, I think (except for the men who like only Westerns and who have probably never developed an appreciation of the delights of repartee or performance), enjoy theatre on film.

The movie version of Chekhov's "The Sea Gull" is a disaster, not because it is a filmed play but because it is a badly filmed play. And it's a disaster in spite of the fact that Chekhov might seem to offer fewer problems for screen adaptation than most dramatists, since his plays are not rigidly structured in terms of stage conventions. They're already open: the characters drift in and out casually—gather for lunch, break away, wander off. The drama is not concentrated in dialogue that builds up tensions; the drama develops indirectly—one might say undramatically—through the rhythm of glimpses and details. We don't see the beginning of a dramatic action and follow it through. Rather, we are among people whose patterns of relationship have long since been formed, and how they behave on this day is how they always behave. Unlike dramatists who try to show us what is inside their characters (and is customarily hidden), Chekhov lets the weaknesses and follies of his characters and the things that defeat them appear right on the surface—a surface that the camera could record easily and admirably. In "The Sea Gull" we observe a group of people who feel sorry for themselves, regretting their positions in life and their lost opportunities. It opens with a classic demonstration of self-pity and self-dramatization: a young man asks a young girl, "Why do you always wear black?" and the girl re-

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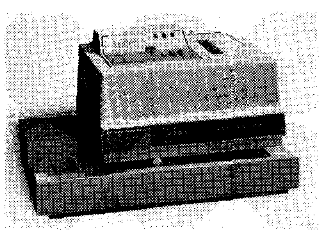

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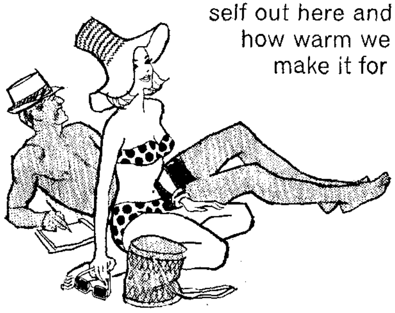

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plies, "I am in mourning for my life." The milieu is that of educated middle-class and professional people—mixed with bohemians—just before the turn of the century. They're beset by financial problems, unrequited love, unrealized aspirations; they indulge in unhappiness and nostalgia and despair. It's a slightly stylized milieu, in which they speak their thoughts aloud, but each character knows the others too well to listen to or care about what the others say—though each is miserable at times because the others don't care enough about him to listen to him. This dramatic device (a naturalistic form of soliloquy that does not require either clearing the stage or having an actor turn aside to the audience) is also a slightly stylized psychological device, suggesting the self-absorption and isolation that are part of the texture of the characters' lives. They have poured out their hearts too many times, and nobody is listening. It takes subtle direction to orchestrate the weariness of lovers who have been dallying together adulterously for decades, the boredom of people who play cards together every night and have heard each other's anecdotes over and over, the modulations of familiarity and indifference of those who know each other's limitations. The play should be lyrical and delicately comic, and, finally, melancholy and forlorn, when, after observing the trivial daily concerns of superficial people who keep complaining that they have wasted their lives, we begin to see that what they've been saying is true and that we've been watching them make it true. The play is a graceful comic elegy on human weakness; they're almost all like that absurd girl in mourning for her life.

"The Sea Gull" is a strange, not fully achieved drama that proceeds by gentle understatement in such a relaxed way that it already seems "cinematic," but under Sidney Lumet's coarse and careless direction it's sombre and ridiculously stagy. In the movie, people come and go more rigidly than on a stage; they're practically swept away when they have spoken their lines. Lumet brought one great play, perhaps our greatest—"Long Day's Journey Into Night"—to the screen with marvellous success, but the driving energy and determination that worked for O'Neill are not what is needed for Chekhov. One must have a feeling for the beauty in comedy. Chekhov makes the ordinary melodrama of our lives poignant and comic; Lumet turns Chekhov's poetic conception back into ordinary melodrama—

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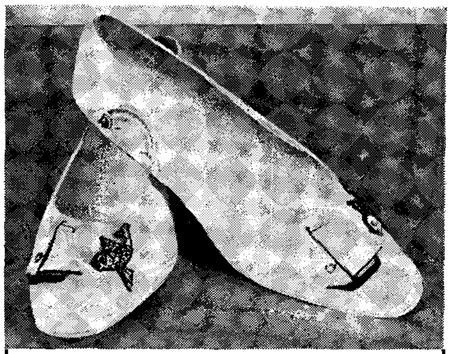

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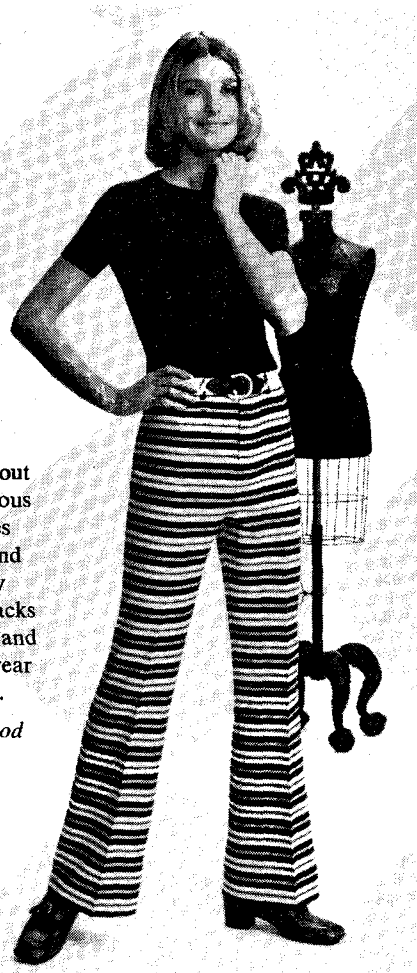
which makes it seem inadvertently funny. Lumet's virtues as a director are hardly put to use—except for his gift for casting. There are marvellous actors here, and now and then almost all of them demonstrate how good they can be, but they can't sustain their roles or blend them without help from the director, because in a movie—with shooting spread over weeks—only the director, finally, can be responsible for the coming together of the pieces. We must see how separate the characters feel yet how closely bound they are by ties of inertia and frustration, and in Chekhov this is all accomplished by subtlety, refined humor, attention to detail—by just what Lumet notoriously lacks as a director. His method is simply to shoot the play as if it were a film script, and, given the kind of informal scenes-of-country-life play it is, this might have worked if he had had patience and if he had really paid attention. But he treats Chekhov the way the characters treat each other. Technically, the movie is slovenly. The color and the grain don't match from shot to shot, and the sound level varies. There are totally dead spots in the direction. The actors' vocal inflections aren't properly modulated, and sometimes their faulty enunciation stops the show; for example, the director permits Simone Signoret to say she's always on the "*qui vive*" so that people in the audience can be heard asking, "TV?" (It's not such a glowing example of the translator's art that it's indispensable.) And the translation has Trigorin say to Nina that he'd like to be inside her for an hour, when all he means is that he'd like to see things through her eyes for an hour. Details, only details—but in Chekhov the details are everything. Mess them up, neglect them, and the musical conception falls apart. On the other hand, Chekhov himself is responsible for the rather vacuous and conventional symbolism of the title; it was hardly a master stroke to have the characters drag that damned stuffed bird around the stage. One might have hoped that the movie would dump some of the repetitive obviousness of the symbolism and would improve on the appearance of the customary prop bird—which looks as if it had never flown except when the prop man threw it into the theatre basement. The audience laughs when Lumet makes the transition from Act III to Act IV with a title announcing that two years have passed, and it does seem ludicrous. Here he has run afoul of a new movie problem. Nobody else has solved this problem, either, which



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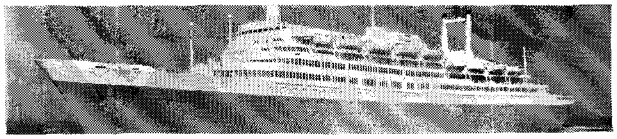

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is an even worse problem in movies derived from novels. In "Far from the Madding Crowd," as events years apart followed one another like the events in a day, the passions and obsessions appeared to come out of nowhere and were melodramatic and meaningless. The old movie shorthand of dissolves and montages, devised to impart the news of a lapse of time, has been eliminated as "corny," but there is as yet no substitute. Partly as a result of this mechanical problem, audiences at "Far from the Madding Crowd" didn't get involved in the story, and so people said, "Nobody's interested in that kind of novel anymore." When the audience laughs at the time-passing title in "The Sea Gull," it may think it's laughing at an old-fashioned movie device, but probably it's laughing because of an unsolved mechanical problem.

I think that if one is prepared for the disgraceful production, one may be able to go to the movie and enjoy it. There are several reasons for doing so, the most spectacular being Vanessa Redgrave. Chekhov should be played by ensemble actors, but in consequence of Lumet's banal direction the actors seize their roles and play them separately, as in more conventional drama. Lumet has the wrong thing going for him in this movie—the interest we have in seeing actors show what they can do—but at least that gives him *something* going for him. Vanessa Redgrave is extraordinary-looking, and she is an extraordinary actress. As Nina, the young, inexperienced, somewhat pretentious country girl who wants to go on the stage, she is grave and girlish. It's a great role, which she has also played on the stage, and, if anything, she's almost too brilliant in it; she's so inventive she does too much. Beautiful and electrifying—like the young Katharine Hepburn, whom she sometimes resembles here—she has everything to make a great actress, and, of course, with her physical appearance and her height, she must play great heroines or great eccentrics or she cannot be used at all. But perhaps she doesn't yet have the simplicity of soul that would unify her talents. She does so many marvellous things that at times they cancel each other out; she cannot yet make each gesture count, the way Duse (on film) could and Garbo could—the way that said their whole being was expressed in that gesture. But already she seems able to do just about everything else. Her spotty performance gives one a painful sense of the missed opportunity, because it

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should be one of the great filmed performances (like Vivien Leigh's Blanche Du Bois) and it is probably not her fault that it isn't.

James Mason, who is unusual among movie actors in that he seems to get better all the time, is remarkably fine as Trigorin, the "minor" novelist in the Russia of giants, and because he is such a quiet, almost passive actor, he seems more at home in Chekhov country than the rest of the cast does. David Warner takes the gauche young romantic hero, Konstantin, perhaps too seriously, and makes him so gauche he's no longer romantic. His performance lacks irony. Gangling and quizzical, he proves monotonous, possibly because his role as the callow, unstable young writer who wears the guise of unappreciated genius is not really well conceived in the original, and partly because he is photographed in such exhausting closeup that after a while one may begin to wonder if he's supposed to be desperately earnest or just near-sighted. Harry Andrews has a great moment or two, initially, in the role of the crotchety old Sorin, but then he overdoes it. Sorin is one of those deathtrap roles that are too easy to play and hence impossible to play; it's the archetype of all those Lionel Barrymore old codgers that made one groan. Denholm Elliott, Kathleen Widdoes, and Eileen Herlie all have some moments, but Simone Signoret is miscast in the pivotal role of Arkadina. There are no rules to guide one in cross-culture casting, and sometimes an actor who has another language background can be brilliantly effective (as Max von Sydow was in "Hawaii"); one can't tell for certain whether it will work until afterward. Still, it does seem that one could have predicted that in a play so dependent on vocal nuances a French mother with an English son and brother would disrupt the extended-family ambiance and that Signoret's accent would give her lines the wrong shadings and emphases. What has actually happened is even worse. Because Signoret's style isn't in tune with the others' and because her lines sound heavy, Arkadina loses her charm and becomes the villainess of the piece—a selfish, stingy, son-devouring Freudian mother. And every time this monster speaks she stomps on the remnants of the fragile play. But it's interesting to see actors wrestling with real roles, even when the actors are wrong for them. Simone Signoret is bad, but she is still Simone Signoret. And "The Sea Gull" is a terrible movie, but it is a movie of "The Sea Gull." —PAULINE KAEL

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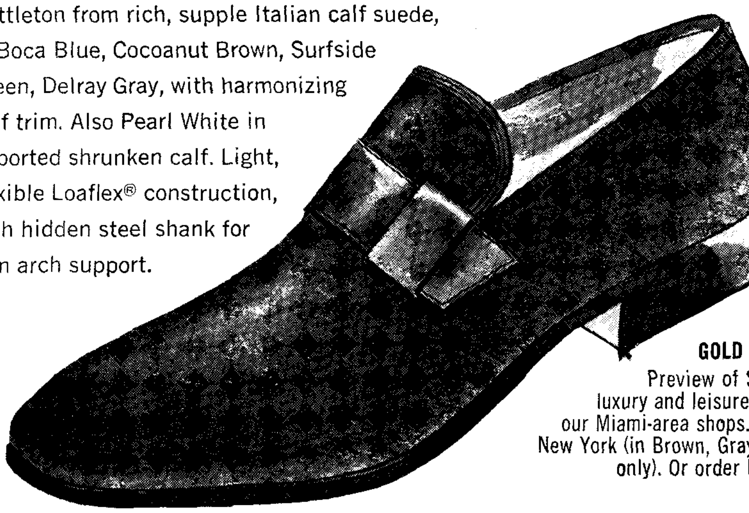

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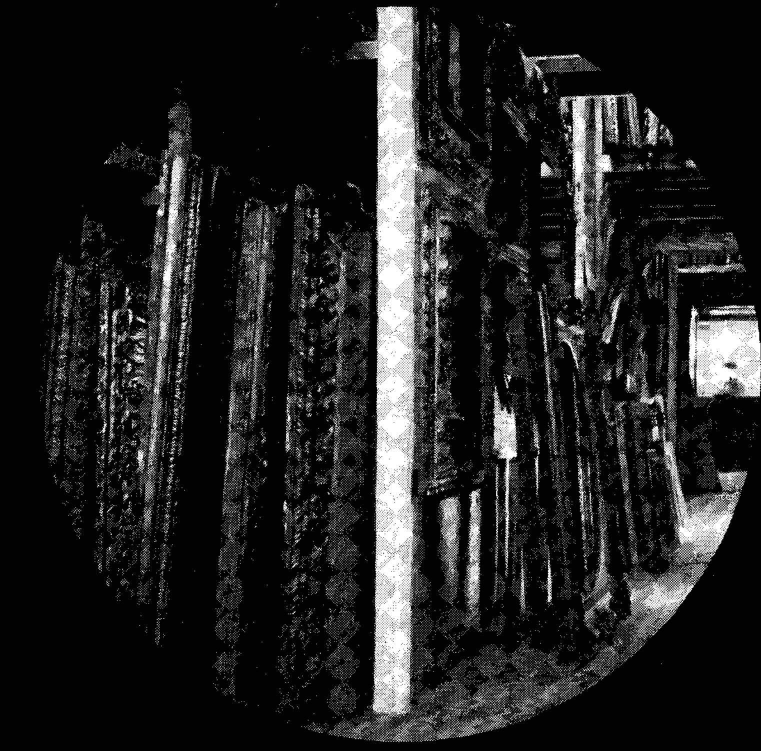

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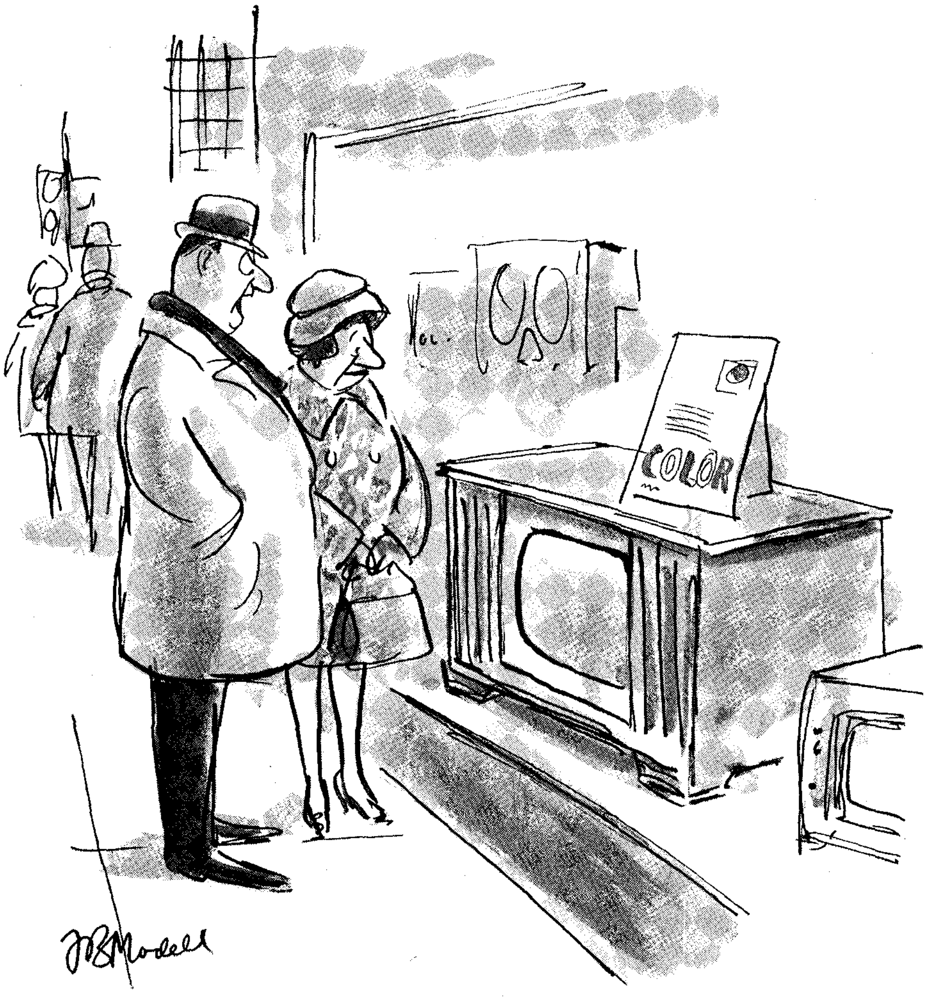
LETTER FROM SAIGON

DECEMBER 31

NOT since November, 1963, the date of the coup d'état that ended the regime of President Ngo Dinh Diem, has there been such a mood of impending change in Saigon, but whereas five years ago this was accompanied by exhilaration and hope, the atmosphere today is heavy with apprehension about the possible course of events both here and in Paris. To go further back, to the end of the Indo-China War, in 1954, when Diem came to power, there was then a similar mood of fear and doubt, until Diem took firm charge. Unlike Diem's First Republic, which never could claim to be a democracy, the present, year-old Second Republic, directed by President Nguyen Van Thieu, does claim to be one. Many Vietnamese, however, maintain that Thieu is as powerful under the 1967 constitution as Diem was under that of 1954, which he interpreted exactly as he saw fit. To be sure, the current legislature, unlike Diem's rubber-stamp Assembly, has expressed independent opinions on a variety of matters, including the conduct of the war and of the peace negotiations, and, as a result, Thieu, who at first all but ignored it, has had to learn to live with it, like a man with a nagging wife. But the power to make all major decisions has remained firmly with the President, subject only to irregular consultation with a handful of advisers. In contrast to Diem, who came to be guided more and more by the mystical insights of his brother Ngo Dinh Nhu, Thieu trusts no one (although among those he sporadically consults there is in fact a brother, named Nguyen Van Kieu). In the words of one American here, "He is his own Nhu." Although his habit of deciding things alone, often after prolonged inner debate, and without giving anyone else a clue to his thoughts, has surrounded him with a sort of mystical aura of his own, he has also won considerable respect for his astuteness. "Thieu will never be a statesman, but he *is* becoming a politician," a Vietnamese who is not one of his ardent admirers grudgingly admits. The President's political skill has, in the last six months, enabled him to virtually eliminate the threat posed to his rule by Vice-President Nguyen Cao Ky. Following a series of rumors of alleged pro-Ky plots, which Thieu took advantage of to strengthen his own position, Ky was sent to Paris to supervise South Vietnam's unwieldy peace delegation, and thus his already weakened political base was further diminished. As for Premier Tran Van Huong—who, according to the constitution, is supposed to carry out the President's orders—he has certainly had less room for maneuver than he would have had with a President who chose to confide in him.

Whatever Thieu's compatriots think of him, and he is by no means first in the hearts of his countrymen, a considerable number of Americans here hold the opinion that only a government such as his—centralized in its direction and at least avowedly benevolent in its aims—can keep the Communists from eventually taking over the country, irrespective of the kind of formula evolved in Paris. These Americans say that in the earlier Diem and post-Diem days opportunities to build Western-style democracy in South Vietnam were lost, and it cannot be effectively imposed in a short time at the climax of a brutal and destructive war. Vietnamese society has traditionally been authoritarian, even when there has been a certain amount of local autonomy. The French colonists simply took over the old mandarin system and adapted it to their own needs. During the eight years of the Indo-China War, the old colonial structure, though it was being modified by slow and restricted grants of independence, disintegrated and then collapsed. When Diem imposed his own system of authority, his first failure was his rejection of a chance to broaden his base of support by holding village elections, and his more serious failure was his inability to rationalize and organize his administration; a lack of efficient organization has plagued all South Vietnamese regimes since. In sharp contrast, good organization, combined with effective leadership, has all along been the Communists' chief asset. The Saigon government's need to emulate its enemy in this regard has never been more apparent than it is at the moment, for the military advantage has now swung firmly in its direction while the political indicator remains on dead center—or, if anything, still pointing toward the Vietcong in the rural areas. Even if the government's claim that it



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now controls some seventy per cent of South Vietnam's population—forty per cent of which, including refugees and other displaced persons, currently lives in the cities—is statistically accurate, the statistics do not provide a true picture of the situation. The remaining thirty per cent is about equally divided between people living in "contested" areas and people living in areas that are admittedly controlled by the Communists, and the government's response in these areas so far either has been nil or has been limited to the presence of isolated platoons in contested hamlets. And in the cities—particularly in Cholon, the huge Chinese section of Saigon—the underground Communist apparatus remains strong, as can be seen from the arrest here in the last several weeks of more than four hundred Vietcong agents, about a quarter of whom are said to have been members of "sapper" units or of what are known as "special-action squads," both of which are devoted to carrying out acts of violence and terror. At least that many agents are still roaming the city or hiding out nearby, and both American and Vietnamese intelligence experts have acknowledged that the Vietcong are able to infiltrate replacements at will from training camps in Cambodia.

Probably the phrase one hears most in Saigon these days is "gaining time." The fear is widespread that there will not be enough time for the country to organize itself before some sort of settlement is reached in Paris—if only a preliminary one involving a cease-fire and planned troop withdrawals. This fear, combined with suspicions that have been nurtured by statements from high-ranking American officials like the outgoing Secretary of Defense, Clark Clifford, has made the Vietnamese attitude toward the Americans even more ambivalent than usual, the general belief being that we railroaded the Thieu government into the Paris meetings without giving it enough time to get ready. Many Americans here, for their part, are even more doubtful than usual about the desire and the ability of the Vietnamese to prosecute the war by themselves, and these Americans, who include ordinary soldiers, are commenting more freely than ever before on what the war has cost them, personally and collectively, and on what it has and has not accomplished. Their views of the outgoing Administration in Washington are increasingly critical, though often contradictory. The criticisms range from assertions that we have not been told the truth about the complexi-

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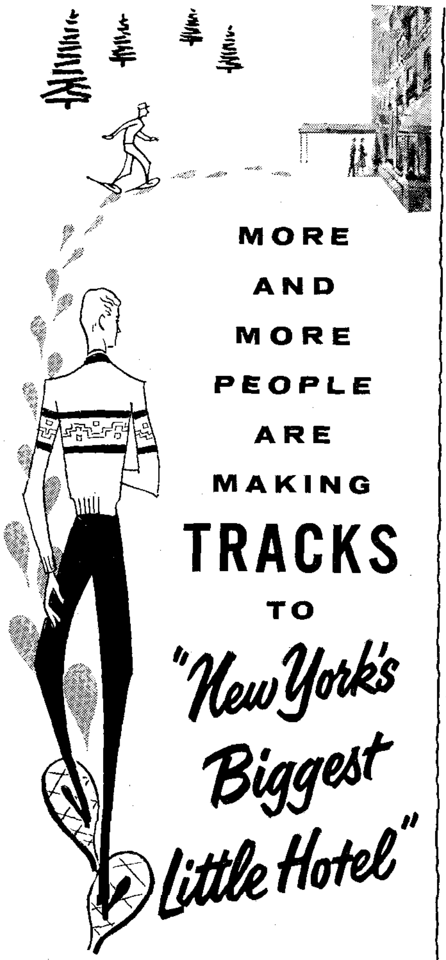

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ties of the war and its purpose to growing doubts, mainly among officers, about the wisdom of fighting a limited war with limited objectives and then negotiating something tantamount to defeat just when, as they see it, victory is imminent. This last opinion is by no means universally shared by non-military observers (though the United States Embassy remains, it seems, unwarrantably optimistic), yet even some of the people here who are most critical of the continuing Vietnamese procrastination and bickering are wondering whether negotiations were not begun too soon and without sufficient planning. The critics, whose views are shared by many neutral diplomats, have not admired President Johnson's tactics in dealing with President Thieu during the last two months. They have pointed out that in this difficult period not one but three different American policies seem to have been followed—one in Washington, one in Paris, and one in Saigon—and that, under the circumstances, it is no wonder the Vietnamese are both confused and annoyed. The principal question the critics are now asking is whether President-elect Nixon will move still more rapidly to de-escalate the war and withdraw American troops or whether he will proceed slowly enough to permit the careful "re-Vietnamization" of the conflict that should accompany its "de-Americanization."

The most important problem remains that of giving significant numbers of the Vietnamese armed forces enough time and experience to operate effectively on their own. American military men today rate as excellent one Vietnamese division (out of eleven), two or three independent regiments, and some special élite units; two divisions are considered outright poor, and the rest are said to be improving, at varying rates. An experiment with one of the better divisions has indicated that it can get along very well with about a third as many American advisers as it has had in the last few years, and other experiments have shown that the Vietnamese can hold their own with the Americans in combined operations at the division level. What the Vietnamese cannot do is get along without American helicopters and other logistical aid, and even if it is assumed that this aid will be continued when American troops begin to pull out, the Vietnamese will need considerable time in which to learn how to manage the complicated techniques associated with it. Half a dozen or more studies, both military and civilian, are

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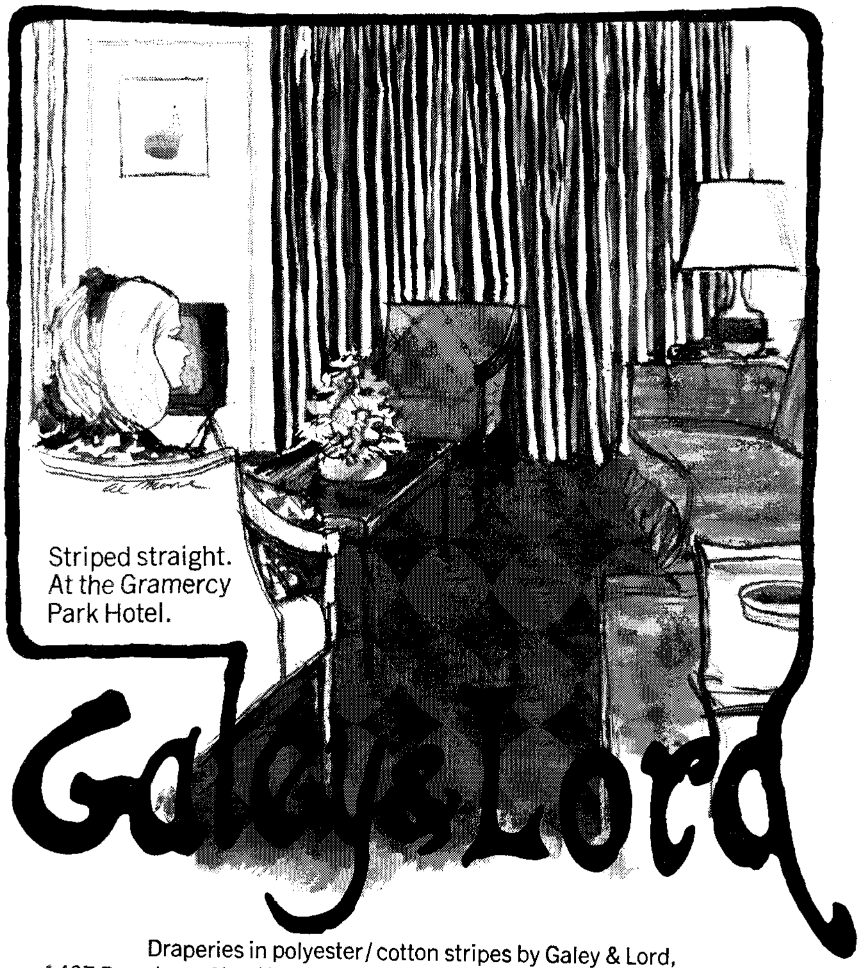
under way, with the help of the inevitable computers, to determine just how soon and under what conditions the Vietnamese can master these techniques, and to estimate the amount of continued American support that will be required in the interim period. One formula suggests an annual eight-billion-dollar, two-hundred-thousand-man American commitment over the next two or three years, instead of the present thirty-billion-dollar-a-year effort involving five hundred and forty-five thousand men, but this is a mere projection, and no one presumes to really know the answer—least of all the South Vietnamese. The American military command, however, is said to believe that the withdrawal of as many as a hundred thousand men in 1969 would be risky, and that preferably withdrawals should not even start until 1970.

IT would be a mistake to suppose that the Communists, in Paris, in Hanoi, and at the jungle headquarters of the National Liberation Front (now thought to be in Cambodia), are unaware of the dimensions of Saigon's and Washington's predicaments. While they are eager to get the Americans out of Vietnam, and so might conceivably move quickly to negotiate a cease-fire and a schedule of joint troop withdrawals, the military and political leaders in Hanoi who are directing the war seem more immediately intent on jamming the works of the Saigon government, as they did with their Tet offensive last January and February. It is this aim, apparently, that lies behind their present military activities. It is easy to say that these activities are simply motivated by the desperation resulting from tremendous losses—at least a hundred thousand and perhaps as many as a hundred and sixty thousand men killed during 1968—but the strategy and tactics now being employed by the predominantly North Vietnamese forces must be analyzed in the light of a policy enunciated several months ago by Truong Chinh, a top-ranking member of the North Vietnamese Politburo. This policy is one of a return to protracted revolutionary warfare waged as much by political as by violent military means and aimed at victory rather than at peace, and it could mean a different approach to the negotiations in Paris—an approach whose purpose would be *not* to move quickly at the conference table but, rather, to drag out the talks, to continue the strategy of fighting and negotiating at the same time,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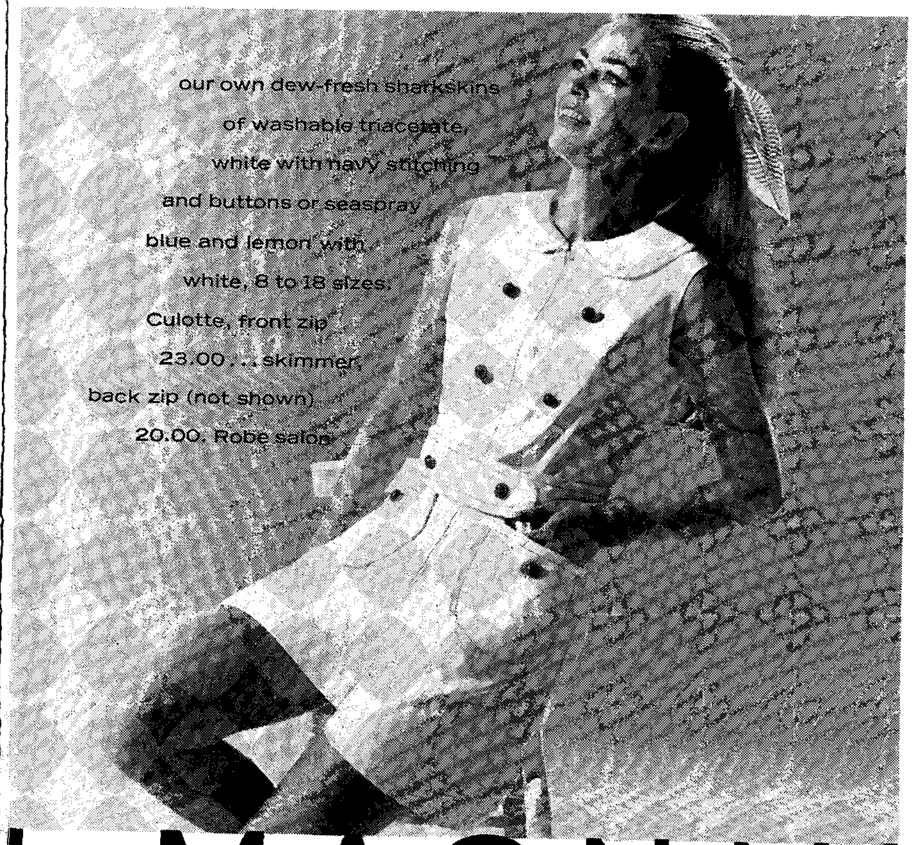
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to go on taking advantage of the bombing halt to infiltrate more men and supplies from the North, and to erode or destroy as much of the South Vietnamese military strength as possible, and thereby impede the Saigon government's attempts to take over from the Americans. According to this theory, as the Americans grew more impatient to end the war and get out of Vietnam altogether, the Communists would be able to win wider concessions.

Up to now, it has been customary to say that time is on Hanoi's side—that the North Vietnamese have always meant what they said about being willing to fight for twenty more years if necessary. But they and the Vietcong have been taking a beating; the North Vietnamese have been enduring increasing hardships and experiencing increasing administrative difficulties at home, and they run the risk that the bombing will be resumed if they keep up their offensive in the South—though American and world opinion make any resumption unlikely. The Truong Chinh policy certainly represents a long-term gamble, just as the strategy of his chief rival in Hanoi, Le Duan, First Secretary of the Laodong (Communist) Party, who planned the quick, concentrated attacks on the cities last winter and again in May, represented a short-term gamble—one that, although it failed to achieve its military objectives, shook the Saigon regime badly and set back many of its programs. The political and military campaigns that the Communists are now mounting seem to have somewhat less ambitious objectives than those of the Tet and May attacks, but they are nevertheless bold enough to suit either alternative at the conference table—a cease-fire followed by some troop withdrawals, which would leave the political situation wide open during further negotiations, or the first step in the Truong Chinh strategy of gradual attrition, aimed at wearing American resistance down even further.

The current political offensive is being directed by hard-core Vietcong units, who have launched new peace groups in Saigon and elsewhere. The aim of these units is to support the propaganda line of the National Liberation Front in Paris and, by keeping the Saigon government off balance and by inhibiting its efforts to operate cohesively, to put the onus of obstructing peace on Saigon. The new groups, and especially one called the Movement to Struggle for Peace, have demanded the creation of a "Peace Cabinet." The groups were started early in November,

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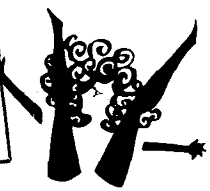
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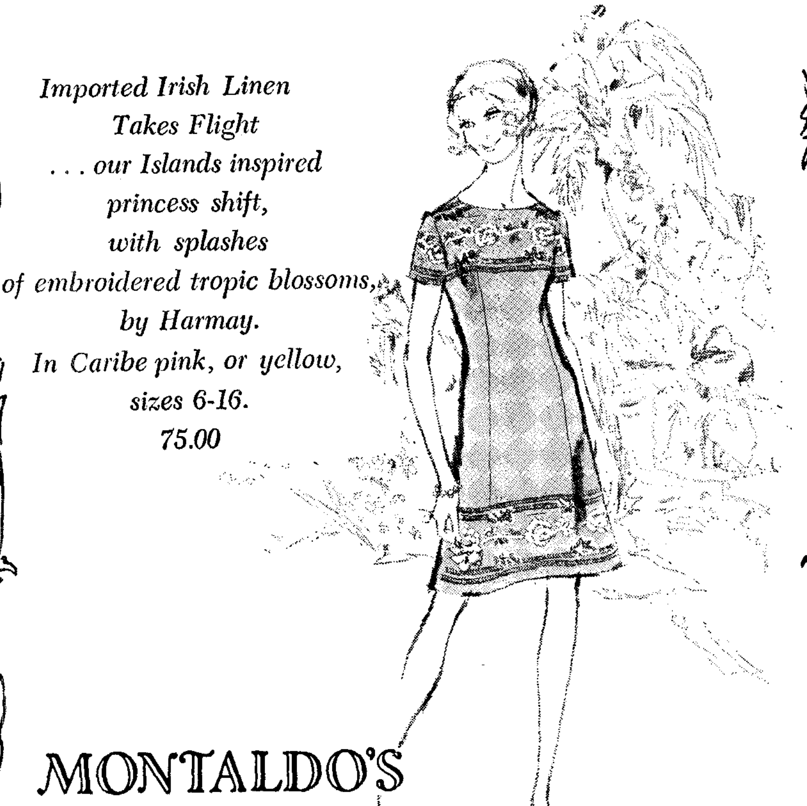
to supplement the activities of the Alliance for National, Democratic, and Peace Forces of Vietnam, which was set up last spring. Initially, if the Communists' Tet and May offensives had succeeded in precipitating a general uprising in Saigon, the Alliance was to have been the nucleus of a new rebel government, which, in coöperation with liberal and left-wing members of the Saigon regime, would have negotiated for peace with the N.L.F. The Alliance, ostensibly a middleman group, led by a dozen or so members of the Saigon intelligentsia, who set up headquarters in the jungle, got off to a poor start. Its efforts to differentiate itself from the Front were unconvincing, particularly since its pronouncements and manifestos were broadcast over both the Hanoi and the N.L.F. radios. In recent months, the Alliance has drawn perceptibly closer to the Front, and now the two groups are issuing joint communiqués, the Alliance having dropped its pseudo-separatist line to declare that the Front must play the "decisive" role in negotiations. American and Vietnamese intelligence officers believe that the Alliance will still play an important role in the peace negotiations. The fact that both Vice-President Ky and Premier Huong have obliquely suggested the possibility of purely political discussions in South Vietnam with the "insurgents" while Hanoi and Washington are simultaneously discussing in Paris a cease-fire, troop withdrawals, and policing formulas lends credence to this theory. A number of American officials, including Henry Kissinger, President-elect Nixon's national-security adviser, have made similar proposals.

The demand for a Peace Cabinet, aimed at driving a wedge between the Thieu government and those more eager to negotiate, has been voiced jointly by the Alliance and the Front and also by individual branches of the Alliance in Saigon and in Hué. Indeed, the theme has been repeated almost daily, in one Communist broadcast or another, since early November. The militant Buddhists who helped to overthrow Diem have also adopted this line. At the end of November, Thich Don Hau, the aged vice-chairman of the Alliance, who is hiding somewhere near Hué, called on all "peace-loving organizations" to "isolate the Thieu-Ky-Huong clique" and replace the "Cabinet of War" with a "Cabinet of Peace, qualified to attend the Paris talks." In Saigon, the Buddhists of the An Quang Pagoda group, led by Thich Tri Quang and Thich Thien Minh,



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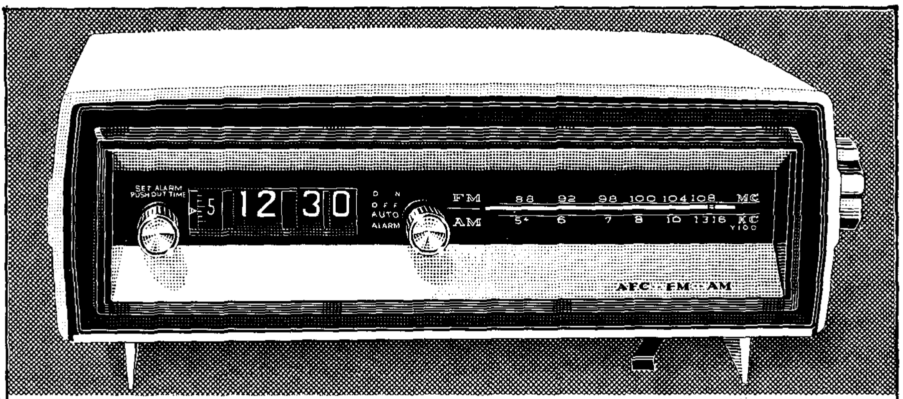

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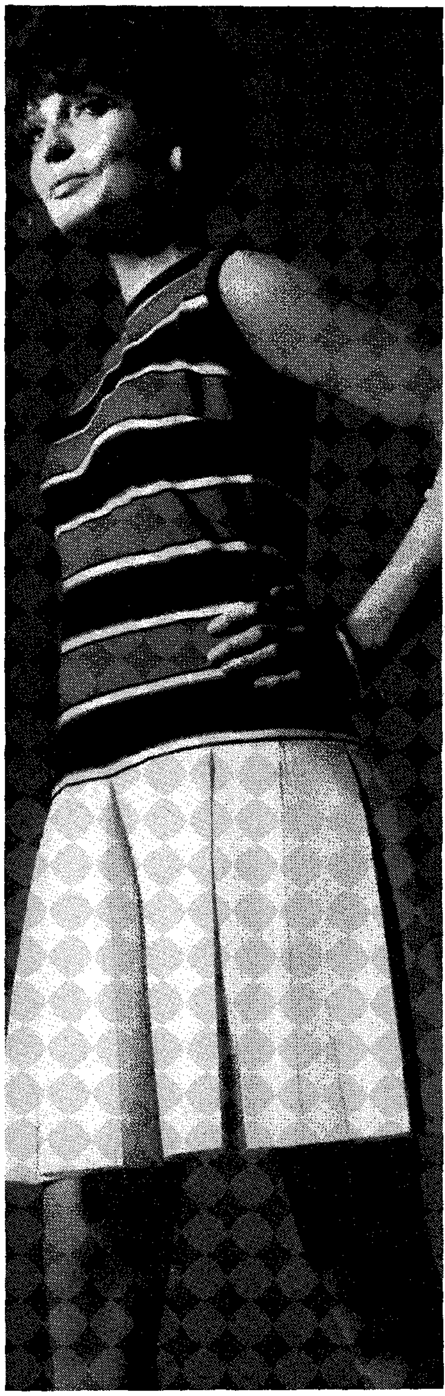

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later issued a similar call for a Peace Cabinet, and Buddhist chaplains in the field began privately urging soldiers, mostly recent draftees, not to sacrifice themselves to the cause of war but, rather, to lay down their arms—with the result that about fifty deserted and returned to Saigon, where they are said to be hiding out in pagodas. During the second week of December, a Buddhist motorcade of fifty cars, bearing representatives of left-wing student and labor groups, toured the Mekong Delta with, among other religious relics, the heart of Thich Quang Duc, a monk who burned himself to death during the Buddhist uprisings against Diem. In several provincial and district capitals, religious speeches were interspersed with calls for a new Saigon government.

All this was well synchronized by the Communists with the birth of the Movement to Struggle for Peace, which held an organizational meeting at the An Quang Pagoda late in October and a large rally in Saigon on November 10th. The rally was attended by a number of young liberal Catholic priests and a wide variety of clerical and lay religious leaders, by members of a dozen or more left-wing labor unions, and by lawyers, doctors, teachers, and journalists. The Vietcong cadremen who organized the meeting stayed in the background. The rally was reminiscent of one that Nguyen Huu Tho, the present chairman of the Front, summoned early in 1954, when he was in the vanguard of the South Vietnamese movement to end the Indo-China War. Another meeting resulted in the arrest of three students, who were given jail sentences, and this in turn resulted in the issuance of a student manifesto. Since the Paris talks had technically started, the government was in a dilemma; it refrained at first from cracking down on the peace movements, but now it seems determined not to let the situation get out of hand. Any serious repressive moves, however, would obviously benefit the Communists, creating a situation akin to that in mid-1963, when the Buddhists were attacked by the Diem regime and thereby obtained wide popular support.

THE Communists have by no means been idle militarily during November and December. Their principal effort at present appears to be concentrated in the III Corps area, to the west and north of Saigon. During September and October, elements of four of their divisions withdrew into Cambodia, and at the same time, farther north, two of their divisions crossed over into Laos and two more withdrew across the Demilitarized Zone. By early December, there was evidence that the divisions in Cambodia had begun to move back into South Vietnam along the infiltration routes leading to Saigon, around which the Americans have set up strong blocking forces. It seemed unlikely that the Communists intended to launch another full attack on Saigon, in view of the heavy losses they had suffered previously, but they apparently did want to infiltrate sapper and special-action squads and other small elements into the city—and even, if they could get away with it, a military battalion or two. Another of their apparent objectives was to attack as many district capitals in the III Corps region as possible, and perhaps try to seize one or more provincial capitals, and hold on to these places as long as they could, in order to demonstrate their strength to the Vietnamese as well as to the negotiators in Paris. American intelligence officers continue to expect these attacks momentarily. In the I Corps area, immediately below the D.M.Z., there was some activity as the year drew to its end, with the Communists bringing supplies down from North Vietnam to storage points just above the demarcation line, but there have as yet been no signs of movement across either of the two main infiltration routes from Laos into South Vietnam—Highway 9 and the A Shau Valley—though troops were seen storing supplies in the western end of the valley. In the II Corps region, stretching from the highlands to the coastal plain, activity has been slight, most of the Communist forces having been withdrawn north or south. It is in the IV Corps area—the Delta, which is still the stronghold of the Vietcong rather than of the North Vietnamese, who now predominate everywhere else—that the Americans and the South Vietnamese have made the greatest progress in recent months. Much of the heavy attrition that the Communist forces have suffered has resulted from the work of aggressive new naval-patrol tactics instituted by Vice Admiral Elmo Russell Zumwalt, Jr., who at forty-eight is the youngest man of his rank in the United States Navy. Zumwalt's river fleet, an ingenious improvement on the amphibious units of the Second World War, now patrols the intricate Delta net-

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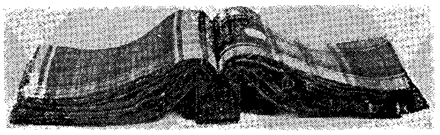

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work of rivers and canals from the Gulf of Siam to the China Sea, penetrating what were previously Vietcong sanctuaries along the Cambodian border and reaching swampy enemy base areas south and southwest of Saigon. South Vietnamese Regional Forces are being ferried deep into Communist territory, and Zumwalt's naval operations are synchronized with those of helicopter gunships. The upshot is that long-established infiltration routes from the sea and from Cambodia have been cut, that the Communists are suffering more losses than they can replace, and that the number of those rallying to the government's side has risen sharply.

The improvement in the Delta also reflects increased zeal on the part of the Regional Forces, which is partly attributable to their recently having received new M-16 rifles from the Americans. Their numbers have now risen to two hundred and seventeen thousand, which, added to the hundred and seventy-three thousand Popular Forces and the four hundred and twenty thousand regular South Vietnamese Army, Navy, Marine, police, and auxiliary elements, brings the total of government men in uniform to almost a million. In contrast, there are between eighty and ninety thousand North Vietnamese troops in South Vietnam or just beyond its borders, and the strength of the Vietcong main-force elements is less than fifty thousand; their regional and local forces have also suffered heavily, and may have dropped below a hundred thousand. North Vietnamese units have increasingly been superimposed on the Vietcong and the guerrillas, while guerrillas have also been blended into North Vietnamese units. This is primarily because of the recruiting difficulties that the Communists are experiencing in the South, but there is also another reason: the Communists want to produce as much of a blend of manpower as they can, so that when troop withdrawals begin, as few units as possible will be identifiable as exclusively North Vietnamese. Southerners, including young boys who have just been drafted into local units, are being trained rapidly, to enhance the impression of an indigenous Southern force.

Allied intelligence has continued to improve, particularly since July, when President Thieu finally gave the necessary orders for all Vietnamese intelligence operations to be coördinated into the so-called Phoenix Program, which seeks to set up combined American and Vietnamese intelligence systems down to the district level, with

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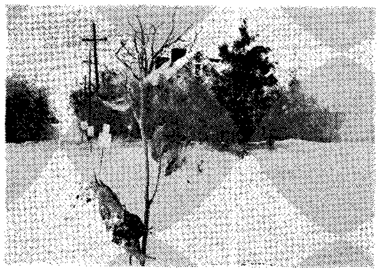

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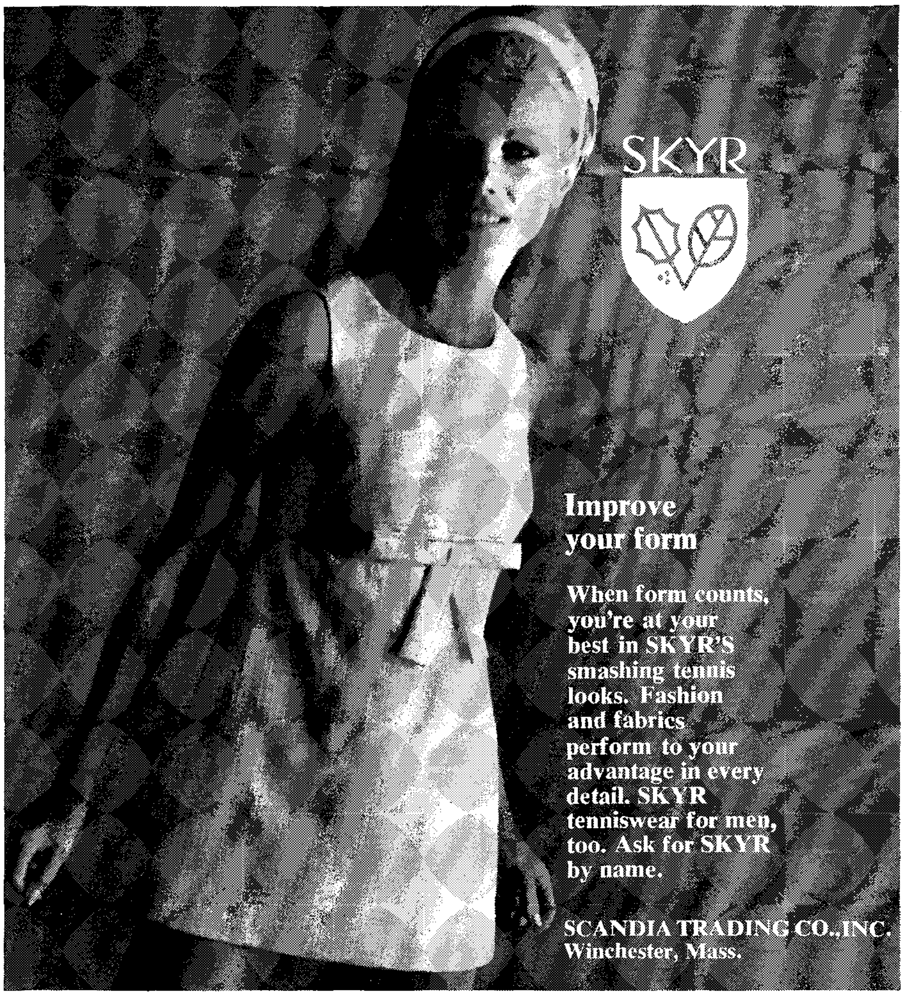
all data channelled to the provincial headquarters, where the information is collated and funnelled into Saigon. Phoenix was designed expressly to weaken the V.C.I., or Vietcong infrastructure—the important members of the Communist apparatus who operate covertly in the hamlets and villages and direct the political program of the People's Revolutionary Party, the South Vietnamese wing of North Vietnam's Laodong Party. It was estimated at one time that the V.C.I. totalled about ninety thousand people, but this estimate has recently been downgraded by intelligence experts. The hard core, it is now said, probably amounts to no more than thirty thousand, the rest being auxiliaries, such as couriers and tax collectors. The number of arrests of V.C.I. people is now approaching two thousand a month, but the great majority of these belong to the less important categories. However, some big fish—district heads and propagandists—have been caught. One important arrest frequently leads to a flock of others, as happened in Saigon late in November, when a Vietcong captain who was deputy head of a sapper unit assigned to one of the Vietcong subregions that now ring the capital was apprehended trying to renew a government identity card that was phony. Within a fortnight, as a result of information provided by the captured captain—probably after some physical persuasion—and of additional information extracted from those he implicated, more than a hundred V.C.I., mostly lower-rung workers but including several military and political proselytizers and some squad and cell leaders, were rounded up in the city. The Phoenix Program is still not functioning as smoothly as it should, because it is still impeded by parallel chains of command and by the reluctance of district chiefs and police officers to be either sufficiently coöperative or sufficiently aggressive. It cannot yet be said to have done more than dent the total Communist apparatus in the country, for many, if not most, of those arrested are replaceable. However, its recent gains—especially the capture of a number of so-called "nine-year veterans," whose political or military service dates back to the beginning of the current struggle in Vietnam—have obviously upset the Communists.

Another sign that the Communists may be having some difficulty with their political units is the increasing proportion of women on the Village Liberation Committees—or Revolutionary Committees, as they are also



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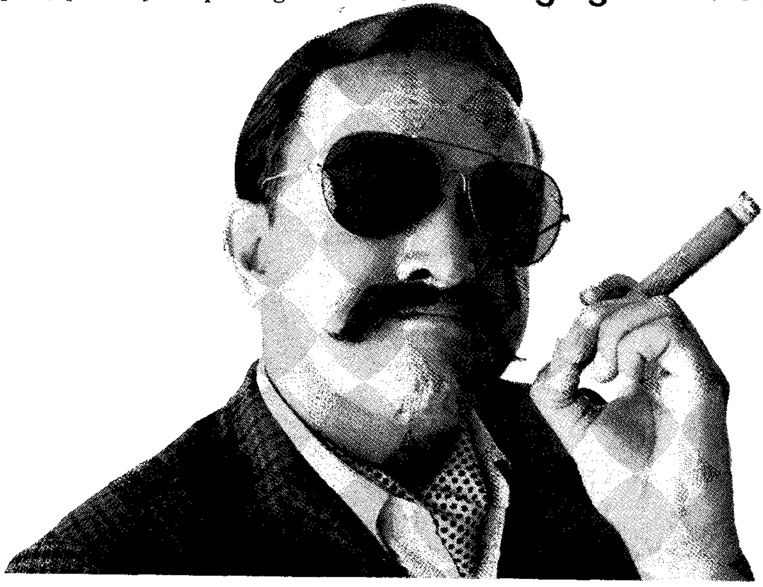

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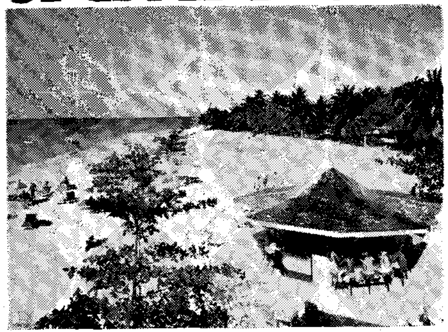

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called. These groups, which have been set up by the People's Revolutionary Party over the last several months to replace earlier Party committees or administrative bodies in the Communist-controlled hamlets and villages, in effect constitute new governments at the rural level. Previously, the Party committees governed in the name of the National Liberation Front, but now they are supposed to govern in their own right and to constitute the nuclei of district and provincial Party committees and councils. The fact that more women are being included—in some areas they constitute forty per cent of the total membership of the hamlet and village committees, which average seven members each—indicates the scarcity of male Party workers, many of whom are being used as political-indoctrination agents among the local and regional forces. According to radio broadcasts, captured documents, and interrogations of defectors and prisoners, the Communists claimed that by early November they had held elections setting up seven Province Liberation Committees, five committees in major cities, thirty-six District Liberation Committees, and 1,241 Village and Hamlet Liberation Committees, but intelligence analysts doubt the accuracy of these claims. Many of the hamlet and village groups have been appointed rather than elected, the analysts maintain, and some of the committees are listed as operating in places that have been abandoned. However, no one denies that the Communists are making strenuous efforts to build up their Party machines in Vietcong-controlled areas and contested areas, and also in government zones, where in somes cases underground committees have been selected; such committees are said to exist in two of Saigon's nine precincts. The N.L.F. is still claiming that it controls four-fifths of South Vietnam's territory and ten million of its seventeen million people, and although this claim is patently false, numerous new committees of various sorts probably have recently been created. In their propaganda, the Communists are forever making references to the "democratic process" by which the new committees have been chosen, but these do not conceal the efforts being made by trusted Party members or candidates to move in and take control of as many hamlet and village administrations as possible before negotiations in Paris lead to precise political formulas, including local elections on a one-man-one-vote basis.

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thing the Communists are looking ahead to; at the moment they are thinking even more about their chances of consolidating their hold in the contested areas militarily, through propaganda and, when necessary, through terror. The incidence of terrorism has increased in recent months. Between January 1st and December 1st of 1968, more than five thousand civilians were killed by terrorist action in South Vietnam, in addition to nearly seventy-five hundred who lost their lives in the wave of attacks during Tet. A good many local officials, including hamlet and village chiefs, police officers, and workers for various government organizations, were assassinated, but most of those killed during the year were ordinary villagers suspected of cooperating with the government. This is the iron hand of the Communist program, but the velvet glove of accommodation is also being more widely felt, and in certain areas, including the region around Saigon and parts of the Delta, an increasing number of families and individuals in out-of-the-way hamlets are being visited clandestinely by Vietcong agents. Some of the agents are local friends or old acquaintances who suddenly reappear after years of absence, and others are newcomers, but in either case these men—or, sometimes, women—discuss the approach of peace, the withdrawal of the Americans, and the corruption and failures of government officials, and in other ways seek to build between themselves and the peasant families bridges that, however tenuous, may prove to be vital in the future. A survey that has just been completed in the III Corps area by an American psychological-warfare expert, who has spent many years in Vietnam and speaks Vietnamese, elicited testimony from a surprisingly large number of villagers that they had been visited recently by Vietcong representatives, had spent two or three congenial hours with them, and had then seen to it that they left safely.

Some of those who know the Communists best—both among high-level defectors and former members of the Vietminh during the war against the French—have suggested the method by which the Vietcong will continue to infiltrate the hamlets and villages in the months ahead. One of these experts, Lieutenant Colonel Nguyen Be, who was once a Vietminh battalion commander and who now runs the training center for Revolutionary Development workers, at Vung Tau, says that prior to a cease-fire the Communists will try to assert their hegemony in as

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many rural communities as possible and install administrative machinery composed of local "people's cadres," partly as a screen for the activities of covert agents. Be goes on to say that between the signing of a cease-fire agreement and the date it goes into effect—a period of three or four months, probably—Communist agents in government-controlled areas, including the cities, will pose as hoodlums and petty criminals, and will denounce or pick fights with nationalists who preach patriotism and order. In an effort to gag the bona-fide nationalists, some will be labelled pro-Western stooges and others pro-Communists, and still others may be quietly murdered. When the cease-fire goes into effect, Be warns, Communist agents will begin a subtle process of accommodation with government officials, seeking to win their confidence by entertaining and flattering them while producing "proof" that they are anti-Communist. Meanwhile, the *agents provocateurs* will continue to harass and intimidate the non-Communist nationalists, who will become more and more afraid to speak their minds. Many of them will leave the cities and towns to return in fear and disgust to their rural homes, only to find Communist workers already installed there, who will denounce them for their "crimes against the people." Since many ordinary people suffered during the war at the hands of the government soldiers and police, and met with discrimination from officials, this campaign of denunciation will get a ready popular response. The Communist agents in the villages will also demand heavy compensation from the government for injuries done to the people and their property, and since the government will almost certainly be unable to meet all these demands, more discontent and dissension will be sown. The situation will be further aggravated if, as Be fears, non-Communist members of the N.L.F. who lay down their arms and return to government areas to live are kept under police surveillance and treated as outcasts, despite government promises to reaccept them into society. Some of them, and also some members of the people's cadres the Communists set up in the villages, will inevitably be denounced as Communists. If the government does not allow such people to take part in an open and legitimate political struggle, which would enable them to gain elective offices and jobs, they will become the nucleus of yet another separatist resistance movement guided by the Communists, and, in Be's words, "thus will the cruel cycle begin anew."

This perhaps unnecessarily dire prophecy has already been partly borne out by the Communists' use of violence, including murder, against nationalists in Saigon and other cities, not only during the period of the Tet attacks last year but ever since. Their current campaign to flood the hamlets and villages with both overt and covert workers is another indication that Be's analysis has at least some validity. One way to block the Communists, he suggests, is to move in quickly on the people's cadres. If these overt leaders can be carefully investigated, and either rehabilitated or removed from office, the Communists will be forced to work completely underground, which means less effectively. Similarly, the *agents provocateurs* in the cities must be apprehended and unmasked. A legitimate People's Self-Defense Militia should be established in as many places as possible, Be maintains.

Other Vietnamese are also pondering the question of how to deal with the Communists during negotiations and after some sort of settlement is reached. A compromise of one kind or another is inevitable at Paris, they agree. Most likely, despite the protestations of Thieu and other government officials, the N.L.F. either will become part of a new coalition or will be allowed to function as a political party—although it has been suggested that the Front be permitted to operate openly only if it identifies itself as a Communist organization. But most Vietnamese fear that even if the Communists should be forced into the open, they would gradually succeed in taking over the country. The first stage in the take-over, it is thought, might be a liberal democracy, like the French Third or Fourth Republic. A period of conflict would ensue, leading to a Communist-dominated coalition. Such a coalition would be neutralist in its foreign policy, and its internal policy would remain anti-Communist on the surface but would in fact be Communist-controlled. American disengagement would create rising anti-American feeling, and only non-Western foreign aid, mostly from the Communist bloc, would be accepted. Finally, as the government lost the support of the West and came to depend more and more on Communist

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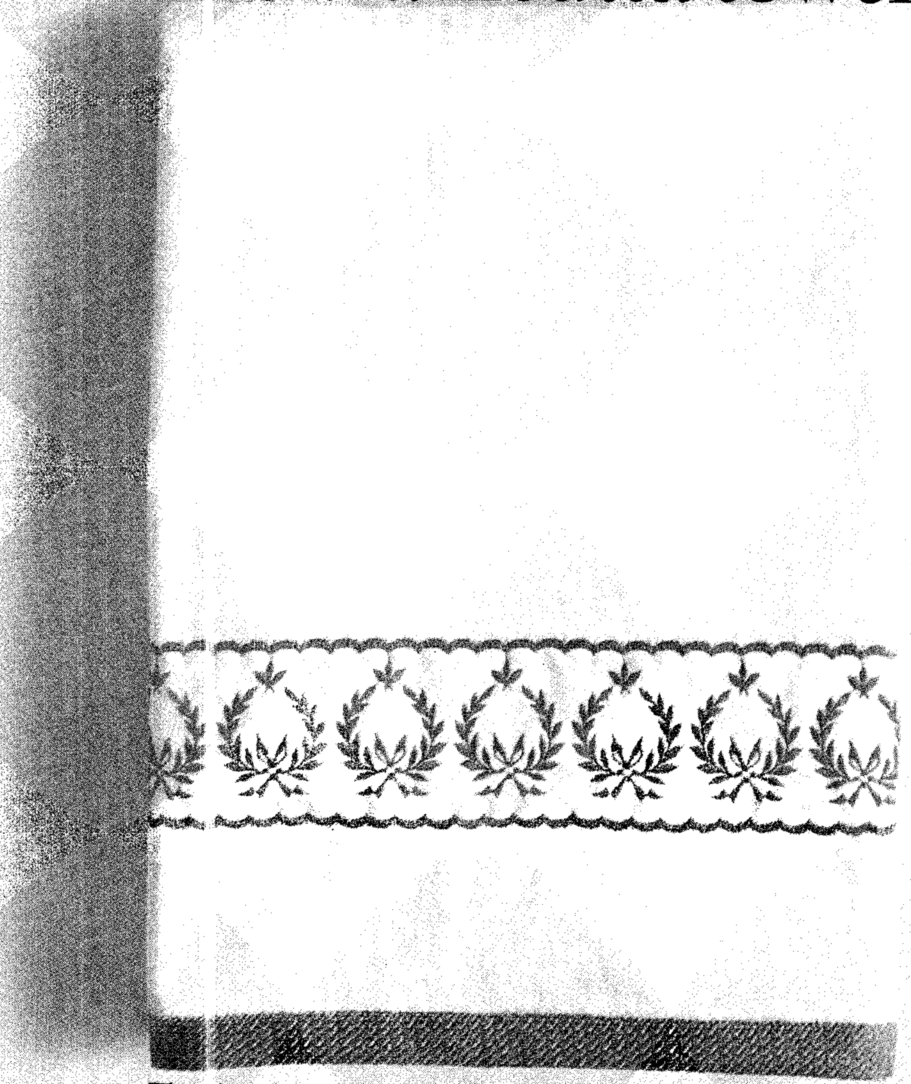

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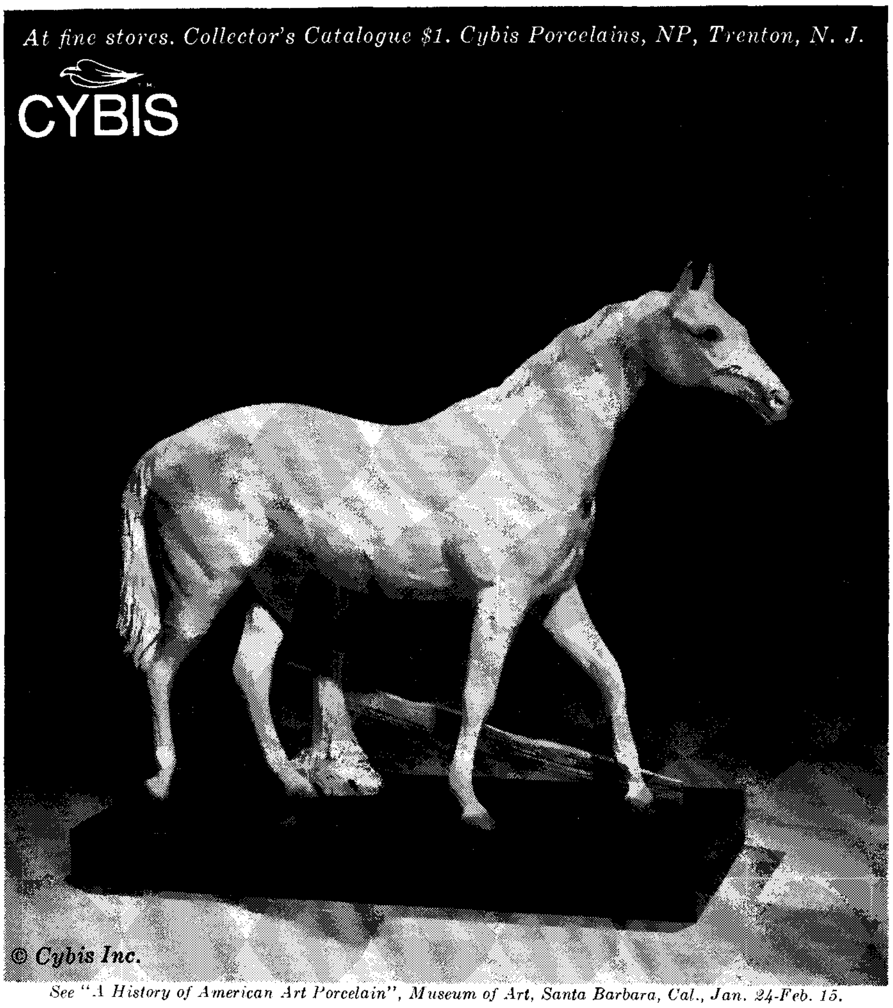
assistance, a military-political coup would solidify Communist rule.

The only way to avoid all this, according to some of the tougher Vietnamese, is to devise a counter-stratagem of entrapment. "We should not deceive ourselves," one of these Vietnamese, who has had many years of experience in dealing with the Communists, has said. "We remain politically and organizationally weak and they are strong. They will obviously try to sabotage the peace, and our job will not be made any easier by the fact that after a cease-fire some government troops are likely to go over to the other side, and many of the common people will fall victim to Communist propaganda or otherwise make accommodations with the Communists. Our best course might be to allow the Communists to operate openly for two or three months and then crack down on them. We may have no other choice, for if our population is divided we will not be able to engage them in an open political fight. But even if we should arrest their top leaders, they would retain their tight underground organization and that is one problem we still have to solve."

THERE is a great deal of private debate, among both Vietnamese and Americans, over precisely this problem, and nearly always the discussion gravitates toward the central issue of creating and administering an altogether new government mechanism that would be both strong and effective. And here parallels with the early Diem period are increasingly being cited. The question is: Can the mistakes that Diem made be avoided under today's even more difficult circumstances? Can a tightly coördinated system be devised that will adjust itself to Vietnamese institutions and traditions and retain popular support even though the government manipulates it for political purposes? It is generally agreed that there should be political parties in Vietnam, and the National Assembly is at present drafting a bill to set stringent requirements for them in an effort to limit their number to four or five. But many Vietnamese believe that the elected government must have enough freedom of maneuver to guide and control mass movements and to direct and coördinate the operation of trained workers of its own. What is needed, the critics say, is an altogether new approach, based on a combination of Communist and Diemist methods and tactics. Though this may sound intolerably autocratic, they say, only such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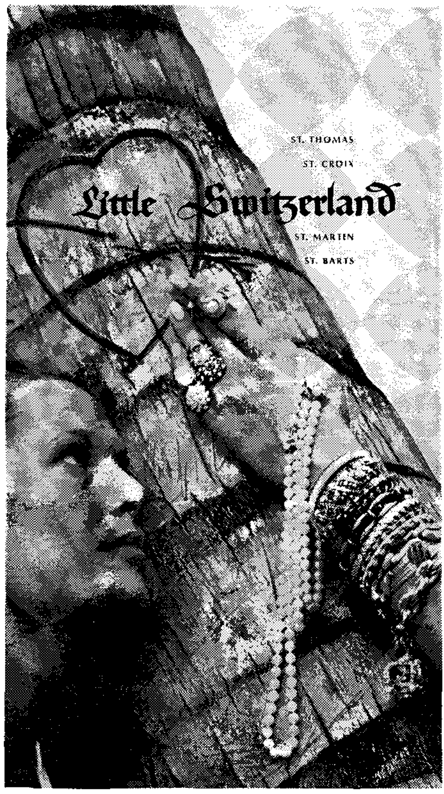

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a plan, carefully conceived and carried out, can withstand the Communist political onslaught and construct a democratic base capable of resisting both dictatorship and disintegration. The plan can be at once revolutionary and orderly, these analysts maintain, but it will require American patience and assistance over the next several years to put into effect, and it should be worked out, week by week and month by month, by a sort of brain trust, consisting of both Americans and Vietnamese.

"In all underdeveloped countries, there is an essential contradiction between centralization and decentralization," says a Vietnamese who played a prominent role under Diem and later helped mount the coup against him. "Too much central control creates problems and delays, and if you disperse power too widely it is abused. What is required is central political control and decentralized administration. The control should be exercised as the Communists exercise it—through trained and disciplined political workers. Our problem is more than ever a matter of getting able people in specific jobs and allowing them the freedom to use their abilities. A good leader must, above all, be open-minded and know how to attract good young people to his cause. He must also know what good organization is, or he will operate sentimentally, on a basis of favoritism—which is something the Vietnamese have always done, and which accounts for the fact that once a man is in office in South Vietnam he invariably turns out to be a disaster. What we have to do today is to reorganize our entire military machine, and find new ways to improve the mechanics of government by improving the quality of leadership. To do this, we don't need an ideology or even a doctrine. What we do need is a rational concept of what we're doing—a reasonable explanation of our policy and how we want to apply it. The government alone has the administrative apparatus to do all this, but it must do more than just administer—it must dedicate itself to the fundamental job of organizing the masses and leading them."

The inhibiting factor in the past has been the lack of prestige that the successive governments since the early days of Diem have suffered from—and so far there is no reason to believe that the Thieu government is any more highly regarded. However, an imperative necessity now takes precedence over everything else in South Viet-

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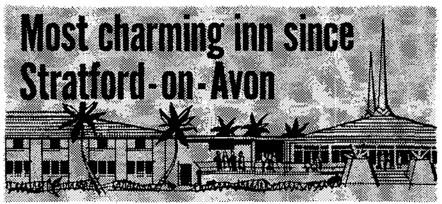

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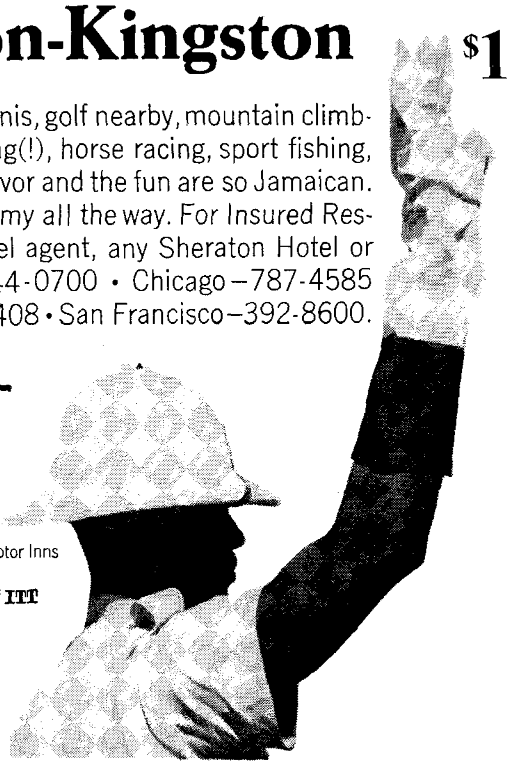
nam—survival. Moreover, in a number of ways the South Vietnamese have become more efficient in managing a government during the last several years, although their mutual suspicion and factional quarrels continue. The suspicion is particularly prevalent among the entourages of the various leaders—of Thieu, of Ky, and of Premier Huong—and the factional differences have been played upon by members of the South Vietnamese House of Representatives and the Senate, among others. Much of the friction between Thieu and Ky has been sustained by the men around them, and the elderly Huong, though he is still personally popular, has been damaged by the inefficiency of his staff. Huong's position under the constitution was anomalous to begin with, and his role has been further undermined by Thieu's staff at Independence Palace—most notably by the secretary-general to the Presidency, Nguyen Van Huong (no relation to the Premier), an old-line Nationalist Party leader who wanted to be Premier himself and who operates mysteriously through a private staff of his own. In this Chinese puzzle, it is surprising that anything has been accomplished. A pending reorganization of the Cabinet, in which two or three Deputy Prime Ministers are scheduled to be given broader duties, may improve the situation or it may simply create more boxes within boxes. There has been a similar confusion of purpose in attempts to establish pro-government mass movements. After Tet, there were two separate and conflicting organizations—the Liberal Democratic bloc, set up in Thieu's behalf by Nguyen Van Huong, and the Front for the Salvation of the People, organized by General Tran Van Don and containing many Ky partisans. For months, efforts to amalgamate the two bodies failed because of mutual suspicion, but on July 4th they were finally welded into the Alliance for Social Revolution, which also included the Association of Workers and Peasants, headed by the country's foremost labor leader, Tran Quoc Buu. Thieu and Ky attended this opening meeting together and gave the new group their joint blessing, and for a few months Thieu helped finance the Alliance with Presidential funds. Dissension soon broke out, however, and the organization made very little progress in rallying the people to an anti-Communist crusade. At present, Buu, whose workers were the only ones to accomplish anything (they started "new-life" movements in the precincts of Saigon), has struck out



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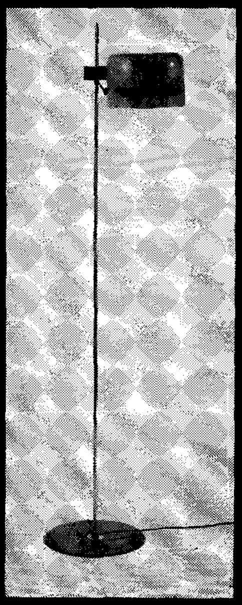

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on his own and is planning to start a workers' and peasants' political party.

BY *threatening to withdraw,* the Americans have regained some of the leverage they lost after the rapid influx of troops started in 1965. If the Vietnamese are at last serious about initiating a thorough overhaul of their administrative system, American experts and advisers—provided they stay here long enough and don't keep rotating, as they have so regularly done in the past—could play an important role in the reorganization of the government. A number of Vietnamese, including even some of those who have been most critical of the American role here and have blamed us for seeking to "Americanize" the country's political system as well as its economy and its mores, now actually hope for a continuing, if diminishing, American presence. They see it not only as enabling them to sit down with Americans at the working level—below the Presidency and the Premiership—where effective reorganization plans can be prepared, but also as safeguarding them against a new authoritarianism. The South Vietnamese have become aware, as perhaps never before, of their powers and prerogatives—the dispute over going to Paris was a significant element in this—but what they still lack is something that the Communists have always possessed; namely, a driving urge to get things done for the good of the country. Now that the real political battle with the Communists is about to be joined, one can only wait and see whether the Saigon government and its representatives in the provinces will be able to shed their partisanship and their urge for self-aggrandizement and devote themselves to the cause of the people they have heretofore only pretended to represent.

Despite the hamlet and village elections in the spring of 1967, there is still little sense of local participation either in the war or in the Saigon government. The Communists, whatever else they have done, have managed, by force or persuasion, to create and maintain a going organization in the settlements they control. In many cases, they have only a shadow organization, and the fact that they are having troubles of their own can readily be deduced from scores of documents acknowledging their own shortcomings and exhorting their partisans to special, heroic efforts to further what are invariably described as "the death throes of the American imperialists and their puppets." But in most places the

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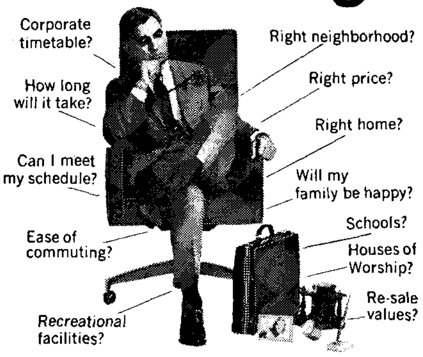
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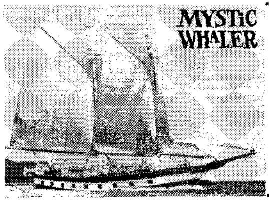

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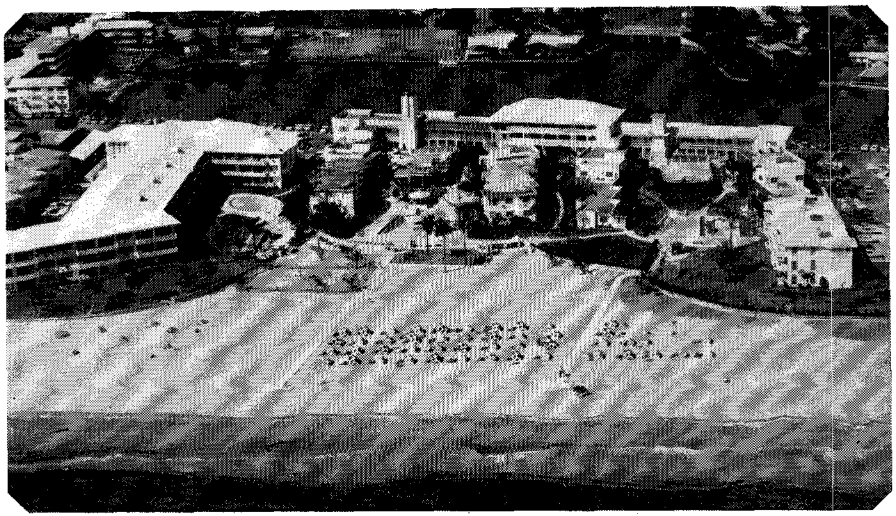
Communists' indirect method of creating a sense of solidarity has continued to pay off. By well-tried formulas of agitation and propaganda, they have got villagers to elect (or, when necessary, accept the appointment of) representatives of various elements—youth, women, farmers, and so on—who then theoretically choose the members of the hamlet or village councils and committees. "In scientific terms, the indirect method, in contrast to the more direct Western one, can be compared to atomic fission," a Vietnamese scientist says, and he adds bluntly, "We should emulate it."

In what is shaping up as an increasingly close race to control the countryside, the government's Accelerated Pacification Campaign, which is working to establish a presence in eleven hundred hamlets between November 1st and February 1st, has already succeeded in doing so in more than eight hundred and fifty. In order to speed up this process of getting to more places with more men than the Communists (a higher number of hamlets are to be reached in 1969), some of the fifty-nine-man Revolutionary Development Teams have been split into three smaller units and spread out among three hamlets, and each of these hamlets is supposed to be protected by a platoon of local Popular Forces. Critics of the program maintain that this acceleration is aimed solely at establishing some sort of presence in preparation for whatever elections are agreed upon in Paris. This may be justified by the onrush of events, they say, but in the long term it will destroy the purpose of the Revolutionary Development Program and diminish its impact on the countryside.

The Americans—most notably William Colby, who is now our official in charge of pacification—are fully aware of the continuing need to encourage self-help, self-defense, and self-government among the Vietnamese, and to work as quickly as possible. The question remains: In the race against time, is quality being sacrificed for quantity? In the attempts to reorganize the government's clumsy bureaucracy, a number of plans have been suggested for consolidating the training and organization of all types of workers, not only Revolutionary Development people and village chiefs but also those responsible for organizing women and young people, for health programs, and so on—in short, everyone who has any contact with the village population under any government program. This would undoubtedly make more sense



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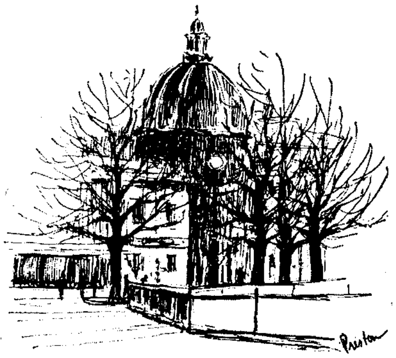

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than the present scattered training system, which lacks cohesion and common purpose.

There seems little point to any further experimentation unless the government is not only willing to adopt a new revolutionary philosophy but also ready to seek out leadership of a kind that is available in the country but has not been tapped. This includes a variety of young people, and primarily young college graduates, who are today among the least appreciated people in South Vietnam. Instead of being used as a hard core of trained workers, they are teaching in high schools, working on newspapers, holding jobs on the lower rungs of government in what is still a French-type civil service, or serving in the armed forces as draftees. The ineffective use of manpower remains one of Vietnam's greatest weaknesses, and one to which the Americans in all their years here have devoted little attention, perhaps because they were devoting so much to firepower. The American Army set out from the beginning to create a conventional force in Vietnam—a type of force ill-geared to fighting the Communists' unconventional type of warfare. American bombers, guns, and helicopters have spelled the difference on the battlefields, but there is still nothing resembling a guerrilla force among the South Vietnamese, and in this respect our whole effort here may be compared to giving a number of blood transfusions without any attempt to seek the source of the disease. Once more, there is talk of the kind of military reorganization that is so obviously needed—the kind that would bring about the creation of regional, mobile battle groups up to brigade size and of battalions and companies operating at the provincial and district level, with village self-defense elements protecting their own communities. Most thoughtful young Vietnamese lieutenants and captains, and some higher-ranking officers as well, are aware of the importance of overhauling the entire military structure, but, like the university graduates, they are lost in the shuffle; if they speak their minds they are invariably regarded as upstarts or troublemakers, and demoted. A year ago, when President Thieu took office he promised to devote himself to reorganizing both the administrative and the military machinery. So far, however, almost nothing has been done, and Thieu is not likely to do more at the moment than continue to shuffle Cabinet members, province chiefs, division commanders, and other officers

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and officials. The sentiment for more drastic changes may be growing, but without a continued strong American presence the bold plans of those Vietnamese who anticipate the Communists' long-term political and military challenge stand little chance of adoption.

In the light of the uncertainty and confusion of purpose in Saigon, it is not surprising that the South Vietnamese have gone to Paris without a firm plan for peace—not that the Americans seem to have one, either. Of the four parties gathered there, Saigon has the greatest need to bargain for time, and it is felt here that the long debates about the shape of the conference table and then about procedure and the agenda may continue for weeks, if not months. Before the American election, the South Vietnamese stalled for time partly in the hope that Nixon would not rush them into talks, as Johnson was doing. This hope, however, has now been dissipated, and about all that is expected is a period of grace before and immediately after Nixon sends his own team to the conference. When serious talks do begin, the Saigon delegation may take the offensive and make demands that Hanoi and the Front will find it impossible to accept. Despite Ky's proposal that he talk to the insurgents in South Vietnam—which may have been prompted simply by American accusations of South Vietnamese dilatoriness—there is a deep division of opinion here over the advisability of opening the door to any such conversations. At this moment, one can hear almost any prediction in Saigon. The consensus, though, is that there will be at least one more round of serious fighting, initiated by the North Vietnamese, before the negotiators get down to business. In any event, a satisfactory solution in Paris seems a long way off—as does peace in Vietnam.

—ROBERT SHAPLEN

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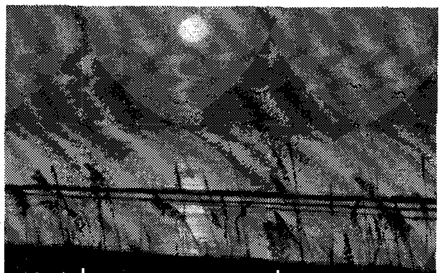

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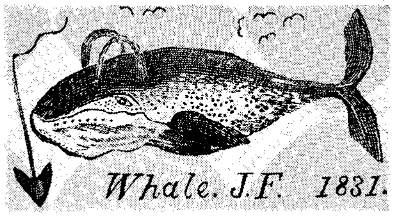
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BOOKS

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

SNOW GODS, by Frederic Morton (World). With every novel, Mr. Morton grows more worldly and his style grows harsher, although the harshness is manipulated with a chic that deprives it of its cutting edge. The scene here is an unbelievably fashionable and very small and exclusive ski resort in Switzerland. The Hotel Griff is where only the most unreachable celebrities may be found every Christmas, and in Mr. Morton's hands they remain unreachable, because he is still content to delineate the attitudes and behavior and the social retreats and social advances of people in groups, leaving his obvious ability for dealing with individuals for a later time, perhaps. The group here is somewhat helpless, since its members are confined by what they crave—their privileges at the Griff—but there is not a dull moment. Ina Lord, a movie star; Schorsch, an Olympic ski champion; Walkerton Pell, a world-famous Negro entertainer; Siegfried von Elden, who was a child prodigy when the Third Reich was in the ascendant; Kurt Wertberg, a writer who has done time in a Nazi concentration camp; and others are present, and almost everyone is lascivious. This is a very posh escape story.

GENERAL

NIKOS KAZANTZAKIS, by Helen Kazantzakis (Simon & Schuster). A whopping biography of the Cretan writer by his widow, who draws liberally on his letters to her. Kazantzakis roamed the world, trying, like Malraux and Hemingway, to be where the action was (Russia in 1927, Spain in 1936, Peking in 1957). He changed radically in his life, from his God-intoxicated youth, when he felt no affinity with his own people and wanted to be a Jew, to his atheistic later age, when he saw himself as a spokesman for the Greek spirit, and was even briefly a cabinet minister and a UNESCO director. What never changed was his invincible, Faustian romanticism. Mrs. Kazantzakis is equally a romantic, but of another sort, wide-eyed and gushy, and the result is a book that reads like "Faust" written by Gene Stratton Porter. Twelve dollars.

REDOING AMERICA: A NATIONWIDE REPORT ON HOW TO MAKE OUR CITIES AND SUBURBS LIVABLE, by Edmund K. Faltermayer (Harper & Row). This is an exceptionally valuable work—direct, practical, and down-to-earth. The author discusses such problems as air and water pollution and the misuse of land in cities and suburbs, and says what can be done, how much each solution would cost, what governmental powers are available, and how private organizations, including businesses, can help. Mr. Faltermayer, who expanded a series of *Fortune* articles to make this book, learned that the disarray, dirt, and ugliness of the American scene are curable at no great expense—about nine dollars per person per month, according to his estimate. Many of his explanations seem addressed to a *Fortune* audience of (presumably) conservative businessmen, who like governmental thrift and fear big government. He stresses the savings that would accrue from improving public transportation, say, and tells why metropolitan-area planning would be more effective and more democratic than today's city planning. His reassurances should persuade anybody.

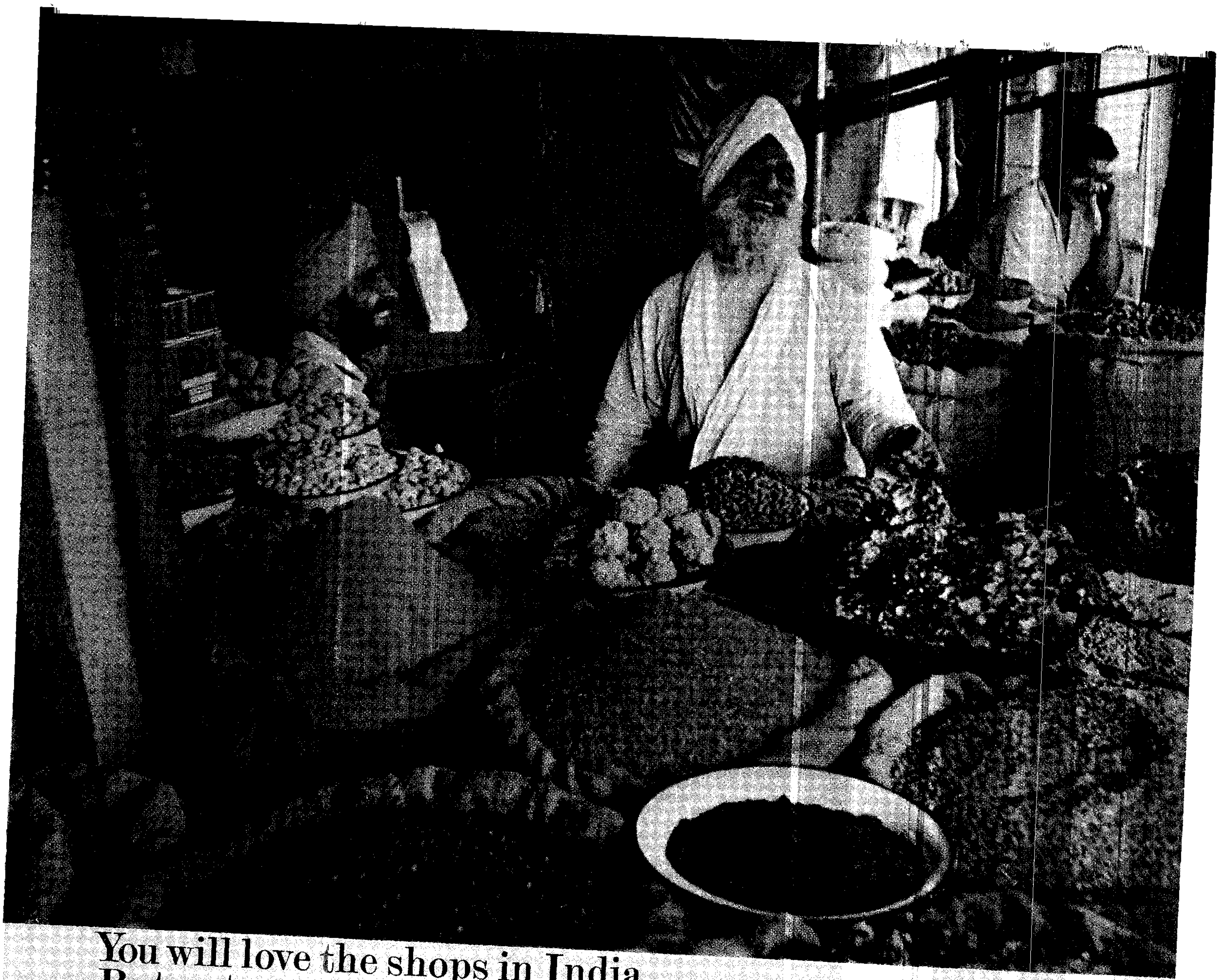
NOTE: Weybright & Talley has published "Business Adventures: Twelve Classic Tales from the Worlds of Wall Street and the Modern American Corporation," by John Brooks. All the tales originally appeared in *The New Yorker*, in slightly different form. . . . Geoffrey Hellman's "Bankers, Bones, and Beetles: The First Century of the American Museum of Natural History" has been published by the Natural History Press. Most of the text was first printed in this magazine.

•

And whenever Mr. Nixon has vacationed at Key Biscayne, Mr. Rebozo has been at pains not to allow any gossip to spring up about the President-elect.

"Whenever Dick has come down, Bebe has dropped most of his social life to fish or loaf or play god with Dick," a friend said.—*The Times.*

That's gossipy enough.



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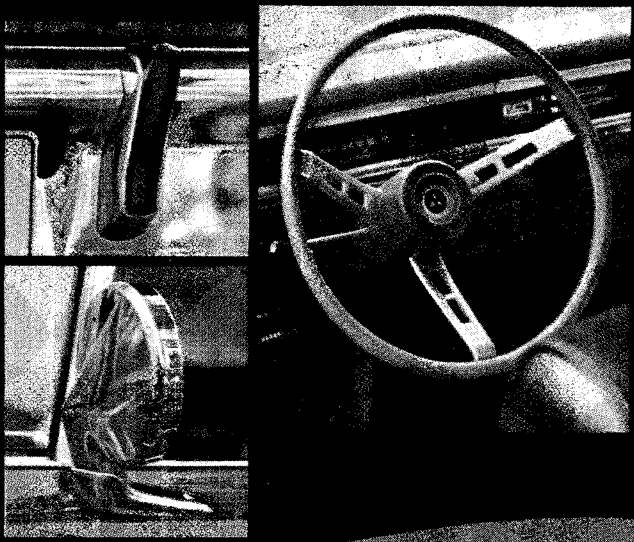

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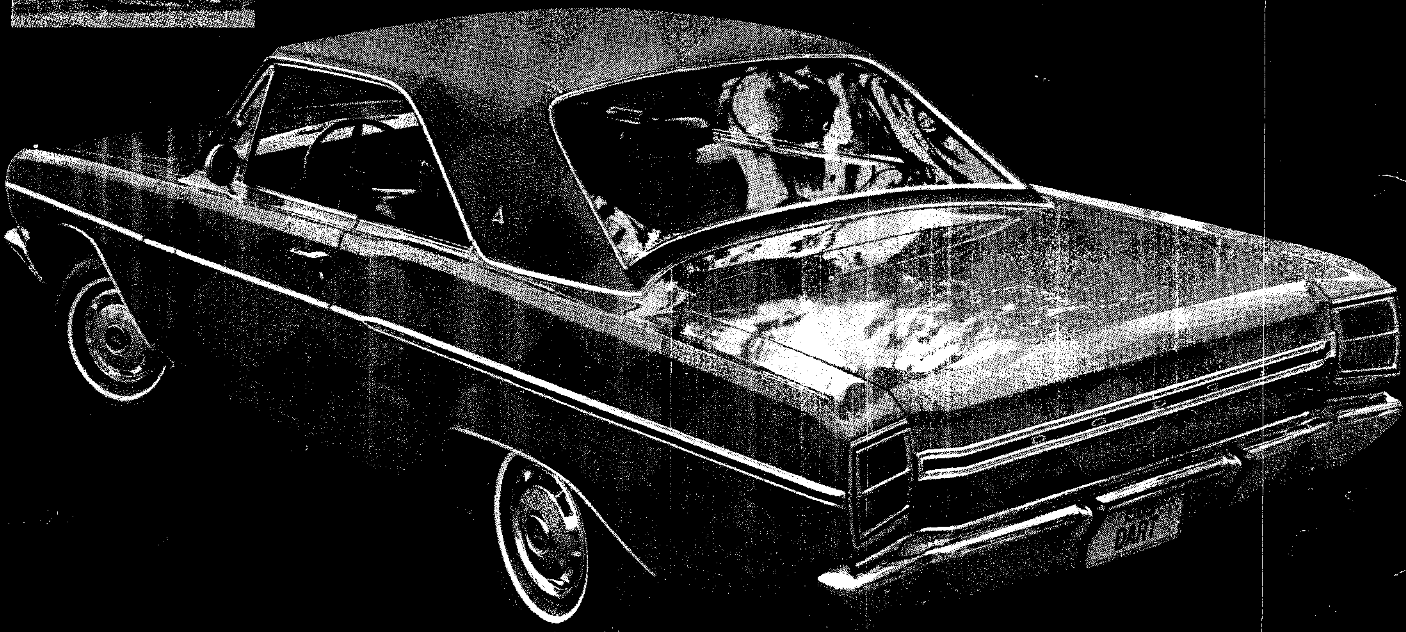

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